

THE INDEPENDENT

Nº 3,299

SATURDAY 17 MAY 1997

WEATHER: Sunshine and showers

(165p) 60p

THE CUP
FINAL
A great day
for Italy

Sport p30



PAUL
SMITH
King of
the suits

thelongweekend



SASKIA
REEVES
Looking for
a laugh

theatre



Blair offers a fresh start for Irish peace

David McGittrick
Ireland correspondent

In Belfast yesterday Tony Blair moved to break the logjam in the Northern Ireland peace process by announcing the re-opening of direct contacts between the Government and Sinn Fein. As part of a significant new initiative to explore the chances of restoring the IRA's ceasefire, the Northern Ireland Secretary, Mo Mowlam, has written directly to Sinn Fein president Gerry Adams.

Mr Blair made the announcement in the course of a speech mapping out Labour's vision for the future of Northern Ireland. He stressed the union with Britain was here to stay but also indicated his desire for a strong Irish dimension, with increased linkages with Dublin. He pulled off the unusual feat of drawing welcome for his speech from both Ulster Unionist leader David Trimble and SDLP leader John Hume. Since the aims of these two parties are generally held to be identical, it may take some time to clarify whether one or both have misinterpreted Mr Blair's intentions.

Initial response from Sinn Fein was critical, Martin McGuinness complaining that nationalists "will be disappointed by the pro-Unionist emphasis in Mr Blair's speech." Nevertheless, Sinn Fein, having for months called for direct talks with the Government, could hardly have turned down the initiative and last night Mr McGuinness confirmed Sinn Fein would be taking up the offer of talks. Telephonic contact between the two sides is expected as early as today.

It emerged last night that one of the reasons for the unusually widespread welcome given to the speech was a detailed consultation which took place earlier this week. Mr Blair is understood to have spoken to John Major, while Ms Mowlam spoke to her predecessor, Sir Patrick Mayhew. Mr Trimble, Mr Hume and others were also consulted.

Mr Blair told his audience at the Royal Ulster Agricultural Show: "My message to Sinn

Fein is clear. The settlement train is leaving. I want you on that train. But it is leaving anyway and I will not allow it to wait for you." In the key passage of his speech, the Prime Minister declared: "To make sure there is no danger of misunderstanding, I am prepared to allow officials to meet Sinn Fein, provided events on the ground, here and elsewhere, do not make that impossible. This is not about negotiating the terms of a ceasefire. We simply want to explain our position and to assess whether the republican

movement genuinely is ready to give up violence and commit itself to politics alone. If they are, I will not be slow in my response. If they are not, they can expect no sympathy or understanding. I will be implacable in pursuit of terrorism."

In other words, Mr Blair has given republicans a further and possibly final chance to renew the IRA ceasefire and opt for politics rather than violence. In doing so he refrained from making a number of stipulations which John Major had laid down as his government's pol-

icy, and which republicans had denounced as unacceptable pre-conditions.

Mr Blair, by contrast, played down the decommissioning issue and left various issues open to negotiation. That republicans are now again to be in direct contact with the Government will raise hopes that a new ceasefire could be in prospect. Unionists took comfort from Mr Blair's bald statement: "I value the union," from his emphasis on the principle of consent, and from his observation that "none of us in this hall today, even the youngest, is likely to see Northern Ireland as anything but a part of the United Kingdom." Together, these arguably amount to as strong a commitment to the union as any given by Mr Major.

But at the same time constitutional nationalists such as Mr Hume welcomed the fresh approach to republicans and the Prime Minister's assertion that the 1995 framework document, with its suggestion of strong new Anglo-Irish links, set out a reasonable basis for future negotiation. Mr Hume said people across Ireland owed Mr Blair a "debt of gratitude" and urged Sinn Fein to take up the offer of talks immediately.

He had delivered "the most comprehensive speech made by any British prime minister in the last 25 years of our Troubles".

Mr Trimble welcomed the news that if there was no IRA ceasefire the talks, due to resume on 3 June, would go on without Sinn Fein.

"That is why the inter-party



issue crisis challenges, to the Unionists as well as to Sinn Fein and the IRA. His authority is great; he carries no baggage and has an unassailable majority; he owes nothing to any of the Northern Irish parties, and they all know they must deal with him for the next five years at least.

Above all, the moment is ripe. Among republicans the distaste for a return to violence has been palpable, despite their almost equally strong frustration at the lack of any breakthrough. Sinn Fein's support in its community was proved in the election; given the rhetoric of the campaign, its votes must be counted as votes for talking, not bombing.

So the challenge now is for the IRA. It must allow Sinn Fein to join the talks, giving the people whose allegiance it claims a chance to help shape a better future. To do that, it must call a full, permanent ceasefire. This is the moment.

"Are the Provos brave

enough to seize it?"

Blair ends goodwill, page 3

It was based on theft. Only the corrupt shed any tears, for the gravy train was at least pulling in for President Mobutu's vast army of cronies.

On the streets of the capital yesterday there was only celebration, after the news of the President's departure, spread mostly by word of mouth. For in a ransacked land like Zaire, word of mouth is the main method of communication. There are few phones, few televisions and only a handful of passable roads - fewer than there were when the Belgians left the country. This nation has been efficiently and comprehensively looted.

One of the world's most

New embrace for a land in exile

When the rest of the United Kingdom was coming to terms with new Labour's election landslide, Northern Ireland seemed, as usual, outside the event. In Britain, we cheered or moaned. The press merely watched. Its bitter history of sectarianism and violence, producing different parties and provoking direct rule, has exiled it from mainstream politics - Britain's neglected half-sister.

John Major tried to make amends, spending a lot of personal attention and hard work in the early stages of the peace process. But by the end of his government, its exhaustion and weakness meant that Downing Street had become part of the problem. Major simply wasn't strong enough to give Northern Ireland the attention it needed.

Now Tony Blair is, in effect, offering to use the optimism and momentum generated by his victory to unblock the peace process and start again. The vigour which has been coursing through Whitehall this past fortnight is on offer for Northern Ireland too.

It is an unexpected gift. Can the new start for British politics be a new start for the politics of Irish peace? Certainly, Blair is using his personal authority to crack whips and

flags to advise the city's tens of thousands of undisciplined soldiers to back the anti-Mobutu elements in their ranks. Yet the excitement yesterday was mixed with fear. The population ironically is not worried about the rebels, but about their own troops. The Zairean army is unpaid and undisciplined. Kinshasa fears another military riot before the rebels arrive.

But despite the fears, despite the uncertainty, yesterday was a day for optimists, not for fear. "Kabila cannot become Mobutu," argued Jean-Pierre, a lecturer. "We are more politically mature than when the Belgians left. We would not allow another dictator."

be selling the image of Laurent Kabila, the rebel leader, who is expected to march into Kinshasa in the next few days.

It has been a remarkable revolution, a military survival. In just seven months Kabila's rebels have marched across this giant nation of over 2 million square kilometres capturing city after city, province after province. Initially backed by outside governments - primarily Uganda and Rwanda - the rebels have been sustained nonetheless by a huge reservoir of home-grown discontent.

"We did not realise the country was hollow," said one western diplomat. "Or how easily Zaire would fall."

Uganda and Rwanda initial-

ly backed the uprising in Eastern Zaire to clear millions of Hutu refugees from their borders, but the rebellion took over a life of its own.

In Kinshasa yesterday few seemed concerned about the meddling of foreign governments. "I could not care who started it," said one local resident. "So long as it brings change, Mobutu made us the joke of Africa. He humiliated his people. Under Kabila we may get our dignity back."

In the back streets of the city people were busy putting the finishing touches to white flags and scarfs in anticipation of the rebels' arrival. For the past week leaflets have appeared on the streets advising citizens to make

flags and advising the city's tens of thousands of undisciplined soldiers to back the anti-Mobutu elements in their ranks.

Yet the excitement yesterday was mixed with fear. The population ironically is not worried about the rebels, but about their own troops. The Zairean army is unpaid and undisciplined. Kinshasa fears another military riot before the rebels arrive.

But despite the fears, despite the uncertainty, yesterday was a day for optimists, not for fear. "Kabila cannot become Mobutu," argued Jean-Pierre, a lecturer. "We are more politically mature than when the Belgians left. We would not allow another dictator."

Only the corrupt shed tears as Africa's great kleptocrat finally goes into exile

Kinshasa - In an emergency midnight address on Zairean state television, the government spokesman was emphatic. Laurent Kabila's rebels were poised to take Kinshasa but the population could be confident that president Mobutu Selé, 66, Zaire's ailing dictator would not stand down. Few could have found that message comforting.

Just eight hours later President Mobutu was boarding the plane which would take him first to Gbadolite, his lavish palace in his tribal home land of Equateur, and then, at last, and out a moment too soon, into exile.

It was the end of the thirty-two year reign of one of Africa's last, and most accomplished, kleptocrats - a man whose power



MARY BRAID

It was a sweet moment for those raised in the cult of Mobutu, in a one-party state which sang Mobutu's songs and encouraged the wearing of his image on T-shirts. Yesterday in the Rue du Commerce a Zairean draper was selling a souvenir piece of Mobutu. It had been three months since he sold his last. He laughed he would soon

be selling the image of Laurent Kabila, the rebel leader, who is expected to march into Kinshasa in the next few days.

It has been a remarkable revolution, a military survival. In just seven months Kabila's rebels have marched across this giant nation of over 2 million square kilometres capturing city after city, province after province. Initially backed by outside governments - primarily Uganda and Rwanda - the rebels have been sustained nonetheless by a huge reservoir of home-grown discontent.

"We did not realise the country was hollow," said one western diplomat. "Or how easily Zaire would fall."

Uganda and Rwanda initial-

now often omitted by children in a practice which is typical of Creole. Thus, "I have got to go out" has become "I got to go out", or even "I got to go out, innit".

Mr Andersen said: "This seems to be a fairly recent development in London speech and it is absolutely spread across ethnic backgrounds. Not only

Jamaicans, Indians and Pakistanis ... but also people with an Anglo-Saxon background."

Mr Andersen, who has prepared a paper on the subject called *You were gonna say that, innit?*, said Norwegian English students were obsessed with English slang and dialect.

Magazine

"London is very ethnically complex and people are not segregated. Features from one type of language spread to another and you get a mixture."

Among their findings was

that the phrase "innit?" is now used as an "invariant tag" at the end of sentences by London teenagers of all races and even in suburban areas. Instead of saying "Shearer is a good player, isn't he?", London teenagers would say: "Shearer's a good player, innit?"

Professor John Widdowson, of the centre for English Cultural Tradition and Language, at the University of Sheffield, said the phrase mirrored the Welsh use of the expression "Isn't it?" He said: "It's very interesting. It is similar to the French use of 'n'est-ce pas'."

In some areas of London, the expression "Is it?" has also been transformed. The sentence "Grandad is coming tomorrow" may be answered by teenagers not as "Is he?" but "Is it?"

Across the capital, verbs are



SCRUM DOWN



BOTTOMS UP

MIDLINES RUGBY SEVENS, TWICKENHAM	17 May
CATHEDRAL FESTIVAL OPERA	18 May-31 August
CELESTE FLOWER SHOW	20-23 May
ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION	1 June-10 August
1ST CORNFILL TEST MATCH v AUSTRALIA, EXCEATON	5-9 June
THE DURF, EPIC	7 June
ROYAL ASKET	17-20 June
WIMBLEDON TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP	23 June-4 July
POLO, VENDEE CLOQUET GOLD CUP, COWES PARK	23 June-30 July
HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA	2-4 July

20 THE BROADSHEET

Business & City 22,23

Comment 19-21

Foreign News 13-17

Gazette 18

21

Books 6-8

Country 18,19

Games 2

Travel 9-15

Arts 4-5

TV & Radio 32

QUICKLY

Alcopops investigation

An investigation into the sale of

controversial alcopops was

ordered by the Government

yesterday.

Page 5

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

news

significant shorts

Tories appoint 'Today' man as new party spin doctor

Francis Halewood, deputy editor of Radio 4's *Today* programme until January, has been appointed the Conservative Party's chief spin doctor.

Mr Halewood, who was operations manager at Conservative Central Office during the election campaign, takes over as director of communications from Charles Leggatt, who resigned following the party's defeat. The Tories believe they were outmanoeuvred during the campaign by Labour's press team, led by Peter Mandelson and Alastair Campbell.

Paul McCann

PCs convicted 'under wrong law'

A married police officer and his policewoman lover who used their force's national computer to check on his wife's new boyfriend were entitled to have criminal convictions quashed because they were tried on the wrong charges, the High Court ruled yesterday.

Constables Paul Bignell and Victoria Parker carried out six checks on two cars belonging to the boyfriend, using the police national computer.

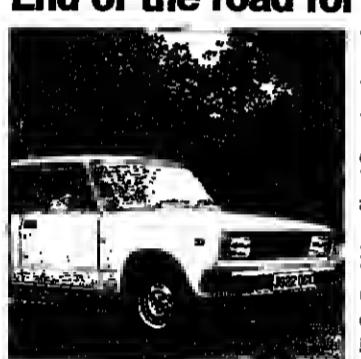
The High Court yesterday ruled that Southwark Crown Court was right to quash the convictions last September because the couple had authority to gain access to the computer - "even though they did not do so for an unauthorised purpose".

Lord Justice Pill, sitting with Mr Justice Astill, said the couple had wrongly been charged under the 1990 Act - but could have been prosecuted under the 1984 Data Protection Act.

British children hooked on lottery

More than half of British children aged eight to 16 have played the National Lottery or bought Instant scratchcards, with almost one in 10 spending £5 or more on the games each week, according to a survey released yesterday.

The Schmal Children's Attitude Monitor carried out by The Media Business Group found that 58 per cent of those surveyed claimed to have bought tickets or scratchcards and 48 per cent said they had won prizes. The lottery watchdog, Ofsat, expressed surprise at the response, which is significantly higher than that revealed in their most recent survey. Ticket sales to children aged under 16 are illegal, and retailers can be stripped of their lottery machines if they are found to have flouted the law.

End of the road for problem Lada

That much-maligned motor, the Lada, may have reached the end of the road in Britain, it was revealed yesterday.

None of the Russian-built cars have been imported to the UK since November because of an emission standards problem.

Now, with existing stocks running low, Lada's Motor Vehicle Imports business at Carnaby near Bridlington in east Yorkshire is being offered for sale. Even if buyers are found, they would inherit the

problem, caused by difficulty in obtaining an American-built part for the Lada's fuel injection system.

The car has been on sale in the UK since 1973. About 8,000 are bought every year and there are currently 100,000 on British roads.

Lecturer attacks 'sexist' promotions

A history lecturer is set to engage Cambridge University in a historic legal battle in an attempt to make it overhaul its promotion procedures.

Dr Gillian Evans, 52, who has worked at the university for 18 years, said current procedures for promoting lecturers to professors were unfair, muddled, and possibly sexist. Now she plans to apply for judicial review by the High Court of the university's promotion system. Her first step will be to apply for leave to launch her claim - an application she hopes will be heard by the High Court within months.

Dr Evans said Cambridge was full of lecturers in their fifties and sixties who should be professors, and as a result were losing pay and status. Only a few lecturers were promoted to professorships every year, the promotions were arbitrary and unsystematic - and the overwhelming majority went to men, she said.

Pigeon fancied trip to Mexico

A pigeon released last year by fancier Ernie Mellors of Newbold, Derbyshire, has turned up 6,000 miles away in Mexico. A Mexican bird-lover found the exhausted bird and traced Mr Mellors, 63, through a pigeon-fanciers' club. The former miner said yesterday:

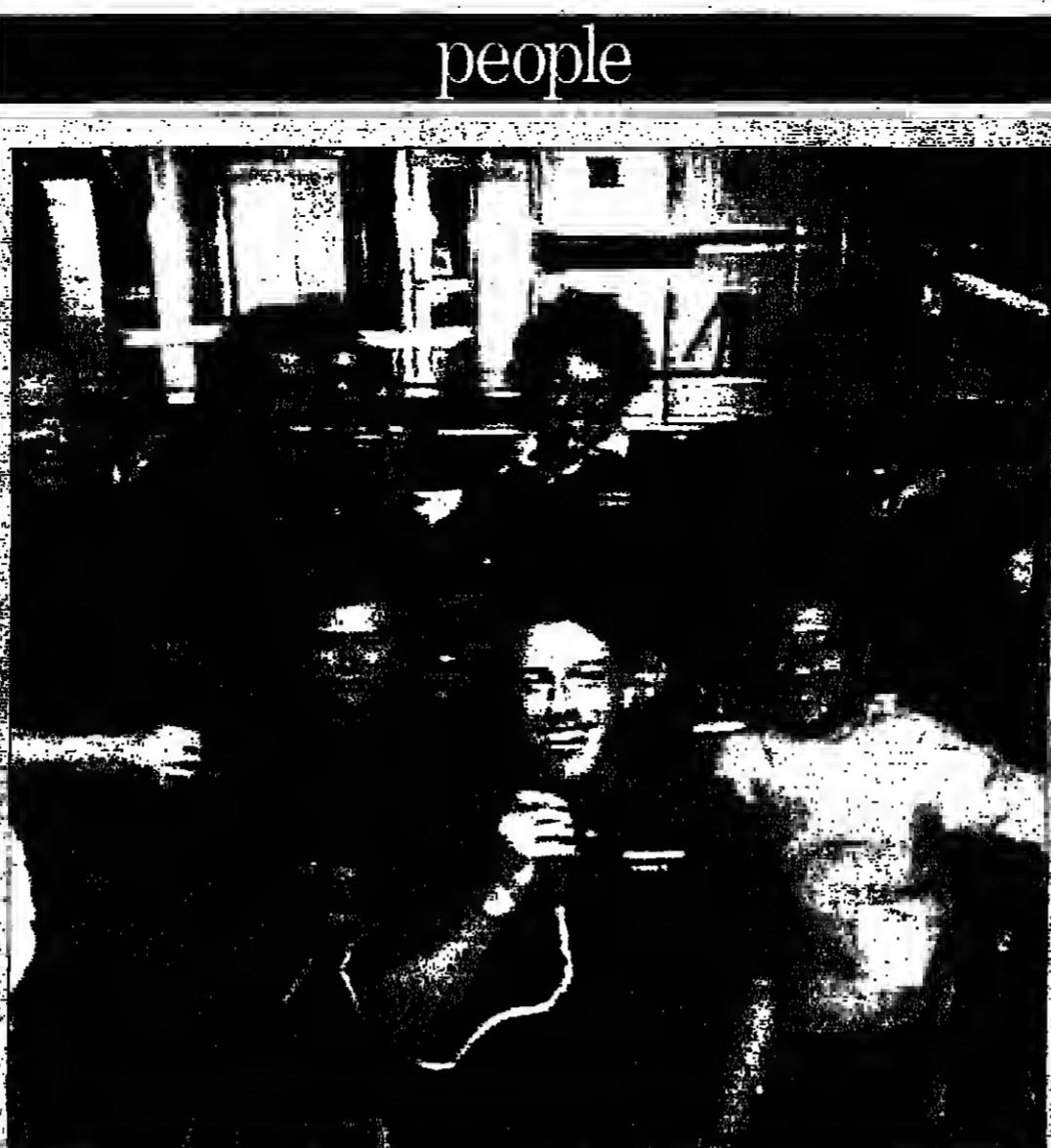
THE INDEPENDENT ABROAD

Austria ... Schfl. Kreuz ... £6.00
Belgium ... Bf80 Italy ... £4.500
Carnes ... Ps200 Madras ... £c25
Cyprus ... £c1.20 Malta ... £4.00
Denmark ... Dkr18 Norway ... Nkr20
Irel Rep ... £5.50 Portugal ... £c25
France ... Fr4 Spain ... Ps200
Germany ... DM4.5 Sweden ... Sk421
Greece ... Dr500 Switzerland ... Sm.00
Luxembourg ... £f60 USA ... \$3.00

OVERSEAS SUBSCRIPTIONS
Air Mail, 13 weeks: Europe £130.70; Zone 1 (Middle East, America, Africa and India) £141.00; Zone 2 (Far East and Australia) £206.70. To order, please send cheque payable to *Independent International Media Services Ltd*, 43 Millbrook, London E1 9TR or telephone 0171-538 9288. Credit cards welcome.

BACK ISSUES
Back issues of the *Independent* are available from *Historic Newspapers*, telephone 01988 640700.

people



Michael Foale (centre) and fellow astronauts: Veteran of three shuttle trips (Photograph: AP)

Four months in orbit? No problem, says astronaut

British astronaut Michael Foale is undaunted by the prospect of spending four months in the accident-prone *Mir* space station, he said from space yesterday.

The Russian space station has recently suffered a serious fire and a string of breakdowns in its life support systems.

Via a radio link from the space shuttle *Atlantis*, Dr Foale was asked on BBC Radio 4's *Today* programme if he was worried that life on board *Mir* might be dangerous.

He said: "The most difficult thing we did, we did yesterday, and that was lift-off. That has by far the highest risk in it because you're going from zero miles per hour to 17,000 miles per hour."

"We've done that, we're in space, we're in orbit, and the rest of it is actually quite a lot easier."

Dr Foale, 40, originally from Louth, Lincolnshire, said the *Atlantis* crew expected to catch their first glimpse

of the space station today. "We'll see it as a very bright star which will get steadily brighter and brighter."

He was looking forward to meeting two cosmonauts

on board *Mir* with whom he had trained in Russia. Dr Foale will replace US astronaut Jerry Linenger, a naval captain and medical doctor, on board *Mir*.

During his mission, he will carry out scientific experiments, as well as help with repairs and maintenance of the space station. *Atlantis* is carrying a new oxygen generator and equipment to patch up a leak in *Mir*'s cooling system.

Dr Foale, a Cambridge University postgraduate, has a doctorate in laboratory astrophysics. Pursuing a career in the US space programme, he moved to Houston, Texas, to work on space shuttle navigational problems at the McDonnell Douglas Aircraft Corporation.

In June 1993 he joined NASA's Johnson Space Center, working in payload operations. He was selected for astronaut training by NASA in June 1987 and is a veteran of three space flights.

In November 1995 he flew on the first shuttle to rendezvous with *Mir*. During the flight he made a four-hour-and-39-minute space walk to test the effect of extreme cold on his space suit.

Opera House chief's bolt from the blue

Mary Allen, the new head of the Royal Opera House, spoke yesterday for the first time about the surprise resignation of ROH chief executive Genista Macintosh, and her own sudden appointment to the job.

Mrs Allen, secretary-general of the Arts Council, hinted that she was embarrassed that the post had not been advertised, and that she had been "devastated" by Miss Macintosh's resignation, after just four months, because of ill health.

She said she had been on the selection panel that chose Miss Macintosh to succeed Jeremy Isaacs last year, contradicting reports that she had herself been an applicant.

Mrs Allen's current salary of £63,500 is likely to increase by

around £40,000 when she takes over at the ROH in September. Speaking in Cannes yesterday, where she had come for the announcement of the National Lottery film awards, she said her appointment had come as a "bit of the blue".

"I was devastated by Jenny's resignation. It was totally out of the blue. I was very upset, because I was so thrilled when she was appointed. What saddens me is that she is one of the most brilliant arts managers this country has. But I have been told that she is seriously ill. I haven't seen her since her resignation. I have written to her.

"I was approached 10 days ago and told Jenny might resign. I said I would only take the job on the absolute condition that the whole board was enthusiastic."

Mrs Allen ridiculed suggestions that Miss Macintosh had fallen out with the ROH chairman Lord Chadlington, the former Arts Council Lottery Board chairman Peter Gummer. "Peter is the kindest, most supportive colleague. Peter desperately tried to persuade Jenny not to resign."

On the question of seat prices, which Miss Macintosh was determined to reduce to increase access, Mrs Allen was ambivalent.

She said: "Any sensible person would say we have to have prices as low as possible. But any sensible person would also say we have to balance the books. And any sensible person would add that we have to keep putting on opera and ballet of the highest quality."

David Lister, Cannes

CORK & KERRY

Beat the clock
For ferry passage, holiday brochure and reservations, telephone 01792-456116 or contact your local travel agent
MIDWEEK SPECIAL £89 EACH WAY. CAR & FIVE ADULTS.
Subject to completion of return journey by July 18th
SWANSEA CORK FERRIES
Miles ahead of the rest

Mother Teresa arrives in Rome to visit Pope

Her frail health tested by the long flight from India, Mother Teresa (right) felt ill on her arrival at Rome airport yesterday morning, and had to be given oxygen, her doctors said.

Back at work after months of illness, the 86-year-old nun had travelled to Rome to meet Pope John Paul II and to witness the taking of vows by new members of her Missionaries of Charity order.

"It was her first voyage after her illnesses, an already long flight made longer by a stopover," said cardinal Dr Vincenzo Biliotti, who has cared for Mother Teresa during previous visits.

"After a half hour, she felt better. She had brought four Indian children who are being adopted and she insisted on presenting them personally to the Italian adoptive parents," Dr Biliotti added.

Mother Teresa smiled and waved to crowds as she left the airport. She will have a check-up while in Rome, but, in the meantime, Dr Biliotti said, she appeared fit enough to see the Pope later in



her stay. No time has been announced for the meeting.

It was the first trip abroad since a series of illnesses that kept her mostly confined to a bed or wheelchair.

Accompanying Mother Teresa was Sister Nirmala, who was elected in March to succeed her as head of the order.

Mother Teresa, winner of the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize, began the Missionaries of Charity in 1947. Now it has more than 4,000 nuns and runs 517 orphanages, homes for the poor, Aids hospices and other charity centres.

briefing

SOCIETY

Suicide attempts by young men double in 10 years

Suicide attempts by young men have doubled in the last 10 years, but the British "stiff upper lip" is still there, with more than a third of under-25s thinking depressed people should simply pull themselves together.

A study by the Samaritans found that 29 per cent of the 500 young people they interviewed knew someone who had died by suicide, of which 16 per cent had lost a friend or family member.

Rates of attempted suicide have always been higher among young women, but the most significant trend has been the increase among young men where the rate has risen by 63 per cent since 1990. A suicide attempt increases someone's chance of eventually dying by suicide by 100 times.

Factors associated with youth suicide include drugs and alcohol - with about one in three adolescent suicides is intoxicated at the time of death, and a further number are under the influence of drugs.

Cultural and ethnic origins also play a part with young women of south Asian origin living in the UK showing very high risks of dying by suicide in comparison with the average risk for women in England and Wales. Physical and sexual abuse have been shown to distinguish suicidal adolescents from those who are depressed but not self-destructive.

The following e-mail addresses can be used to reach the Samaritans: ja@samaritans.org and samaritans@anon.torwells.com. The UK telephone number is 0345 90 90 90 (all calls charged at local rate). Glenda Cooper

NATURE

No golden future for eagles

England's only pair of golden eagles may be getting too old to breed. But even if this is the end for them south of the border, conservationists have plans to intervene and reintroduce Britain's biggest bird of prey into England.

Since 1969, a single pair have been nesting on a crag overlooking Haweswater in the Lake District. In 1976 the male was replaced by a new arrival and in 1982 the female was replaced by another. Through the entire period they have raised 18 chicks, but none are known to have started breeding in England.

The eagles had a long run of bad luck in the 1990s, raising no chicks for four consecutive years, but last year they had one which flew from the nest. This year, it appears that the eggs, laid in March, have failed to hatch since more. Advancing years may be to blame, even though golden eagles can live for 30 years or more.

There are more than 600 pairs of golden eagles in Scotland. Something about the English upland habitats appears not to suit them, so even if the Lake District pair stopped breeding there would be little point in introducing them deliberately, says the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Nicholas Schoon



HEALTH

Asthma toll begins to fall

Death rates from asthma in England and Wales have turned the corner and are heading downwards after years of increasing prevalence, according to research published yesterday.

Analysis of death certificates shows that mortality from asthma peaked for most age-groups in 1989, and is now declining by about 6 per cent per year, probably as a result of improved medical treatment.

But the over-65s have missed out on the improvement, with death rates dropping by only 2 per cent for the 65-74 age group and not at all for the over-75s, revealed the Southampton University study, published in the *British Medical Journal*.

Meanwhile, separate research published in *The Lancet* suggests that one in five cases of asthma may now be caused by exposure to chemicals in the workplace.

Around 250 chemicals and powders have been shown to cause work-related asthma, and employees are at risk in a wide range of occupations.

Among the risky substances are: henna, for hairdressers; coffee bean dust, for coffee roasters; flour, for bakers; cobalt dust, for metal grinders; and oil mists, for tool setters.

ALCOHOL

Home is where the bar is

Drinkers are guzzling more beer at home than in pubs and bars, according to a survey by brewer Whitbread.

According to the study, sales of beer from off-licences and supermarkets grew by 2 per cent last year, reflecting a trend towards drinking at home already seen in the US and Australia.

Not surprisingly, the market's peak for 1996 was during the Euro 96 football championships in June, when take-home sales saw a 46 per cent increase.

Altogether, take-home beer sales in Britain totalled £2,593m in 1996, equivalent to 9.1m barrels. The report places Tesco at the top of the retail league, with a 10 per cent share of the market, followed by Sainsbury's on 7 per cent.

So-called "premium" lagers are said to be the best-selling beers, with Stella Artois in the top slot for sales, holding 27 per cent of the market, equivalent to £144m.

Read

THE INDEPENDENT

online every day on AOL

Call 0800 376 5376

for FREE software - quote: *independent*

**NEWSPAPERS SUPPORT RECYCLING**

Recycled paper made up 41.2% of the raw material for UK newspapers in the first half of 1996

Reader's name: _____

Offer valid in UK, ROI, Channel Isles & Isle of Man only

Address:

BLT: British, lousy and tasteless

NOT FOR A WEAK STOMACH

Boots "Shapers" tuna and cucumber £1.05

The big idea for the "Shapers" range is simply not to add much of a filling. This sandwich comprised a mere sprigging of lettuce, a lettuce leaf and three slices of cucumber. Even the bread was rationed into thin, rubbery slices. It was not hard to see how there are only 188 calories in the travesty of a sandwich. Rating: 1/10

Marks & Spencer prawn and mayonnaise £1.19

Not at all bad. The filling is fairly substantial, with more prawns than normal. This was particularly impressive as the label proclaimed there was "40 per cent less fat". But the bread was soggy in some places, hard and crusty in others. Verdict: 6/10

InterCity brie and bacon £1.95

This sandwich is edible, if a little bland, so long as you don't open it up and examine the contents too closely. The bacon, though plentiful, looks suspect. Both the brie and the bacon had lost their flavour: the most prominent taste of all was the milled wholegrain bread. Rating: 4/10

Catering & Allied (Independent caterer) vegetarian sausage with salsa sauce £1.30

The plainest sandwich of the lot: wedges of authentic tasting "vegetarian sausage" on buttered bread. The exotic sounding salsa sauce - a mixture of yoghurt, mint and cucumber - had been smeared very sparingly on only one of the slices of bread. Rating: 5/10

Prêt à Manger tuna, mayonnaise and cucumber £1.89

This was King Sandwich. Freshly made, it was undoubtedly the wiser more fulfilling elder brother of Boots' attempt. There was a substantial amount of tuna; the lettuce was crisp and the cucumber fresh. But the bread was a little crusty around the edges. Verdict: 8/10

Patterson & Bartlett (garage sandwich makers) chicken tikka £1.49

Alone the sight of this sandwich is enough to put you off. With three days to go before the sell-by date the bread was already hard. The contents looked inappropriately though your taster took a bite out of this sandwich, he was unable to taste it. Verdict: 0/10



United tastes of America: Tuna, chicken, cheese and salad served up at a US-style sandwich bar in London. Photograph: Nicola Kurtz

British don't use their loaf over sandwiches, say Americans

Kathy Marks

The Sandwich Industry Awards Dinner last night should have been a festive occasion. Men and women dedicated to placing bits of food between slices of bread had gathered to watch the restaurateur Michel Roux judge the Innovative Sandwich Recipe of the Year. But a dark cloud hung over the evening.

Earlier this week the reputation of the British sandwich had been subjected to a savage attack. The *Wall Street Journal*, esteemed organ of the American financial world, ran a front-page article which claimed that "barely edible sandwiches dominate the landscape" in Britain. It said Britain's "biggest contribution to gastronomy" had been reduced to factory-produced, film-wrapped bread containing fillings "similar in taste that they were barely distinguishable from an American pate".

For the cream of the British sandwich establishment, this proved hard

to stomach. It was here that the product was invented, when the 4th Earl of Sandwich absent-mindedly shoved a piece of beef between two slices of toast during a 24-hour gambling session. True, there was a time when the best that British catering could muster was two limp slices of white Mother's Pride smeared thickly with margarine, with a sliver of cadaver-coloured ham inside.

Back then, aficionados would gaze longingly across the Atlantic, where a sandwich meant a triple-decker pesto on rye, with dill pickle on the side and "hold the mayonnaise". It meant 10 varieties of bread stuffed generously with a wide choice of succulent fillings. A square meal, in fact.

But times have changed, argue the likes of Jim Winchip, director of the British Sandwich Association. He believes that the advent of freshly made supermarket sandwiches, such as Marks & Spencer's hugely popular range, and of outlets such as Prêt à Manger, with their exotic fillings, means that the British industry can hold its head high.

The food critic Egon Ronay is another defender of the British sandwich. "Ridiculous," he spluttered yesterday, dismissing the *Wall Street Journal's* attack. "Coming from the home of junk food, I find this quite extraordinary."

But there are still some who believe that, with the exception of the "gourmet" chains, there has been little evolution since the days when the British Rail sandwich was staple fodder for stand-up comedians.

In the London office of the *New York Times*, Sarah Lyall, a staff correspondent, gave her considered opinion. "British sandwiches are repulsive," she said. "You walk into a sandwich shop and see a glass case containing glutinised lumps of stuff with crusty bits on top."

"They use the same spoon for all the ingredients, so you get prawns leaking into your ham or tuna. Some

of the mixtures are gross. Why do you guys put corn in everything? And to be honest, I've evolved past white bread. The ingredients in America are much fresher and they're not disguised with a whole bunch of sauce slopped over them."

The difference in products, Ms Lyall believes, is a reflection of the British and American psyches. "You English have a tendency to be grateful for what you're given. Americans are much more demanding. They believe they have a right to fresh good food." But Bill Bryson, the American author, had an unexpectedly kind word for the British sandwich. Mr Bryson, who criss-crossed the country by train for his travelogue, *Notes from a Small Island*, said: "Whoa I was travelling across the Western Highlands, I couldn't help but notice British Rail's very fine chicken tikka sandwich. The British sandwich is something you can be very proud of now."

Leading article, page 19

Blair milks goodwill on streets of Belfast



Crowd-puller: Tony Blair gets a warm welcome from Ulster's normally taciturn farmers. Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid

David McKittrick
Ireland correspondent

Tony Blair, meeting the crowd at an agricultural show in Belfast yesterday, came into direct personal contact with Ulster's horny-handed sons of toil. "I'm getting really firm handshakes here," he said over his shoulder.

Kyle Lucas, 18, from the splendidly-named Nutts Corner, made the reverse observation after shaking hands with the Prime Minister. "He hasn't milked many cows, that boy. He has nice soft hands," he said.

There were cows aplenty at Balmoral yesterday, but Mr Blair milked none of them. He worked the crowd to perfection, however, delighting the normally taciturn farmers and farmers' wives who flocked to shake his hand. "I got his autograph," beamed one matron.

"I'm all pleased." Her companion enthused: "He's very nice, very friendly. I was very taken with him. Love-

ly soft hands, he doesn't do much work. We've had hands, we're farmers." And her hands were indeed tough farm hands: when Tony pressed her flesh, she had clearly forcefully pressed back.

Mo Mowlam, his Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, followed in his wake. She is another crowd-pleaser, the first touchy-feely Cabinet minister to be based in Belfast, as cordial and friendly as her predecessor, Sir Patrick Mayhew, was patriarchal and remote.

Mr Blair had just snatched a quick lunch in a function room with 12 sides, a construction which gives it the nickname of the Thrupenny Bit. There he delivered a speech intended to give new impetus to the Northern Ireland political processes, which by common consent has recently lacked direction.

Most Protestants want to avoid another bad marching season, but some elements are apparently intent on putting their right to march above almost all other considerations. Many republican supporters now want another IRA ceasefire. Mr Blair's move will put to the test their ability to deliver the whole republican movement. Certainly, all sides appreciate that it will need an

audacious group to be the first to pitch itself in direct confrontation with a government of such authority.

His political messages delivered, it was outside into the sunshiny to meet the farming community, which exuded goodwill but also anxiety about its livelihood. "I asked him to do something about BSE," said James Newell from Ballymoney, holding one of the prize Hereford bulls. "I said that all these cattle were destined for the burner, to be destroyed and incinerated, unless something was done. He said he had inherited a very difficult situation and would do his best."

A woman from Meath was delighted when Mr Blair told her his mother's family came from Donegal and were farmers. And a blonde woman with a matching prize-winning bull, a blonde D'Aquitaine, chucked: "We introduced our bull to him. He's called Major, we told him. He's the only Major we've had this year."

PEOPLES

Biggest Specialist
Free hands-free kit

PEOPLES hands-free enables you to keep both hands on the steering wheel whilst driving

brand Nokia 1611 digital phone

300 calls - 15 mins every month forever
rental at just £17.50 inc VAT

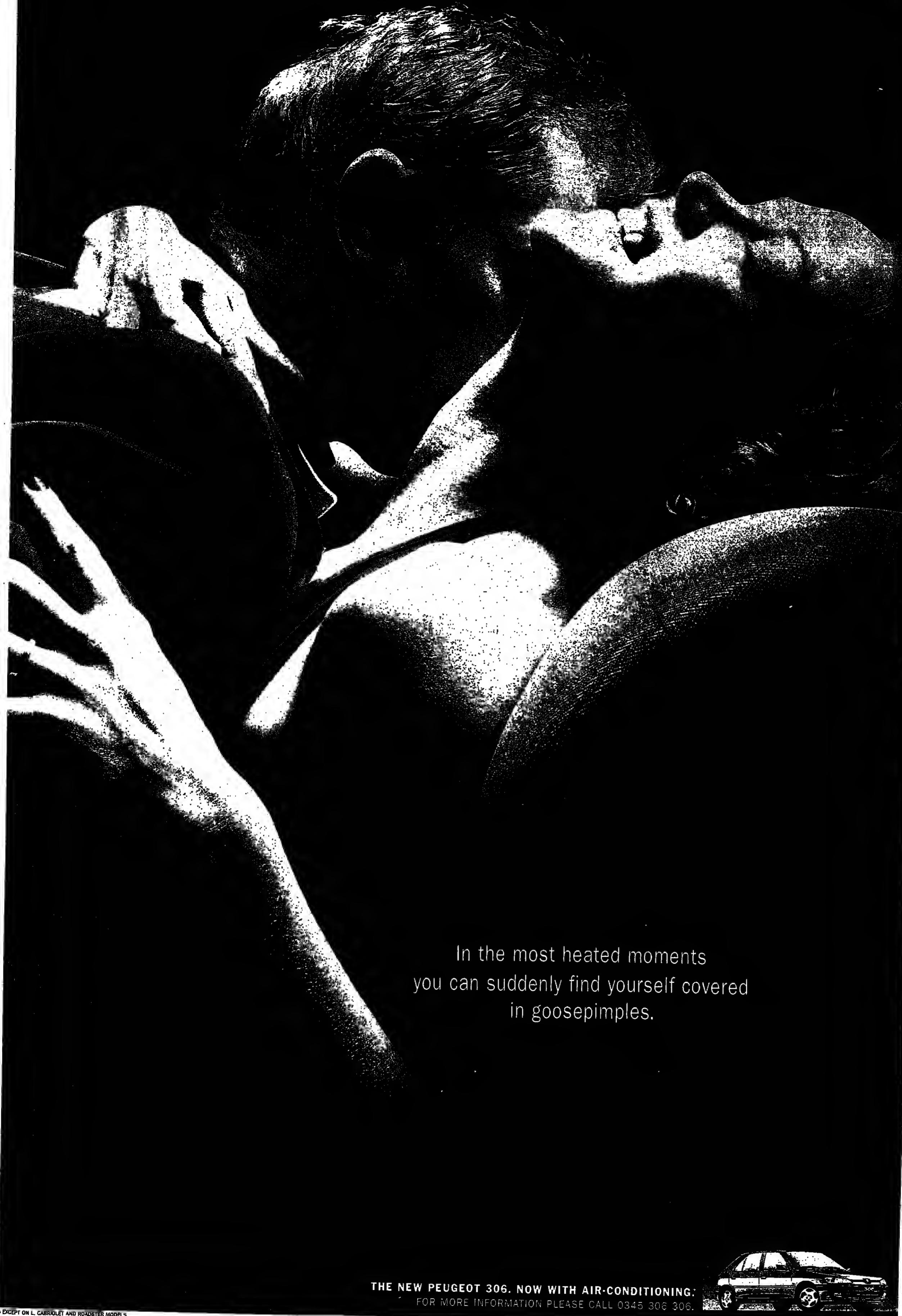
second billing with VODAFONE

ALL THIS FOR ONLY
£19.99
INC VAT

180 stores nationwide
to place an order or for your nearest store
call free 0800 10 11 12

Offer is subject to status, availability and connection to a Vodafone GSM tariff at £35.00 inc VAT on a new number to a new standard airtime contract. Offer is not available in conjunction with any other offers. Offer ends 31st May 1997.

306
PEUGEOT
THE DRIVE OF YOUR LIFE



In the most heated moments
you can suddenly find yourself covered
in goosepimples.

THE NEW PEUGEOT 306. NOW WITH AIR-CONDITIONING.
FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CALL 0345 306 306.



*EXCEPT ON L CABRIOLET AND ROADSTER MODELS.

NORTHERN ROCK
Northern Rock is a registered trademark of Northern Rock plc.
Your Home
Your House
Your Future

73
fix
5.1

جبل علوي 150

politics

Plan for child prisons to be scrapped

Jason Bennett
Crime Correspondent

Jails for persistent child offenders – one of the Conservatives' most controversial law and order policies – look set to be axed by the Labour government.

In a second move Jack Straw, the Home Secretary, will abandon Conservative proposals to end the automatic right to trial by jury for certain offences and halt the jailing of almost all fine and television licensee defaulters.

The announcement to have the new Secure Training Centres for 200 young offenders aged 12 to 14 was criticised by penal reform groups.

Michael Howard, the then Home Secretary, made them a key component of the 1994 Criminal Justice and Public Order Act to help tackle juvenile crime. Persistent young offenders were to be given sentences from six months to two years under new Secure Training Orders.

But since 1994, the Home Office has become bogged down with planning disputes as local residents and councils opposed the "child jails". Just before the general election the first centre, at Cookham Wood in Kent,

was granted planning approval, but the other four jails are still no nearer being set up.

It is understood that the Government is carrying out a review of the proposals for child jails and is set to abandon the scheme.

The existing contract at Cookham Wood, which has accommodation for 40 people, will be honoured, but the centre will probably be used to house juveniles on remand awaiting trial.

Labour has already made clear that it prefers to build more local authority secure places, rather than having privately run child jails that are expensive to run. The other centres were intended for Gringley in Nottinghamshire, Onley, Warwickshire, Medomsley, County Durham, and Kidlington near Oxford.

Harry Fletcher, assistant general secretary of the National Association of Probation Officers, said: "We would welcome the abandonment of Secure Training Centres – they went ahead against all professional opinion. They will be extremely expensive to run and will do nothing to reduce crime."

In a second attack on Tory policy the Home Office will ditch plans by Michael Howard in end

to the automatic right to elect jury trial in a range of cases, including assault, many indecency charges, theft and burglary.

However, it is understood that a raft of other measures for swifter justice drawn up by the Home Office civil servants are likely to be accepted by the new government. These include dealing with offenders aged 17 in adult rather than youth courts; removing the right of the Crown Prosecution Service to discontinue cases of public interest grounds and allowing stipendiary magistrates to sit alone in youth courts.

Mr Straw, confronted with a prison population of 60,000-plus and rising, is also examining a number of ways to reduce the time inmates spent in jail on remand awaiting trial and cutting the number of fine defaulters who were sent to prison. He hopes these changes will free 6,000 cells.

■ Mr Straw's first visit to a jail, Winchester in Hampshire, as Home Secretary, was overshadowed yesterday by news that a 21-year-old man serving a three-month sentence for possession of drugs, theft and affray, was found dead in his cell, having apparently committed suicide.



Close shave: A scissor-happy inmate approaches Jack Straw as the Home Secretary watched a hairdressing workshop during his visit to Winchester jail

Dixons DEAL 97

SAVE UP TO £30 ON CORDLESS PHONES

PLUS INTEREST FREE OPTION* ON EVERYTHING OVER £100 WITH

PHILIPS TD 9571 DIGITAL CORDLESS PHONE

- Outstanding call quality with no eavesdropping.
- Up to 10 hours talktime/40 hours standby time.
- 20 alphanumeric memories.
- 300 metre range.
- Paging facility between base and handset.
- Add up to 6 additional handsets with no additional wiring.

Was £79.99. Now £20 OFF ANY DIGITAL CORDLESS HANDSET When bought with any digital cordless phone

Dixons Deal 97

£149.99

HANDSET - SAVE £20

Additional Handset and Charger Unit In-store Price £129.99. Price after savings with Philips TD 9571 £109.99

SOUTHWESTERN BELL FF700 CORDLESS PHONE

- 8 channel selection.
- Over 100 metre range.
- Last number redial.
- Paging facility between base and handset.

In-store Price £54.99. Voucher Price £49.99

Dixons There's a Great Deal going on.

Hague ahead in leadership race

Fran Abrams
Political Correspondent

William Hague moved ahead of the field in the Conservative leadership race yesterday, brushing aside an invitation to debate with Stephen Dorrell and setting off on a triumphal tour of the country.

The former Secretary of State for Wales, at 36 the youngest of the six contenders by nine years, said he was "flattered" to be picked out by Mr Dorrell as the only one worthy of a head-to-head, but suggested that he felt such a meeting unnecessary.

The move followed an earlier rejection by Mr Hague of an attempt by Michael Howard, the former home secretary, to include him in his own campaign as running-mate.

At a press conference yesterday, the 45-year-old former health secretary had claimed that Mr Hague was the only other candidate who represented a clear break with the past for the party. He had written to him to suggest a debate under a neutral chairman, he added.

"This debate will allow both of us to set out our approach to the task which lies ahead, and it will allow the party to make an informed choice between us," he said, adding that both he and Mr Hague offered the party a choice to take on a leader for "the next generation".

In the first formal news con-

ference of his campaign, Mr Dorrell also spoke of his desire to "democratise" the party and ensure that all its supporters were engaged in its processes.

He suggested that under a new constitution the whole Conservative Party should be involved in a system which would subject their leader to an annual re-election campaign.

Two hours later, Mr Hague is-



William Hague: Plans to hold six regional meetings

sued a statement claiming that such a meeting was unnecessary as he was meeting more than 1,000 members of his party in a series of six regional meetings.

"In addition, I have an extensive programme of private meetings with colleagues to ad-

dress any issue they wish to. I believe that this approach is the most constructive way of addressing the issues and concerns of Parliamentary colleagues and the wider Conservative Party rather than the divisive format of a debate," he said.

Mr Hague began the day by opening the day's Parliamentary debate on the Queen's Speech for the Opposition, and ended it with the first of those meetings in his home territory of South Yorkshire. In the next fortnight, he will also speak in Edinburgh, Loddon, Bristol, Coventry and Manchester.

He told the House of Commons that the government's devolution plans would be "the most far-reaching constitutional changes for years," and warned against any gagging of backbenchers who objected to them, such as Tam Dalyell, the Labour MP for Linlithgow. "We are not talking here about members of the Government, bound by collective responsibility," he said. "We are talking about backbenchers with a clear record of speaking out on this matter, with long-held and clearly expressed views."

A MORI poll for yesterday's Times showed Mr Hague battling with John Redwood for second place behind Kenneth Clarke with both the party faithful and the public, though Mr Clarke secured 25 per cent support, while Mr Hague and John Redwood each had 11 per cent.

Home-rule Scots seek elusive enemy

Stephen Goodwin

More than 500 Scots will gather at the Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh at the opening rally for a "Yes" vote in the referendum for a Scottish Parliament. No time has been lost in mobilising the home-rule troops, but like an advance guard in eerily silent terrain, they wonder, is the enemy?

As good democrats, the home-rulers are hoping a "No" campaign will emerge to ensure a lively debate on devolution and counter voter apathy – though they would not want it to be too effective.

Conservative sources were yesterday confident that a "No" campaign would get underway "in the next few weeks". But the party itself will not be fronting the campaign and there are doubts about funding.

The campaign against Labour's devolution proposals in 1979 got substantial backing from the Scottish business community. However, one businessman told *The Independent* yesterday that he doubted that wealthy backers would be so keen to put their heads above the parapet this time.

Today's rally is the first by

Scotland Forward, a non-party grouping funded by pro-devolution business people, trade unions and individuals. The meeting was due to be held in Parliament House on Calton Hill but the venue had to be moved as the numbers registering surged past the 250 capacity.

Nigel Smith, the Glasgow businessman chairing Scotland Forward, said his greatest fear was of complicity among home rule supporters. "The other side are very likely to have a lot of money and the ability to mount an ambush late in the campaign when it really matters."

A party spokesman said it was "likely that many members" of the Tory party in Scotland would join a No campaign.

Tam Dalyell, the Labour MP who helped sink devolution in 1979, said he would not be joining a No campaign but if asked to address meetings would offer his rebel opinions.

"Have speech and, if dates are possible, will travel."

On the Government's two questions, Mr Dalyell would say "No" to a Parliament but "Yes" to tax varying powers. Without powers to tax, he said, the Parliament would be a talking shop and end in a "frustrated fiasco".

جذب الارض

Stick rubber to
surface firmly.

Directions:

On any surface, apply accelerator smoothly and evenly. quattro 4 wheel drive adheres instantly.

Audi 
Vorsprung durch Technik

news

Dinosaur paws make a giant impression

Kim Sengupta

They were the mother of all footprints, dating back to the Jurassic Age, and made by the largest land animals to walk the earth. And they could easily have ended up next to the gnomes and ornamental pond in a suburban garden.

The largest dinosaur tracks discovered is Britain, a find of global importance, are being guarded by a fence at a National Trust quarry in Dorset. Sauropods, which were giant herbivores, made the 52 prints 140 million years ago in what is now Keates Quarry, Worth Matravers.

The largest was 44in across — the creature making it would have been 90 feet long and 12 feet high at the hip.

Kevin Keates, who leases the area from the Trust, confessed he had no idea what he had found, and had it not been for a naturalist alerting him, the rocks could have fin-

ished in someone's garden. Palaeontologists could hardly contain their excitement. Jo Wright, of Bristol University, said sauropod footprints were rare throughout the world — the only other occurrence had been in Yorkshire.

This is really, really important. It is very important globally because the Purbeck limestone group, the rock in which the footprints were found, is at the junction between the Upper Jurassic and Lower Cretaceous periods. This is one of the very few sites in the world you can see this.

It seems the tracks were made by around a dozen dinosaurs. There seem to be at least three different directions in which the tracks go.

The long-necked, long-tailed sauropods could weigh up to 70 tons. Dr Wright thought the Dorset tracks were probably made by animals weighing around 30 tons. The area where they

were found is one of the most important fossil sites in the world.

In prehistoric times it was the limestone shoreline of a freshwater lagoon and it had yielded footprints of carnivorous, herbivorous, and armoured dinosaurs.

Mr Keates, who had been quarrying the site for 30 years, uncovered the tracks in September, but it was a local naturalist, Trevor Hayson, who alerted him to the fact they were dinosaur prints.

He said: "I did not have a clue what they were, because they were not normal three-toed dinosaur prints.

If they had not been spotted the whole area would have been excavated and broken up. The site would have been used for rockery and slabs, or whatever we could make out of it.

The National Trust will study how to conserve the footprints and open the area to visitors.



Time travellers: Jo Wright, of Bristol University, sweeping one of the prints, which could have ended up in a garden rockery. Photograph: PA

EVEN MORE REWARDS TOMORROW.

If you're receiving a windfall share bonus, and would like to receive an excellent return on your money, just take a look below at our new rates for savers.*

Account type	Balance	Bradford & Bingley	Halifax	Abbey National	Alliance & Leicester	Woolwich
Instant Access	£500	3.40%	2.45%	2.50%	3.30%	2.00%
	£5,000	3.60%	2.95%	3.00%	3.50%	2.25%
Notice	£5,000	6.10%	4.25%	3.30%	5.90%	3.50%
	£30,000	6.20%	5.35%	4.55%	6.00%	4.80%

*Bradford & Bingley's new rates available from 18/5/97

Not a difficult decision is it? To find out more call **0800 57 0800** or fill in the coupon below. Alternatively visit your local branch or our internet site on www.bradford-bingley.co.uk

BRADFORD & BINGLEY
BUILDING SOCIETY

REWARDS TODAY **REWARDS tomorrow**

For full details of Bradford & Bingley's savings accounts, please complete and return this coupon to: Bradford & Bingley Building Society, FREEPOST, Upton, Wirral L48 9AB.

Name: Mr / Mrs / Miss
 Address:
 Postcode:
 Daytime Tel No:

1175

All details are correct at 18/5/97. Bradford & Bingley's rates are effective from 18/5/97. All rates may vary in the future. All rates quoted are gross p.a., assume payment of annual bonuses where available and that all terms and conditions are met. Interest will be paid after deduction of income tax at the lower rate of 20% or, subject to the required certification, gross. The comparisons are based on the best branch based instant access and notice accounts offered by each institution. The accounts being compared are Instant Access - Bradford & Bingley First Choice, Halifax Liquid Grid, Abbey National Instant Saver, Alliance & Leicester Access Plus, Woolwich Prime Gold, Notice Accounts - Bradford & Bingley Bonus 120, Halifax 60 Day Gold and Bonus Gold, Abbey National Investment Account, Alliance & Leicester Platinum Plus, Woolwich Premier 90 Deposit. Full details of terms and conditions of our accounts are available in our branches. Bradford & Bingley is a member of the Building Societies Ombudsman Scheme and subscribes to the Code of Banking Practice. Bradford & Bingley Building Society, Main Street, Bingley, West Yorkshire BD16 2LW.

Tory goes to court over poll defeat

Steve Boggan

Gerry Malone, the former Tory Winchester minister who lost his seat by two votes, is to launch a High Court petition aimed at overturning the result. Constitutional and election experts said he had a *prima facie* case, but the Liberal Democrat victor, Mark Oaten, said he would fight the challenge.

Mr Malone lost the seat after two recounts but remains unhappy about the way some ballot papers were rejected for reasons that ultimately favoured Mr Oaten. In a statement yesterday he said the first count did not conclude until 1am on 2 May. According to the Liberal Democrats, that indicated a majority of 290 for Mr Oaten.

Despite the extent of the majority, Mr Malone succeeded in asking the acting returning officer, David Cowan, for a recount, which put him ahead by 22 votes. At 7.45am, a second recount was ordered to begin at 2pm, which resulted in victory for Mr Oaten by two votes. But Mr Malone remained unhappy and is asking for another recount. The court could also order a fresh election.

"The way in which the count was conducted has been widely condemned as unsatisfactory," he said. "Only during the second count did a significant number of ballot papers emerge which were rejected for 'want of the official mark', in breach of the Parliamentary Election Rules.

If we're faster and cheaper than the AA or RAC why join them?

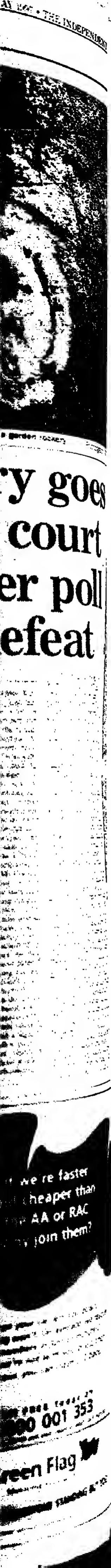
When your car lets you down, Green Flag won't. On average, we rescue our members in just 35 minutes. And if we're not with you in less than one hour, you can claim £10 back.

Call FREE today on
0800 001 353

Quote ref. no. A3149 and your credit or debit card number.

Green Flag 
Motoring Assistance

WE LEAVE EVERYONE STANDING BUT YOU
Verified from customer satisfaction questionnaires.



...y goes
court
er poll
e defeat

... we're faster
cheaper than
AA or RAC
why join them?

Why not change the way we work?

Why do we sit in endless traffic jams every weekday morning?

Why do we fly thousands of miles for meetings that last for just a couple of hours?

Why do we spend half our working day chasing unobtainable information or tracking down unavailable colleagues?

Why do we work the way we do?

Is it simply because that's the way we worked yesterday?

Why don't we use PCs, modems and faxes so we only have to commute as far as the spare room?

Why don't we spend the price of a trans-

atlantic air ticket on a video conferencing unit?

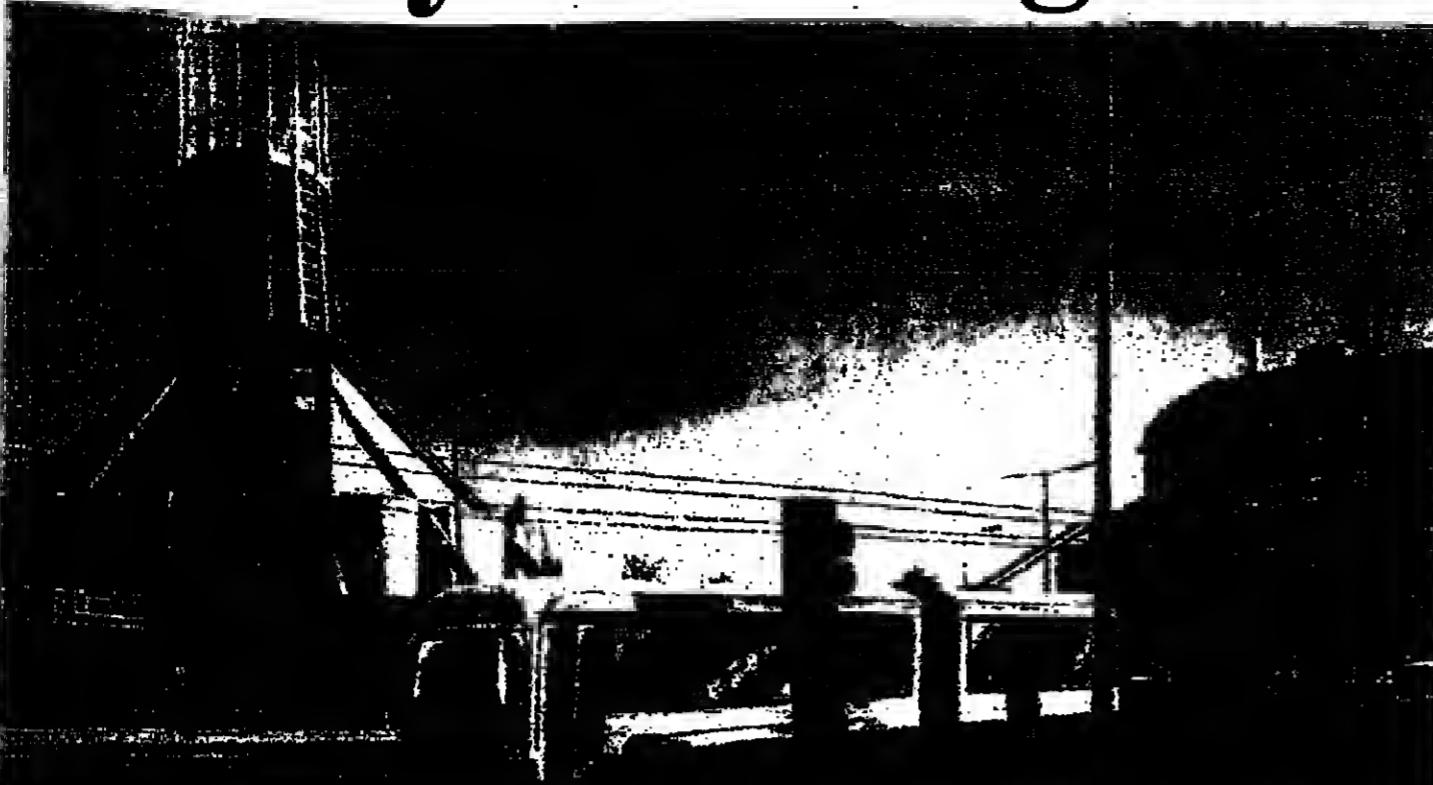
Why don't we use an intranet system to gather information and share it immediately?

Why don't we embrace the communications technology revolution?

Is it simply because we don't know who to turn to for help?



Trolleybuses' highwire act set to return



Back to the future: An artist's impression of how trolleybuses will look on the streets of Liverpool in the new millennium. Top right: The way they were

Randdeep Ramesh
Transport Correspondent

Trolleybuses, the guided electric vehicles of yesteryear, are to return to British streets in the new millennium. Liverpool will be the first city to install a network of electrified routes, which transport planners have recently returned to after successful schemes in Germany reduced pollution levels.

Mersertravel, the region's passenger transport authority, opted for a system of guided electric buses to serve busy routes into the city centre. Councillors chose the trolley bus option ahead of expensive tram systems - which have been successful in Manchester, but costly, and ineffective in Sheffield.

Planners in the city believe the new network is necessary because increasing congestion will make traditional bus journeys too long and that the new guided routes will offer more direct journeys to areas at present badly served by public transport.

The Merseyside Rapid Transit Project will be segregated from traffic for "the majority of its route", so journey times will be much faster than at present by bus allowing, so the authority claims, a "speedy trip".

The first line, costing £50m, will



run in 2001 for nearly nine miles from the Albert Dock to Prescot on the eastern edge of the city. Passengers will be able to catch the electrically-powered single-decker bus which takes current from an overhead wire.

The buses will be guided by a wire buried in the road, but the driver will be able to override the automatic control in the event of an emergency.

Trolleybuses, of course, have no exhaust. The advantage is that the mechanics are relatively simple and wearing parts few. The disadvantage would be the network of overhead power cables they require.

The project will be overseen for Mersertravel by Professor Simon Lee, of Liverpool Hope University College, who said: "What we are proposing is set to improve not only the way people can travel in Merseyside but the perception of the area as a cultural centre with a positive vision of the future."

Other cities have considered the return of trolleybuses. London Transport chiefs have long viewed the vehicles, last seen in the capital 35 years ago, as an efficient and environment-friendly way to beat traffic congestion. Despite a number of radical proposals issued by LT directors for nine areas not currently served well by rail, the plans were scrapped by a lack of government funding.

Although Liverpool's system will be under public-sector supervision, it will be built and maintained by a private-sector consortium consisting of a subsidiary of bus group Cowie and part of Alcatel Alsthom. Cash will be raised by local authority borrowing, European Union grants and private sector investment.

Uncle guilty of murdering four children in fire attack

Steve Boggan

A Freemason who murdered four of his nieces and nephews in an arson attack after being abandoned by his wife was jailed for life yesterday.

Fred Heyworth, 59, shook visibly as a jury at Winchester Crown Court found him guilty of deliberately pouring petrol through the letterbox of the children's home and setting fire to it because his estranged wife was staying there.

What evil brainstorm prompted you to act as you did we shall never know, the judge, Mrs Justice Steel, said. "This is a tragedy that will remain with you and with others for a very long time. The consequences of your act will live with you forever."

The court was told that Heyworth, of Southampton, Hampshire, had been depressed and angry after his wife, Janette, 22 years his junior, had left him and moved in with her sister, Beverley Good, and Beverley's husband, Melvyn.

Last May, days after describing the Good family as "scum", Heyworth cycled to their home in Sholing, Southampton, carrying a can of petrol which he poured through the letterbox. He set fire to it and in the subsequent blaze, Terry Good, 12, Alison, 10, Nicola, 8, and Patrick, 6, perished.

The jury of eight men and three women found him guilty of their murder and of the attempted murder of Mr and Mrs Good and another daughter, Kelly, 15, who was

badly burned. Most in the house were sleeping at the time of the attack, but Kelly and Mrs Good were on the stairs when the hall became engulfed in a fireball.

The court was told that Heyworth had become obsessed after Janet's departure. On the night of the attack, he had attended a Masonic function at which his wife was working behind the bar. Later, when a card went round for guests to sign he wrote: "Fred Heyworth, single."

He later admitted to detectives that he lit the fire, although he claimed he could remember only going home to bed.

Firefighters initially beaten back by the ferocity of the blaze, found the bodies of the four children in a back bedroom. The judge said the only comfort was that post-mortem examinations showed they had been killed by flames rather than flames.

Neighbours had to prevent the distraught parents from trying to get back in the house as Beverley screamed for her children. She told police: "The children did not appear, I knew they weren't coming out. I have got no enemies. I do not know who would want to hurt me and I know my children have never hurt anyone."

In a statement, Mr and Mrs Good and their daughters Kelly and Andrea said: "We are pleased that justice has been done. However, no punishment will ever be sufficient for the crime that has been committed. No sentence imposed would ever compensate or end the loss and suffering felt by us all."

Lecturers call for strikes over redundancies

Lucy Ward
Education Correspondent

University lecturers yesterday raised the spectre of campus strike action in protest at proposed redundancies of hundreds of staff.

An emergency motion passed by the Association of University Teachers at its annual conference in Scarborough yesterday called for protests including strike ballots in the worst-hit institutions.

Lecturers accused their employers of using a recent assessment of universities' research performance as a cover for job losses which, in reality, were prompted by funding cuts.

Vice-chancellors were using the Research Assessment Exercise to single out some staff as poor research performers and then target them for redundancy or early retirement, the union claimed.

Early indications of proposed job cuts in UK universities - 70 of which are expected to be operating at a deficit by the end of the century - suggest the sector is facing losses on a scale not seen for a decade, with some individual institutions contemplating dozens of redundancies.

Nottingham University has prompted outrage among its academic staff by compelling lecturers to submit research plans in order to select 50 candidates for redundancy.

In Wales, where funding per student is £329 per year less than in England, the University of Wales in Swansea has also met fierce opposition over proposals to cut 50 academic posts.

The AUT yesterday claimed that reducing staff on the basis of alleged poor research performance amounted to a "generalised witch hunt against academics".

It called on vice-chancellors to delay staff reviews until the publication of a report on the future of higher education by Sir Ron Dearing's committee of inquiry. The report, due in July, is expected to set out a blueprint for university funding including a possible recommendation of tuition fees.

Nottingham University said it had offered to delay its redundancy programme, but the AUT had declined to discuss the issue. The Dearing report was about the future size and shape of higher education rather than solving an immediate restructuring problem, it said.

Barclays have a question for anyone thinking about saving. Why are you bothering? No really, why are you doing it? A new car? That dream holiday? School fees for the nippers? Or because your Dad once said a penny saved is a penny earned? Don't worry if you don't have an answer. Nor do a large number of our customers. (And they've trusted us with nearly £20 billion of their money, which is a very large number indeed.) There's no law that says you have to know what you're saving for before you start saving. A love of money is fine as far as we're concerned. Which is why our **One Year Fixed Rate TESSA** appeals to so many of you. (Well it can't be the name.) It's a devilishly clever yet fiendishly simple scheme that works like this: to start with, you need £3,000, either from a maturing TESSA or a new investment. Over five years, you can invest up to a total of £9,000.* Now here's the clever bit: for one year, the interest is fixed at a solid 6.25% p.a. After that, a variable rate applies. So at the end of five years, you've either made a nice little profit, or an even bigger nice little profit. And it's all utterly, completely, joyously tax-free! You can see why some people get addicted to these schemes. So never mind that you don't want a new car, never go on holiday, haven't any kids and your Dad was a spendthrift. Do it for the money. Give us a call, absolutely free, on **0800 400 100** for more details of our full range of savings plans.

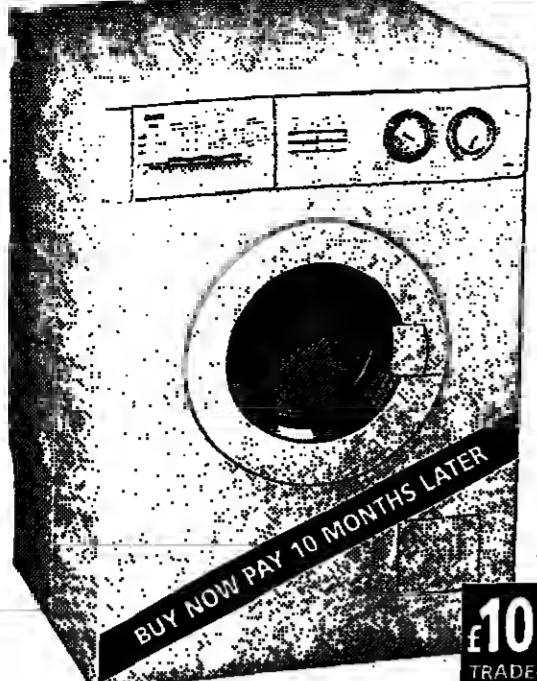


BARCLAYS

Limited issue only. *Subject to the annual deposit limits set by the government. Tax-free refers to personal income tax under current legislation.

Barclays Bank PLC, Reg. No. 1026167, Registered in England, Reg. Office: 54 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3AH. Barclays Bank PLC is a member of the Banking Ombudsman Scheme (UK branches only).

AUTOWASHERS
UP TO £140 TRADE-IN



ZANUSSI
1000 Spin Autowasher
TRADE-IN PRICE
£379.99

ZANUSSI
1200 Spin 'Jetsystem RSI'
Autowasher

■ Variable sensor.
■ Variable spin speed.
■ Economy wash.
■ Half load button.
Model FL1085. Price Excluding Trade-in £479.99.

TRADE-IN PRICE

£499.99

TRADE-IN PRICE
£100

TRADE-IN PRICE
£90

Currys

UP TO £130 TRADE-IN ON A RANGE OF ZANUSSI

LAUNDRY & REFRIGERATION

LOWEST PRICES ON THE SPOT
WE'LL NEVER BE BEATEN

FREE CHANNEL CROSSING TO FRANCE FOR CAR + 4 PEOPLE ON SELECTED SAILINGS WITH P&O European Ferries

When you buy any cooker or refrigeration product over £360 Maximum 72 hour return trip from 1st May - 31st October. Conditions apply. Age limit 18 or over. Purchases must be made by 31st May 1997. Ask in-store for full details.

TUMBLE DRYERS
UP TO £110 TRADE-IN

ZANUSSI

11lb Tumble Dryer

■ 2 heat settings.
■ 3 venting positions.
■ Automatic cool down.
Model TD514. Price Excluding Trade-in £219.99.

TRADE-IN PRICE
£199.99

ZANUSSI 11lb Tumble Dryer
in reverse action.
■ Includes vent kit.
Model TD524. Was £269.99.
BUY NOW PAY 6 MONTHS LATER

ZANUSSI 11lb Condenser Dryer
Reverse tumble action.
■ 2 heat settings.
■ Quick wash cycle.
Model TC470. Price Excluding Trade-in £249.99. BUY NOW PAY 6 MONTHS LATER

DISHWASHERS
SAVE UP TO £100

ZANUSSI

Full Size

Dishwasher
■ Unique 'multi-rack' baskets.
■ Quickwash cycle.
Model DW907. Price Excluding Trade-in £429.99.

TRADE-IN PRICE
£329.99

ZANUSSI Full Size 'Aquasave' Dishwasher
■ Unique 'multi-rack' baskets.
■ Quickwash cycle.
Model DW917. Was £499.99. BUY NOW PAY 6 MONTHS LATER

ZANUSSI Full Size 'Aquasave' Dishwasher
TRADE-IN PRICE
£100

ZANUSSI Full Size 'Aquasave' Dishwasher
TRADE-IN PRICE
£1

Hong Kong's history men go for rewrite

Former governor denies that he pushed China into resuming sovereignty of colony

Stephen Vines
Hong Kong

The pungent odour of correction fluid is drifting over Hong Kong as those who made British policy in the last years of colonial rule scramble to rewrite history and, in particular, to deflect responsibility for anything that might go wrong.

Five months before the return to Chinese rule, those responsible for early talks which led to the end of British sovereignty are denying they pushed China towards taking over. First in line is former governor Lord MacLehose who, more than any other governor, was responsible for Hong Kong's return. This week he gave an interview to the *South China Morning Post*, claiming he was not responsible for making China take a stand on the return of Hong Kong during his meeting with China's paramount leader, Deng Xiaoping, in 1979.

After remaining silent on the subject for six years, much of the interview was taken up by an attack on an article written by this reporter, published in 1991. That article revealed the clumsy manner in which Lord MacLehose and colleagues first raised Hong Kong's future.

Lord MacLehose, then the first governor to meet any senior Chinese leader, raised with Mr Deng the issue of commercial leases in the New Territories which were due to run out in 1997 along with the lease given for the greater part of Hong Kong's land-mass. He said investors were worried and intended to propose an arrangement be made for extending the commercial leases without raising the sovereignty issue.

China crisis: Ex-governor Lord MacLehose (top); Sir Percy Cradock, the mandarin's mandarin; and Governor Chris Patten

No notice had been given to the Chinese that the issue was to be raised. Deng deliberately misunderstood the difference between the commercial leases and the treaty with Britain over the New Territories or was confused by what he saw as a suggestion of denying China's sovereign right to Hong Kong. He launched into a monologue asserting China's right to resume control over Hong Kong, and laid down many of the conditions since set in stone.

Lord MacLehose now says: "It wasn't me who mentioned [the resumption of sovereignty]



Bay watch: Colonial police show their skills after the first joint exercise by Hong Kong and Chinese forces to curb illegal immigrants from China. Photograph: AP

The beat goes on for British troops

Hong Kong (Reuters) — The British Army yesterday packed up its radio station — literally into a container. The British Forces Broadcasting Service (BFBS) plans to stay on the air until the last moment before the handover but not from its old studio in military headquarters. In an informal ceremony to the tones of a bagpipe, Commodore Peter Nelson, chief of staff of British forces in the territory, declared the new BFBS station open in a 20-foot container, replete with disc-jockey, studio equipment and sound-proof walls. "It works!" Commodore Nelson declared as he stepped out of the container, commissioned for use in Saudi Arabia during the 1991 Gulf war, after a token inspection. A staff of 15 who used to occupy two proper studios at the barracks will keep the station going until the handover, although "the shack", as it is called by its users, itself will be loaded on to the supply and troop ship *Sir Percival* on 29 June.

first; it was Deng Xiaoping." This is technically correct but avoids the issue of whether Britain forced China's hand.

A former Chinese official has also broken silence and indirectly confirmed the account of events in my 1991 report. Wong Man-fong, a former deputy secretary of China's *de facto* embassy in Hong Kong, told a seminar this month that until the meeting with Lord MacLehose "we thought of bypassing the 1997 issue by declaring Hong Kong an historic problem which the two governments would discuss at an appropriate time". China was

thinking of "extending British rule for another 30 to 50 years" but "they didn't give us a way to step down".

In his interview Lord MacLehose says: "The amount ... written about that by people who know nothing about it is quite extraordinary." Since he now publicly denies the accuracy of my account, which was partly based on information which he gave me during an unattributable interview in 1991, he presumably no longer wishes to have his anonymity preserved. Moreover, his recollections then match those of three of the four other British and Hong

Kong representatives at the meeting who were interviewed for the article at that time.

Lord MacLehose says he had to raise the leases issue because, if he had not discussed it, a legal vacuum would have ensued. This had been taken up by Sir Percy Cradock, the Foreign Office mandarin at the centre of Sino-British relations for two decades and who, more than his political masters, was responsible for policy which led to the handover of Hong Kong. He finished his governmental career as the prime minister's main foreign-policy adviser and in 1991 was re-

sponsible for pushing John Major into a position where Britain again found itself abasing itself before the Chinese leaders.

He made a secret mission to Peking to lay the ground for Mr Major's ill-fated visit in 1991, the first by a major Western leader after the Tiananmen Square massacre. The purpose was to clear the logjam over Hong Kong. In his memoirs Sir Percy hails this as a success.

But Mr Major was persuaded to make the trip against his better judgement. He appeared to be vindicated, because the logjam merely moved in another

direction. Chiao viewed the visit as a victory, as it signalled the end of diplomatic isolation which followed the Tiananmen crackdown.

Sir Percy is making a second career criticising Mr Major's appointed Governor of Hong Kong, Chris Patten, for failing to assume Britain's customary kowtow position in dealings with China. His argument is that Mr Patten, fully backed by the Major government, caused unnecessary trouble by fiddling with plans to create more representative government. According to Sir Percy, if the old line had been adhered to, Hong

Kong would be enjoying a smoother transition. This ignores the fact that the real deterioration in relations with China occurred during the governorship of one of Sir Percy's disciples, Lord Wilson, who was in charge at the time of Tiananmen. He could not help but reflect Hong Kong fears and concerns and was punished by China for doing so.

Fresh supplies of correction fluid will no doubt be arriving at the homes of other former British participants in the Hong Kong débâcle in the months to come. Blame avoidance is clearly the order of the day.

Free film worth £50 with any FOTONEX APS Zoom Camera.

FOTONEX APS

Zoom Camera.

FUJIFILM

Simply More Advanced

AVAILABLE WHILE GIFT PACK STOCKS LAST FROM DIXONS, BOOTS, ARGOS, JESSOP, TESCO, JOHN LEWIS AND FUJI CAMERA CENTRES NATION-WIDE.
SUPPLIED AS A SINGLE GIFT PACK WITH 12 FUJICOLOR NEXIA FILMS. CONTENTS OF GIFT PACK MAY VARY.

3 for 2

Pantene Shampoo 200ml and 250ml,
2 in 1 200ml and Conditioner 200ml
£2.19 each £4.38 for any three



Elvive Shampoo 200ml and Conditioner 200ml
£1.99 each £3.98 for any three



Organics Shampoo 200ml,
2 in 1 200ml and Conditioner 200ml
£1.99 each £3.98 for any three
(Offer excludes Intensive Conditioner)

Boots

The Right Chemistry

<http://www.boots.co.uk>

Offers available in most Boots stores from 14th May until 10th June 1997 (Elvive until 27th May 1997). Subject to availability.

Daewoo Electronics
sells 30 family sets
To find out where our other sales offices
1997 C

ewrite

Buy watch: Colonial police show their skills after the first joint exercise by Hong Kong and Chinese forces to curb illegal immigrants from China. **►** **PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE**

The beat goes on for British troops

THE DAEWOO 30th ANNIVERSARY SALE. 1997 CARS AT 1967 PRICES.



Daewoomania has reached Britain. We're celebrating our 30th anniversary of being in business by having a sale. And this weekend to launch it, we'll be selling 30 family sized Daewoo Nexias at £1,126 – the price of an equivalent car back in 1967. There'll be 30 available at 30 specific stores nationwide. To find out where your nearest store is phone 0800 666 222. Then simply pay us a visit this weekend where you can enter our free draw and find out about our other sale offers. The winner (drawn on Monday 19th May) can buy the car at the 1967 price. Now isn't that something worth shouting about?

1997 CARS AT 1967 PRICES? THAT'LL BE THE  DAEWOO.

The President departs: Zaire's leader leaves behind a bitter nation ruthlessly stripped of all its wealth over 32 years



Mobutu: Ransacked homeland

Photograph: Reuters

Mary Braid

Kinshasa

There is a story about Zairean President Mobutu Sese Seko which sums up the arrogance and gall required to ransack your homeland and not lose a night's sleep. In an interview on American television the President was asked about the size of his personal fortune. Could he personally pay off his country's multi-billion dollar debt? President Mobutu answered that theoretically that was possible - but how could he be sure he would ever get his money back?

Today Zaireans will be asking themselves just that question once the reality of the President's departure has sunk in. How can they ever recover the billions stolen from the nation?

In the end, President Mobutu went with a whimper not a bang. The man who vowed to see off the rebel leader, Laurent Kabila, sneaked out of Kinshasa airport, bound for his lavish palace in Gbadolite, northern Zaire - in his tribal homeland

- with only a few generals and soldiers as witnesses.

At first the government insisted he had packed just a weekend bag. But Western diplomats said Gbadolite was just a stop over on a flight into exile that would take him first to Morocco and then onto Villa Del Mar, his £3.2m home at Cap Martin on the French Riviera.

His decision finally to relinquish the affairs of state was made public only seven hours later. It came after the generals and senior ministers laid it on the line.

They could no longer guarantee his safety. And with Laurent Kabila's rebels poised to take Kinshasa - as the climax to an astonishing seven-month military campaign in which they had seized most of the country - they could not promise to defend the capital.

"It's the best thing for Zaire and offers the best chance of a peaceful transition," said one relieved Western diplomat yesterday, after weeks of international pressure on President Mobutu to step down.

In the streets of the capital

Mobutu takes the money and runs to a safe haven

they could not quite believe that the man who bled Zaire dry for 32 years had finally gone. The past two weeks had been filled with rumours of his resignation. Each trip from the country was said to be his last.

The city remained calm in the main. Everyone is waiting, as they have been for months, for Mr Kabila. "For us," said Joseph, a beaming street vendor. "Death, or a beating depending on what they think he has done."

But in the darker corners of Kinshasa a few scores were being settled. Members of Ship,

President Mobutu's hated secret police, were being cornered. Mr Mobutu's Zaire required terror as well as political cunning to function.

"I have had a call from a friend who was in the secret police who is being chased all over the city by six men," said a local businessman. "What could he expect when they caught him? Death, or a beating depending on what they think he has done."

At the city's finest hotel, the Intercontinental, Zairean businessmen continued to check in



End of an era: Opposition supporters cheering the news yesterday that the President has gone. Photograph: Reuters

with their families. "Their houses have been attacked," said a hotel insider. "Many are just waiting to catch the ferry to Brazzaville."

At the main ferry to Brazzaville heavily armed Zairean soldiers were under the command of a man in dark glasses, leather jacket and jeans. "Forget about the documents," said a port official, long converted to President Mobutu's ways.

"At the city's finest hotel, the Intercontinental, Zairean businessmen continued to check in

for 32 years President Mobutu has treated Zaire like a toy and used its rich mineral resources like his own private bank account. He plundered its mines, insisting their entire annual profit be transferred to personal accounts overseas.

In the beginning his country stood still, then as the infrastructure left by the Belgians in 1960 after independence began to crumble from neglect, Zaire began slowly to implode. In the end the Zairean state was just Mobutu; and its gross national product was just pocket money for him and a vast network of cronies. President Mobutu turned the country into a gangsters' paradise where only those in the mob could prosper. He kept friends close and enemies even closer. All patronage eventually flowed from him.

"We had to be close to the regime to do business," admitted Mohammed Abdul, a Lebanese businessman yesterday as he fortified his shop for an expected pre-Kabila pillage by Zaire's ruthless and brutal army. The Lebanese are hated by Zaireans who believe they

colluded with President Mobutu to plunder the country's diamonds.

The United States and the West are also despised, standing by while a nation suffered three decades of war and robbery. During the war years they turned a blind eye to President Mobutu's excesses because he was seen as a buffer against the spread of communism in Africa, in particular, in neighbouring Angola. Only when the cold war ended did human rights issues become a concern.

But by then President Mobutu had amassed a fortune, and Zaire was spent.

Villa Del Mar is just one of 30 luxury properties owned by Mr Mobutu and his family around the world. The Zairean President has built up an overseas business empire from his spoils.

At the city's Parliament yesterday a deputy raged at Mobutu's easy departure. "I want him here," he roared, on the steps of the vast soulless building constructed by the Chinese. "I want Mobutu humiliated. He should not be allowed to just walk away."



Swiss seize luxury 30-room villa

BERN, Switzerland (AP) — Just hours before the announcement that Mobutu Sese Seko was giving up his powers, the Swiss government said that it was seizing a villa near Lake Geneva which belonged to the beleaguered President.

The 30-room Villa les Minguettes in Savigny, east of Lausanne, is the only significant asset so far identified as belonging to Mr. Mobutu. He inherited the five-hectare estate from his mother in

1978. The villa has an annexe, with two separate apartments and a swimming pool. The grounds are surrounded by tall trees.

There was growing opposition in Switzerland to Mr. Mobutu's presence. After he left for France last November, the Swiss government refused to issue him a new visa for follow-up medical treatment on grounds that a visit to Switzerland was no longer medically necessary.

Imagine.

Lufthansa

As a business traveller, wouldn't it be great if the airline you fly most often were linked to other major airlines that could fly you anywhere you wanted to go. Smoothly. Effortlessly. Efficiently. Wouldn't it be great if you had access to more airport lounges. And when flying on any of these major airlines, you could

earn mileage points that count towards higher status in any of their frequent flyer programmes. Wouldn't it be great if you could enjoy the same high standards of service whenever and wherever you fly. That's the idea behind Star Alliance, a network of SAS, Air Canada, Lufthansa, THAI, and United Airlines. A fundamental

part of business travel. We're looking ahead. We know you are. And we're making the best choice. After all, it's the world to get around.

Le train now arriving is cheap, efficient and smells wonderful

PARIS DAYS

The French railways have produced an entertaining leaflet. It shows the Eurostar route through the Channel tunnel as an outsize Métro/Tube line linking the underground systems of London and Paris.

If this fantasy is ever to be realised – boarding the Tube at Piccadilly, and alighting at Charles de Gaulle-Étoile – one hopes, for humanitarian reasons, that the trains will be run from the French end.

As a once daily victim of the London Underground, now removed to Paris, I wish to pay a glowing tribute to the Métro. It is clean; efficient; safe; frequent; cheap; and rarely breaks down. It also has that wonderful smell – a blend of sweat, perfume and burned rubber – which has defined Paris to generations of foreign visitors, as much as, say, the view of the Eiffel Tower.

My problem is that I can find few Parisians who agree with me about the Métro. They are convinced that their underground system is dirty, inefficient, expensive and dangerous. In other words, despite the Eurostar, few of them have been to London recently.

This is a perfect example of a French tendency to protest too much. The French have some reasons to be anxious about their future but not as many as

they think they have. They have some reasons to be sour about the Métro – for instance, a tendency for bombs to explode in its younger, bigger, dirtier sister, the RER regional network – but not as many as they believe they have.

On my nightly struggle home in London, it was a common experience to wait 20 minutes for a Wimbledon branch train in a menacingly crowded platform at Earls Court; or to wait in tunnels three or four times on one journey.

In four and a half months in Paris, I can remember stopping between stations only once, and that on a day when the Métro line 6 was "perturbed" by industrial action. In daytime, you generally wait no more than two or three minutes for a Métro train. Late at night, you wait ten minutes, at most.

It costs eight francs, less than 90p, for a single journey, anywhere within the city of Paris, broadly equivalent to zones one and two of the London Tube system, where a single journey costs £1.50. If you buy a carnet of 10 tickets, as most Parisians do, the cost falls to Fr4.60 a trip – around 50p. A monthly ticket in Paris costs Fr243 (£26.40), compared to £60.30 for zones one and two in London.

How does the Métro do it?

It starts with some advantages. The Métro (leaving aside the RER) is a denser network than the Tube and does not reach out as far into the suburbs. As a purely urban system, it is more intensively used – five million passengers a day, seven million

economics are confusing but instructive. The public subsidy for each tube journey in London is around 35 per cent (and falling). The public subsidy for each Métro journey is 50 per cent.

Thus the real cost of a single tube journey is around

as the main-line railway system, is not a licence for tearing up franchises. It faces, none the less, demands for new "efficiencies". As France struggles to reduce its budget deficits to qualify for Economic and Monetary Union (Emu), all public services are being squeezed, including the Métro. Some of the clever young men in the Finance Ministry have started to ask if it might not be possible for passengers to wait three or four minutes for a train instead of two.

Journeys were still about 5 per cent down last year on pre-bomb-and-strike levels of 1994. Parisians are turning more to their cars, to taxis, even to bikes.

There is an element of snobbery here: even racism. You hear better-off Parisians say that they never use the Métro any more: it is unsafe and un-

clean. By this, they seem to mean that there are more brown and black faces down there than they see at street level. Robberies and assaults on the Métro are, in reality, rare. (The RER, which links Paris with some of the poorer *banlieues*, is a different matter.)

Surveys and anecdotal experience suggest that Parisians are also offended by the intensive panhandling which afflicts the Métro. On one short journey I made this week, there was an almost choreographed French farce of entries and exits. At consecutive stations, three pan-handlers got on and off through different doors, giving the same rather formal speech beginning: "Excusez-moi de vous déranger, mesdames, messieurs, mais ..." No one else on the train found this funny.

All three were trying to sell the same small booklet, produced by the French equivalent of the *Big Issue*. It turned out to be a well-written guide to the history and meaning of the station names on the Paris Métro.

Partly drawn from this publication, here is a brief quiz.

Which two stations on the London Tube have the same names as stations on the Paris Métro? Answer: 1. Temple (District and Circle line and Métro line 3); 2. Arsenal (Piccadilly line and Métro line 5). The second, *l'Admiral*, is a closed. The Parisian Arsenal station, next to Bastille, closed in 1930.

If you got one station right, you win a ticket on the first through Métro train to Wimbledon.

John Lichfield

The French are convinced their Métro is dirty and dangerous

including the RER, compared to 2.5 million on the Tube – which reduces the cost of carrying each passenger. Since the Métro was built later than the Tube (its first line opened in 1900), and has fewer deep tunnels, it is structurally cheaper to maintain.

Beyond that, the Métro

£7.35 (based on figures supplied by London Transport). The real cost of the 88p single Métro journey is £1.75 and the real cost of a 50p carnet ticket is £1. In other words, the Métro is not only efficient; it is genuinely good value. The RATP, unlike other state-run operations, such

Clinton meets Tuskegee victims

Mary Dejevsky
Washington

President Clinton yesterday made a formal apology on behalf of successive US administrations for what is seen as one of the most shameful episodes in 20th century American history: the use of impoverished black syphilis victims for a 40-year medical experiment.

Five of the eight survivors, aged between 90 and 100, travelled to Washington from Tuskegee, Alabama, where the experiment was conducted, in attend the White House ceremony. People in Tuskegee were able to watch a special satellite relay.

The research project began in 1932 and involved 400 black men whose syphilis was deliberately left untreated, even though penicillin became available as the study progressed. It was not halted until 1972, following an exposé by the Associated Press news agency.

The men were not told they had syphilis and knew their disease as "bad blood". The study was intended to track the passage of syphilis and its effects on the body. The men, all poor, had signed up for a federally funded medical care programme.

AP established that 28 had died of syphilis, another 100 from syphilis-related complications and at least 40 wives and 19 children had been infected.

Now, more than 25 years after the experiment ended, the Tuskegee Syphilis Study is identified as an episode that has strained race relations in the US and fostered black cynicism of white authority, including whites in the medical profession.

Yesterday's ceremony at the White House fulfilled a promise made by Mr Clinton two months ago that he would apologise in person to the victims. They and their families have received financial compensation, but never an apology.

Mr Clinton used the occasion to announce that the government was giving \$200m (£125m) to help fund a bioethics research centre at Tuskegee University.



Up and running: A Métro train travels overland to cross the Bir Hakeim bridge by the Eiffel Tower in Paris

range in business travel. And these benefits are just beginning. We will be offering even more in the future. We know you have a lot of choices when it comes to flying, and we're making sure Star Alliance is always the best choice. After all, there's no better way in the world to get around the world.

STAR ALLIANCE
The airline network for Earth.

CHEAP AIRFARES

AIR

Sir John Eccles

Sir John Eccles was pre-eminent as a neurophysiologist whose life was devoted to unravelling the secrets of the central nervous system. In 1937 he brought a brilliant intellect, enormous energy and formidable stamina. He transformed our understanding of the detailed cellular interactions among nerve cells in the nervous system, though the task he set himself of understanding the human mind eluded him, as indeed it has many others.

He was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1903. His father was a school teacher. Eccles read Medicine at Melbourne University and had a meteoric academic career gaining a first class degree and winning a Rhodes Scholarship to Oxford. Here he completed his academic training in Sir Charles Sherrington's Department of Physiology, adding an MA and a D Phil to his attainments, plus an Oar – a sporting trophy in the arcane game of chasing boats and gaining bumps. He also won the Goch and Rolleston Prizes, a Research Fellowship at Exeter College, a Fellowship at Magdalen and a lectureship at Oxford University – all in the space of 12 years.

At Oxford, his lifelong preoccupation with the nervous system began to unfold. The most notable early result was a sequence of scientific papers on hind-limb withdrawal reflexes, published in 1930-31 with Sherrington. Eccles seems rather quickly to have decided that the connections between nerve cells held an important clue to the operation of the brain, and the synapse (a term coined by Sherrington in 1903 to describe these connections) held his attention thereafter.

The Physiological Society at their regular meeting in the 1930s then witnessed the battle between Eccles, promoting the electrical hypothesis for synaptic transmission, and Sir Henry Dale, Wilber Feldberg and Martha Vogt, who championed the subsequently fully confirmed hypothesis of chemical transmission. The youthful (Sir) Alan Hodgkin had in 1937 published his crucial results establishing that the conduction of impulses along a nerve fibre depends

ed on the flow of electricity in the nerve at the front of the impulse and Eccles took the view that such an event also enabled communication across the synapse.

At Oxford in 1927 he had married Irene ("Rene") Miller, a New Zealander, by whom he had four sons and five daughters. In 1937 he took his young family back to Australia. He became the Director of the Kanematsu Memorial Institute of Pathology in Sydney, where his professional responsibilities lay in providing a clinical pathology service. In this unlikely setting he put together an electrophysiological laboratory, recruited among others the biophysicist (Sir) Bernard Katz and the neurobiologist Stephan Kuffler, and continued work on



Eccles: "Synaptic Jack"

neuromuscular transmission. During the Second World War he directed a blood replacement unit supplying operations in the Pacific.

His next move was to the Physiology Department of Otago University, in Dunedin, New Zealand (1944-51), where he developed a sustained attack on the excitatory and inhibitory transmission in the spinal cord of the cat. His obsession with his research in this rather arid environment overfilled his undergraduate lectures, and earned him the sobriquet "Synaptic Jack" given by free-spirited students. Among his lasting contributions was the inception of advanced undergraduate and postgraduate courses in physiology and the launching of students (including his daughter Rosamund) on

their scientific careers in New Zealand and abroad. At this time he was still actively promoting the hypothesis of electrical transmission at nerve synapses in the spinal cord, basing his conclusions on the use of extracellular recording methods.

A crucial episode in the development of his ideas came from the introduction to the department by A.K. McIntyre, his successor as head of department, of a new technology – the hollow, electrolyte-filled, glass micro-electrode, which made it possible to make intracellular records of the activity of individual spinal nerve cell in situ. This revolution in technology came from J. Graham and R.W. Gerard in the United States. When the device appeared in his department, Eccles had characteristic insight and vigour promptly applied it to his experiments. He had already fully exploited the monosynaptic reflex pathway, and was able to use electrical stimulation of a muscle nerve to excite only nerve fibre with monosynaptic connections to large motor neurones in the spinal cord. By these means he was able to control in a very precise and necessary way the sensory input to these neurones.

He had also cornered the world's stock of Lucas pendulums (pre-electronic electro-mechanical instruments designed about 1910) and with these high-precision mechanical devices could deliver electrical stimuli to peripheral nerves at intervals less than 1 millisecond, which was necessary to cope with the speed at which events occur in the central nervous system. The results of inserting his recording electrode into a motor neurone led to the falsification of his electrical hypothesis. This caused him no problem since he had proved himself wrong, and it also rescued him from a cul-de-sac in which he was in danger of entrapping himself. Both excitatory and inhibitory transmission then became explicable in terms of chemical synaptic transmission.

His abrupt conversion from electrical to chemical transmission was revealed to an astonished physiological world at a meeting of the Physiological

Society in London in 1951. In 1963 these studies earned him the award of the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine, jointly with Sir Alan Hodgkin and Sir Andrew Huxley.

In 1951 Eccles had moved to the Chair of Physiology at the Australian National University in Canberra, at first to temporary huddled accommodation. There he built up a world-renowned research group, attracting gifted young investigators not only from Australia but from all four corners of the world. A veritable flood of research papers on the neurophysiology of the spinal cord and on transmitter substances in the central nervous system overwhelmed the scientific press, leading incidentally to the setting up in 1963 of a new journal, *Experimental Brain Research*. While at Canberra Eccles was instrumental in creating the Australian Academy of Science, modelled on the Royal Society of London, and was its President from 1957 to 1961.

In 1966, faced with prospect of mandatory retirement from the ANU, he uprooted himself and left Australia for the United States, never to return, not even to accept a medal from the Australian Neuroscience Society. At the Institute of Biomedical Research in Chicago, he rebuilt his research career, concentrating now on the brain, particularly the cerebellum. Subsequently he moved to the State University of New York at Buffalo. In 1968 he married Helena Taborovka, a research colleague in his Canberra days. After seven years at Buffalo he was a Distinguished Professor Emeritus to live and write books at Ca' la Gra' in Swiss Ticino, where he maintained an active liaison with former research colleagues.

Eccles always questioned "the relation between our bodies and our minds, and especially the link between brain structures/processes and mental dispositions". He had known and been influenced by (Sir) Karl Popper in New Zealand and in 1974 they had the opportunity to spend a month at the Villa Serbeloni on Lake Como, engaged in a scientific dialogue. The result, *The Self and its*

Brain (1977) is a searching enquiry by "an agnostic philosopher" (Popper) and "a believer in God and the supernatural" (Eccles), actuated by the need to account for the human mystery from their standpoint of a dualism of mind and body. In conclusion, Popper said "So we leave it at that", and, one might add, to the future.

A prolific author of original research articles he also found time to write seminal books, sometimes based on invited public lecture, including: *The Neurophysiological Basis of Mind* (1953), *The Physiology of Nerve Cells* (1957), *Sherrington, His Life and Thought* (1979, jointly with William C. Gibson), *The Human Mystery* (1979). He also delivered prestigious lectures, such as the Waynflete (Magdalen College, Oxford), Ferrier (Royal Society), Sherrington (Liverpool University) and Gifford (Edinburgh University).

A formidable and devastating adversary in debate John Eccles nevertheless had many loyal friends among his numerous research colleagues and associates, some of whom celebrated his 90th birthday at a memorable symposium at the Max Planck Institute in Germany.

Alastair Iggo

John Carew Eccles, neurophysiologist: born Melbourne, Australia 27 January 1903; Junior Research Fellow, Exeter College, Oxford 1927-32; Staines Medical Fellow 1932-34; Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford and University Lecturer in Physiology 1934-37; Director, Kanematsu Memorial Institute of Pathology, Sydney 1937-44; FRS 1941; Professor of Physiology, University of Otago, Dunedin 1944-51; Professor of Physiology, Australian National University, Canberra 1951-66; Kt 1958; (jointly) Nobel Prize for Medicine 1963; Member, Institute for Biomedical Research, Chicago 1966-68; Distinguished Professor and Head of Research Unit of Neurobiology, State University of New York at Buffalo 1968-75 (Emeritus); AC 1990; married 1928 Irene Miller (four sons and five daughters; marriage dissolved 1968); 1968 Helena Taborovka; died Locarno, Switzerland 2 May 1997.



Baquero: "seated in his armchair, as if on a throne . . . the best kind of Cuban" Gorka Lejarreta / El País

Gaston Baquero

Gaston Baquero, one of Cuba's most important poets, spent nearly 40 years in exile in Spain, and only in recent years did his native country begin to accord him timid recognition, after decades of disapproving silence.

Baquero, a reserved man, was a distinguished representative of a group of Cuban intellectuals that grew up in the 1940s around the literary review *Origenes*. But he left Cuba following the 1959 revolution and was henceforth airbrushed from history by supporters of Fidel Castro. His work was expunged from Havana University's literature syllabus and from the island's literary anthologies and dictionaries.

Ernesto Che Guevara commented acidly: "He saw clearly what the revolution was going to be like and fled to Franco's tranquil beaches." But rather than loll in the sun, Baquero led a secluded life in a small quarter of Madrid, in an apartment crammed with books from floor to ceiling, barely known outside a small circle of Spanish poets and poetry *aficionados*.

Ten days before he died, a group of Spanish poets held a round table discussion in his honour at the Fine Arts Club in Madrid at which the poet Francisco Brines said: "the poetry of Baquero reinvents the astonished and innocent gaze of a child, in which unexpected images and his sensory abundance produce constant happy surprises."

Not until 1995 was a two-volume collection of Baquero's work published in Spain. A year earlier, the University of Salamanca devoted a special issue of

its literary review to him. This coincided with the appearance of a few of his poems in a journal in Havana, the first feeble rays of light to penetrate the oblivion into which he had been cast.

The critic Roger Salas, a friend of the poet and himself a Cuban exile, wrote yesterday in *El País*: "Baquero navigated all his life in a deep and agitated sea of images, those that clothed his exquisite poetic work. In his Madrid home it was difficult to walk amidst such narrow passages and mountains of the written word. Seated in his armchair, as if on a throne, the poet, the best kind of Cuban, could spin a conversation from any subject . . . with reserved humour and irony."

Born into a poor family in Banes, Oriente province, Baquero studied agronomy at Havana University, but swiftly decided to devote his life to poetry and journalism. He said years later he had been inspired by a chance reading in 1939, of a poem by José Lezama Lima, whom he greatly admired.

He and a clutch of like-minded poets, including Lima, were associated with the review *Origenes*, the flagship of Cuban culture in the 1940s. Baquero's first book, *Poemas*, was published in 1942 followed by *Saul sobre la espada* ("Saul on the Sword"), a few months later. His standing as a poet became established with his long verse and rich aquatic images in works like "Testamento del pez" ("The fish's testament").

Between 1947 and 1959 he was an intellectual grandee of Havana, tall, dark-skinned and elegant, an influential columnist and editor on the conservative daily *Diario de la Marina*. He became powerful and rich, owned a splendid house filled with books and paintings, and won many prizes. He was also Catholic, sybaritic and homosexual. He feared detention the moment Castro's forces came to power and, protected by four ambassadors who escorted him to the airport, flew into exile.

Overnight he swapped popular celebrity for virtual anonymity. In 1960, when he was working shamefacedly in Radio Exterior de España, he published "Poems written in Spain", and in 1961 a little collection of essays "Hispanic American writers today" in which he praised a promising unknown young Colombian, Gabriel García Márquez.

In 1966 he published his best and most original book of poems *Memorial de un testigo* ("Memorial of a witness"), full of singing, disturbing language, imaginary legends and confessions of his secret heart. Spanish poets who admired him published his collected work in 1985 under the title *Magias y invenciones* ("Magics and inventions").

There followed *Poemas Invisibles* and two volumes of essays, *Indios, blancos y negros en el caldero de América* ("Indians, whites and blacks in the cauldron of America") in 1991 and, in 1995, *La fuente inagotable* ("The inexhaustible source").

Elizabeth Nash

Gaston Baquero, poet and essayist; born Banes, Cuba 4 May 1918; died Madrid 15 May 1997.



Emily Hahn, traveller and writer

Emily Hahn, traveller and writer: born St Louis, Missouri 14 January 1905; married Charles Boxer (two daughters); died New York 13 February 1997.

riety of topics until a few weeks before her death.

In 1935 she travelled to China for a short visit and ended up staying nine years in the Far East. She lived living in Shanghai and met both Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, eventually writing a biography of the Soong sisters, published in 1941. She became the lover of Zau Simay, an intellectual, with whom she particularly liked for his overwhelming curiosity about everything, she felt it rubbed off on her, and together they founded the English-language magazine *Candid Comment*.

She maintained that where she lived was unimportant to her: "I don't pay attention to my surroundings. I really don't. I don't bother." Perhaps it was to satisfy her maternal instinct that one day when she saw a gibbon, Mr Mills, in the Shanghai Pet Store she went home, having bought him, in a state of "hysterical happiness". During her time in China she learned to smoke opium, persisting for two years until, inevitably, she

became addicted; she was then cured by a hypnotist.

China to Me is candid, readable and a fascinating social document of the time. Hahn wrote, it in just five weeks.

In Hong Kong Hahn met Major Charles R. Boxer, a married British intelligence officer; in 1940 she became pregnant and they had a daughter, Carola. Boxer was captured by the Japanese after being wounded in the attack on Hong Kong. Hahn visited him as much as possible in his prisoner-of-war camp, until she and Carola were repatriated to the United States in 1943. On his release they got married and in 1946 when they arrived in Dorset where she called herself a "bad housewife" since, in reply to his concern about money, she said: "Then let's not spend money on anything else, except books."

Although Boxer continued to live in England, where he became Professor of Portuguese at London University, Hahn lived mostly in America as a tax exile. This remarkable woman wrote about 60 books on a

wide range of subjects: biographies of people as diverse as Mary Queen of Scots, Aphra Behn, Fanny Burney, Mabel Dodge Luhan, James Brooke of Sarawak, the Soong sisters, Raffles, Singapore and Chiang Kai-shek and books about cooking, zoos, diamonds, natural history and travel as well as novels and books for children.

Sarah Anderson

Emily Hahn, traveller and writer: born St Louis, Missouri 14 January 1905; married Charles Boxer (two daughters); died New York 13 February 1997.

Saying no to the theology of the trolley

faith & reason

Supermarkets are not always super Margaret Atkins argues that changes in shopping habits have made poor citizens of our children and undermined the nation's sense of community.

Our problem is not that we live in a market economy. Markets are honest places, cheerful with the colours of produce, not of advertisements. They are straightforward places where knowledgeable traders work hard for every modest penny. They are human places, where shoppers ponder and gossip and laugh. Our problem is that we live in a supermarket economy.

In a supermarket, I see my fellow

shoppers as obstacles or rivals. I don't even notice the produce. The forest of price-tags clamours for my distracted attention: newer? higher? cheaper? MORE! No wonder the courtesies of life evaporate. No wonder children grab and parents snap.

I was brought up in a small market town, Kirby Lonsdale in Cumbria. We still have our weekly market: our streets still flourish with small shops. Still. But even as I write the shadow of a threatened supermarket darkens the town where I received my earliest education in public affairs.

Of course I did not know, as I ran down the hill after school, that lessons were not over. As I trotted to the sweetshop, I did not know that I was learning what would one day be called "PSE" (personal and social education) or "citizenship". But when old Mr Hastwell served me, passing the time of day as courteously as I had been passing the time of day as courteously as I had been

the hank manager, I was being schooled in civic friendship. And as I trailed my mother around the other shops I was discovering how grown-ups did business together: kindly and patiently, with evident mutual concern.

Later, I had to relearn the lesson consciously, when I returned each vacation from Cambridge. Before buying something, I needed to pause and remember that the curt self-absorption of super-

markets reflects on the question.

When we say we want self-fulfilment or freedom, what do we mean? An unlimited choice of soap-powders? Why did the murder of Jamie Bulger strike many not as anomalous, but as symbolic? What is it that we fear?

Biggars argues that all communities are based on friendship, and that to be part of a community is to be bound to others in a relationship of trust and care. We want, desperately, to be part of such a community, and we are frightened by symptoms of its decline. But to reverse that decline requires a great deal from all of us: attentiveness, imagination, patience, courtesy, generosity and trust.

Biggars tells us that what we want most of all are bargains. We act everyday as if we believe it. Each time that we succumb to the tawdry illusion, we betray our better selves. For our deepest desires are not material, but social. That is why our oldest political traditions are based on the common good. We have been called to community, because our true vocation is friendship, with God and with our fellow-creatures. A friendship that needs to be learned.

Mr Hastwell, God rest his soul, is long dead. His successors struggle on, our friends and teachers, as vital and as unnoticed as oxygen. We can destroy them within a generation, if so we wish: the choice is ours. Let us at least be clear what we are choosing. The next time that someone complains to you about loneliness, or inactivity, or stress, or the breakdown of society, ask just one question: where do you shop?

• *Faith & Reason* is edited by Paul Volley

Births, Marriages & Deaths

BIRTHS

KRAUSHAAR: On 8 May 1997, to Katherine and Robert, a daughter, Rosemary Jane.

DEATHS

LOWD: John Russell (campaigner for Brighton West Pier), on 14 May 1997. Funeral Woodvale South Crematorium, Sean Road, Brighton, on Tuesday 27 May 2.30pm. Donations if wished to Brighton West Pier Trust or Amnesty International, 60 Ashton Place, Directors, St James's Street, Brighton.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS may be submitted to 0171-293 2012 or faxed to 0171-293 2013 or e-mailed to 265.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements must be submitted in writing (or fixed) and are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Duke of Kent, President, the Football Association, accompanied by The Duchess of Kent, today attended the FA Challenge Cup Final, at Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middlesex.

Changing of the Guard

TODAY: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11pm: Nijmegen Guards mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11.30am, band provided by the Queen's Guards. TOMORROW: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11pm: Band of the Royal Regiment of Wales mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Coldstream Guards.

A nation split by the great British sandwich

As we report today, the condition of the British sandwich is causing great debate. So it should: sandwiches have much to tell us about our history and times. They are much digested, their meaning is less so. This morning, we attempt to rectify that cucumber of cool, philosophical reflection.

From its origin as the convenience food of a debauched aristocratic culture, the sandwich has been a measure of our national life, the original bread and butter issue. It was given its name when John Montagu, the fourth Earl of Sandwich, stayed at a gaming table for 24 hours, sustained only by cold beef between slices of toast. He had a bad press at the time, accused of indulging in "vicious pleasures, uncleanness and blasphemy". A typical member of the British ruling class, in other words. He was pretty hopeless at running the navy, too, which is what he did when he was not wenching, gambling, carousing and snacking. Still, all that is long forgotten, while his name lives on.

From the start, the sandwich reflected the mores and lifestyle of the nation – or at least the dominant nation, as it was a quintessentially English invention. The first recorded use of the word was in 1762 by Edward Gibbon, who wrote in his journal that he had dined at the Cocoa Tree, which "affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or 30... of the first men in the kingdom... supping at little tables

... upon a bit of cold meat, or a Sandwich".

From such uncouth beginnings, sliced bread and stuff became popularised and refined. In the late Victorian or Edwardian period, cucumber or cress was placed delicately between slices of thin white bread without crusts – the mainstay of Merchant-Ivory Englishness and still critical to our cultural identity. Every summer at Wimbledon, 190,000 sandwiches are served (a detailed breakdown is not available, but most of them must have been cucumber).

And this century saw the advent of the Fordist sandwich. With mass-produced, mechanically sliced, square bread came uniformity. The standard 6in x 3.75in x 0.5in sandwich was in every lunchbox and pub in the land. Its counterpart was "unreal" ale, Wimsey's Red Label and the rest. Its main filling was margarine, processed cheese and processed ham (with as much water as industrial chemists like Margaret Thatcher could make it hold).

As we became more aware of Britain's relative decline, the sandwich stood as a symbol of our second-rateness. The British Rail sandwich, curling at the corners, became a national myth, although no one can quite remember eating one. It stood as an indictment of statism, bureaucratic corporations.

Then came the sea-change. Mrs Thatcher was promoted from retired chemist to Prime Minister. She swept aside James Callaghan,



prices and incomes policies and the British Rail sandwich. The first thing her government did was lift exchange controls: the country was flooded with foreign sandwiches. The baguette became the junk food of choice of the hurrying yuppie. Real mayonnaise replaced salad cream. The Eighties had arrived and niche marketing took off. Ciabatta bread – bread with funny bits of walnut or olive – any exotic filling you like, preferably with French and Italian names.

Of course, the great British sandwich had always reflected the influence of key groups of immigrants. The Italian sandwich bar, the Jewish salt-beef sandwich. Even the kebab – but that is not really a sandwich, and there is no room in a serious leading article for a digression on the subject of pita bread, burger buns or other false-sandwiches. What was important was that, in the Eighties and Nineties, the sandwich became a £2bn-a-year product, subject to the same pressures of globalisation as the rest of the British economy. The breakthrough was the invention of the cheap see-through plastic triangular box, which allowed ready-made designer sandwiches to be sold in supermarkets. (To realise what a revolution this was, try to remember how ready-made sandwiches were sold before. Clingfilm features strongly in many memories, although before that it must have been cellophane and greaseproof paper – no wonder

British Rail had problems.) Now, marketing is all: segmentation, high added value, foreign chic. Even the British Rail sandwich underwent the marketing revolution, in cartons signed by Clement Freud.

The result, as yesterday's Sandwich of the Year announcement confirmed, is that some British sandwiches are now among the best in the world – another benefit of 18 years of Conservative rule which John Major forgot to trumpet in his election campaign. The much-vaunted American sandwich, for example, is gross, unwieldy and much of it is likely to end up down your front, while the "club" version must be one of the easier ways to charge money for old rope known to restaurateurs. Only *le sandwich*, the genuine French article, can compete with Britain's best now.

But – and this is the most serious point – all across Britain there are still people eating the institutional mid-century sandwich, the Boots Shaper, the stale-bread ploughman's, the ham slab.

Ours is a nation divided, and the great challenge facing the new Labour Government is whether it has the courage to overcome this yawning chasm at the heart of our society. Can fresh mozzarella, pine nuts and pesto be made available to the many not the few? Can Peter Mandelson, once filmed preparing a rocket salad, lead us to the Blairite uplands of sun-dried tomatoes for all?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Channel Tunnel still won't be as safe as it should be

Sir: The decision of the Channel Tunnel Safety Authority not to require changes to the heavy goods vehicle (HGV) shuttle wagons, in the wake of the November fire, is not a wise one. The Authority is to require 36 procedural changes (report, 14 May), but has not insisted on a change from semi-open shuttle wagons to closed wagons.

If a fire were to occur on a HGV in a closed wagon it is quite possible that it would become oxygen-starved and self-extinguish. In any case the fire development would be expected to be relatively slow and the train would likely be out of the tunnel before any significant danger had been created. Retaining the semi-open wagons means that a complex inter-connected system will need to come into play and operate reliably. This would involve

detection and communication systems and, crucially, the Supplementary Ventilation System (SVS) which would create a longitudinal ventilation (a wind) along the tunnel to push smoke away from the amenity carriage, near the front of the train, in which the lorry drivers would be travelling.

In the fire of November 1996, the SVS did not come into operation until a long time after it should have done. Also, the conflagration involved the last six lorries in the train, nearly half a mile from the amenity carriage. If the fire had involved the first six lorries, then it is extremely likely that deaths would have resulted.

If a fire were to involve the first six lorries, the SVS would need to produce a strong ventilation flow. Such a wind would probably be very

upsetting and quite possibly disorienting for anyone attempting to escape through it. It is even possible that the force would knock some people over.

Procedural changes are required, as the Safety Authority report indicates. However, they should be made in addition to the introduction of closed wagons, not instead. Not to require closed wagons is rather like replacing the Forth Rail Bridge by a computer-controlled machine with gigantic mechanical legs which would carry each train across the Forth on a platform. It may work, but there is much more scope for something to go wrong.

It appears that the Safety Authority has given a greater weight to commercial considerations than to public safety. The apparent reason

for having semi-open wagons is that fully closed wagons would mean that 44-ton HGVs could not be carried because the extra weight would be too great for the undercarriage. This would eat into Eurotunnel's projected profits. This problem could, however, be overcome either by carrying the smaller 37-ton lorries only or by developing a stronger undercarriage.

As a society, we tend to wait until lives are lost before we really try to bring about effective change. Witness, for example, Piper Alpha or the fire hazard of polyurethane foam in furniture.

Dr ALAN N BEARD
Department of Civil and Offshore Engineering
Heriot-Watt University
Edinburgh

Labour wobbles over equality

Sir: We, the undersigned women's organisations, participated in a two-year process of consultation with the Labour Party which resulted in the document *Governing for Equality*.

We are surprised and concerned that what has happened so far is not in line with those proposals which envisaged the entire secretariat for women's equality being located in the Cabinet Office. Rather we are witnessing a fragmentation of responsibilities which is likely seriously to undermine the work of implementing the Beijing Global Platform for Action, CEDAW (the Convention to Eliminate all forms of Discrimination Against Women) and our own equality legislation.

Furthermore, the promise to strengthen and guarantee the independence of the Women's National Commission appears to be compromised by the proposal to move it to the Department of Social Security where the Minister for Women currently has her major portfolio. We consider this is likely

both to marginalise it and affect its independence.

There are no "women's issues" but there are issues of special concern to women: they all have to do with continuing inequities and inequalities. Fragmentation of responsibility is not what is needed. PAT ZADORA, National President, Business and Professional Women UK; ANNETTE LAWSON, Chair, Fawcett; SANDRA HARRIS, President, League of Jewish Women; ROZ FRASER, Chair, National Alliance of Women's Organisations; GRACE WEDEKIND, President, National Council of Women of CIB; SUSAN KNOX, National Vice-Chair, National Federation of Women's Institutes; KANCHAN JADEJA, Director, SIS; OLIVE NEWTON, President, Soroptimist International of GB and Ireland; IRIS SHANAHAN, National Chairman, Townswomen's Guild; LUCILLE HUGHES, Chair, Welsh Assembly of Women; LIZ BAVIDGE, Co-Chair, VALERIE EVANS, Co-Chair, Women's National Commission, London W9

Childbirth trust relies on volunteers

Sir: The letter from Diana Winstanley (10 May) accuses the National Childbirth Trust of having become "an increasingly top-heavy centralised operation".

I would like to know on what evidence she makes this assertion. The NCT has 55,000 members and 400 branches. It provides services, antenatal classes, breastfeeding, counselling and local support networks, publishes reliable information, and campaigns for improvements in maternity care and support for parenting. This year alone, we have published research and made recommendations on antenatal screening, lobbied for a reduction in the caesarean section rate and an end to court-ordered caesareans, and created a "breastfeeding-friendly" symbol with Waterstone's to be launched in breastfeeding awareness week, 19-24 May. We do all this with only 27.5 whole-time equivalent paid staff and

many thousands of hours of volunteers' time.

At present those who use our services and become members of the NCT do not fully reflect the diversity of parents in the UK. We need to broaden our fundraising base if we are to offer accessible, affirmative and affordable services to the parents of all 700,000 new babies each year. We have planned for a balance between increasing membership rates and extending sponsorship arrangements.

Ironically, if there had been a greater investment in the centre sooner, our management and financial planning would have been smoother and more clearly communicated. In the words of the Charity Commissioners, "effective and efficient administration cannot be bought on the cheap" (1990, para. 52).

MARY NEWBURN
Head of Policy Research
The National Childbirth Trust
London W3

At least you can't hack into a ballot box

Sir: Bob Young (letter, 15 May), extols the "Theatre of the Count", and his comments on the visible checks and balances provided by paper ballots are pertinent.

Further points differentiate electronic and paper voting. Running totals physically exist throughout electronic voting, but not in a ballot box. While this is irrelevant for public voting in a debating chamber, there is potential for abuse in general elections with polling open for 15 hours.

It is not simply that the result

might be faked. Mere detection of running totals would be of immense value to party machines: workers could be deployed with absolute certainty: voters might be influenced. Millions are already expended in the pursuit of power – what might an unscrupulous party spend to detect an electronic count?

KEN BLANDSHARD,
Burgess Hill, West Sussex

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL (Fax 0171-293 2856; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.



The horror of American stamps

Sir: The Weasel (Magazine, 10 May) says America would never have horror legends to brighten up its "dreary" stamps. In fact, the US mail currently has a set of horror stamps definitely better than the safe, wistfully-washy

illustrations on the new British stamps. At least in the US, living people can appear on stamps, while we continually have the dead (with one exception).

IAN SCOTT
Edinburgh



Those lawless cyclists: the facts

Sir: Prompted by Edwin Kilby's letter (15 May) I set out to do as he suggested and observe for a few minutes two road junctions I use regularly as a pedestrian and as a motorist. My findings may not make comfortable reading for the cycling community.

When I read the letter I was at the junction of Portobello Road and Blenheim Crescent in London, so I set to my task immediately, watching both cars and bicycles for 30 minutes.

Of 43 bicycles passing through this junction, 26 were travelling the wrong way on a one-way street and one contrived to ride on the pavement – a spectacularly inconsiderate feat in view of the crowded pedestrian way. During the same time, 56 cars passed through the junction with only one (a police car) failing to slow down adequately. Results: 63 per cent of bicycles and less than 2 per cent of cars were behaving badly.

Moving to the much less cycle-friendly Five-Ways junction at Chiswick Road and Westbourne Grove, I was unable to count the cars, but during my 40 minutes of observation one committed an actual offence, though one performed a stunningly stupid manoeuvre.

As for the cyclists – of 39 passing through the junction, 22 did so correctly. Ten passed through red lights, six used the pavement, and one managed to travel through a red light and across two pedestrian ways, all against the flow of traffic. A slightly better 56 per cent correct but still appalling.

One disturbing conclusion that might be drawn from these admittedly unscientific findings is that the more cycle-friendly a street is, the more that cyclists will abuse it.

PD MILLER

London W2

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL (Fax 0171-293 2856; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

P.J. STEWART
Oxford

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL (Fax 0171-293 2856; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

P.J. STEWART
Oxford

LETTER from THE EDITOR

Laing right on psychiatrists

Sir: As one who entered psychiatry in the early 1970s, I have always felt that R.D. Laing ("The man who abolished madness", 13 May) offered a way of making sense of madness instead of just observing and labelling it from the outside.

Some of what he wrote about the causes and treatment of schizophrenia is questionable, but what he said about psychiatrists was on. I have watched as a whole new generation of biological psychiatrists have swept in and swept away the heresy of questioning what madness is. Their premise that equates "mental illness" with "malfunction of the brain" (Letters, 14 May) is a political position which is supported by a powerful professional establishment.

Biological explanations of schizophrenia are not only unconvincing, they miss the point. Psychiatry will remain a confused discipline as long as it continues to suck up to biomedical science.

Exciting developments in the study of "complex" systems suggest there is a limit to empirical science. Not only is schizophrenia a rat-bag diagnosis that explains nothing, it may be that at a biomedical level there is nothing out there to be discovered. We may have to think again.

In my clinical practice within the NHS I am increasingly the agent of society, operating on guidelines and policies issued by health authorities or trust boards. The mission statement is not to understand people but to control them, with increasing coercive methods. Laing may have been wrong about the mothers, but that wasn't why his ideas had to be disappeared. "Let wisdom guide" remains the motto of the Royal College of Psychiatrists.

Dr DAVID P. FROST

Senior Lecturer in Psychiatry
University College London

Sir: The Japanese game of Go will now be seen as the next challenge for machine intelligence after Deep Blue's defeat of Kasparov. However, due to the larger board size the approach of brute force adopted by Deep Blue will not work, even if the computer went 1,000 times faster.

Go forces researchers to attempt to model how people perceive and learn patterns in playing the game, and over the last 10 years substantial progress has been made.

It may even be possible in the future to pass a Turing-type Go test whereby it will be impossible to distinguish between a human and machine player of the game.

Turing's test may not be of continuing importance to artificial intelligence, but it is to cognitive science which seeks to build computational models of how people learn, perceive and solve problems.

Dr EDMUND FURSE

Department of Computer Studies
University of Glamorgan
Pontypridd

How could I be anti-English?
I have met English people and even, at times, engaged in perfectly civilised conversational intercourse with them

exchange with Matthew Parris some years ago, I haven't the faintest idea what the man is about. How could I be anti-English? I live in England and am married to an English woman and have English children. More than that, I have met English people and even, at times, engaged in perfectly civilised conversational intercourse with them.

Not, mind you, with Mr Johnson. His acidic wit is spattered with anti-Scottish sneering. Sneering is how he comforts himself. For that, I would happily whack him with a haggis, or blow up his ear-trumpet with a haggis. On the other hand, he brings one piece of cheering news, telling us: "Tony Blair has not the slightest intention of taking orders from Scots, Picts, Celts or anyone else from the fringe." Assuming that includes the lunatic fringe, Mr J, consider it a deal.

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

If I had to choose between being the Sports Minister or a Chelsea supporter, I wouldn't be the Sports Minister – Tony Banks

This Darth Vader of politics ruined my prison career, and I must confess to the odd unchristian feeling of thoroughly enjoying his current deportment – John Marriott, former governor of Parkhurst Prison, on Michael Howard

choc horror

If only Howard and Widdecombe could have shared the same planet

david aaronovitch

This has been a testing few weeks for those of us whose glands produce too much empathy. Plagued by over-active compassion, we find ourselves making excuses for fellating soap actresses and fellated movie stars. There but for the grace of God (a ticket to LA and a Mercedes convertible) go we. Our weak voices are often to be heard in pubs and clubs, attempting to soften the censure that our less sensitive acquaintances happily lavish upon those who transgress.

But there can be remarkably few who, listening to the sad tale of Michael Howard, Ann Widdecombe and Derek Lewis – a story of prisons, of blighted careers, of unhappy diners, of wilted flowers and of uneaten chocolates – there can, I repeat, be remarkably few of us who did not wet ourselves laughing.

But I am, I confess, one of those few. True, friends often remark upon the sweetness of my temperament, upon my essential good nature. I am a constant receptacle for the confidences of others (only a few of which am I planning to use in my forthcoming book *Tables of Adultery*).

Let us, for a moment, forget Howard's manacled mums and deported refugees – many of whom have actually survived – and examine the purely human dimension of this tragedy (which is no less awful simply because it involves men and women who recently wielded such power over us all).

According to one version of events Mr Howard is a reptilian megalomaniac, whose meddling and mendacity alienated his erstwhile supporter, who is only now making a clean breast of things. According to another version, Ms Widdecombe, a slightly uneven woman accustomed to eating many chocolates (and to having to buy all of them), was flattered by the attentions of Mr Howard's enemy (Mr Lewis) and, thus seduced, turned against her boss. Most people believe both versions.

I am not so sure. Recent discussions at home have led me to purchase a copy of the mammoth best-seller *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*. This useful book explains how inter-gender misunderstandings happen, and how men and women can avoid them. Mr Howard is (metaphorically) a Martian, and Ms Widdecombe (equally



metaphorically) a Venusian. They come from different planets and speak different languages.

You see, when a man (sorry, a Martian) says something, a Venusian translates it as meaning something else. Men are withdrawn and live in caves, becoming focused on the solving of a particular problem (such as: prisoners keep on escaping; how can I make sure I don't get the blame?). He is "incapable of giving the woman the attention she deserves". She, of course, sees this as rejection, since her own inclination would be to talk about things openly. The huffy Venusian begins to make demands ("you must not sack Derek Lewis"), and the Martian reacts by shutting her out. His tone becomes more peremptory. Ms Widdecombe recalls that when she sent flowers to Mrs Lewis ("an act of Christian charity", she called it. Presumably the Lewises do not have a garden of their own). Mr Howard bawled her out.

The result of these interplanetary communication failures has been the damage done to Mr Howard's career and Ms Widdecombe's self-esteem. And it could all have been so very different. The book has thoughtfully adumbrated a list of "101 ways to score with a woman" (it means something different in American), and vice versa. Consider how history might have been changed had Mr Howard acted thus to Ms Widdecombe:

1. Given her a big hug daily.
2. Asked specific questions about her day (eg, "How is the manscaping going? Do you need a hand?").

3. Been patient when she was sharing (ie, about the church and the dreadful ordination of women), and not looked at her watch on newspaper.

4. Bought her presents – like, er, chocolates and flowers;
5. Laughed at her jokes and humour (a tough one, admittedly);

6. In the private Home Office cloakroom, left the seat down.

In return she would have made him feel more secure by making fewer demands (no more "I need an extra billion for all these new prisons") and would never, ever have said "I told you so".

It's too late now, of course. What a terrible shame.

If last season's must-have was a baby, this season it's a girlfriend. Never since the ancient Greeks have all things Sapphic caught the fashionable moment.

After the years of stars bidding their true sexuality, now it is almost obligatory to be caught smooching your gal-pal at an awards dinner, a White House bash or the latest premiere. If you're not gay, the least you can do is join in, as Caroline Aberne (aka Mrs Merton) did earlier this week when she was photographed French-kissing Eurovision Song Contest winner Katrina Leskanich at the Sony Radio Awards ceremony.

Even Geri Spice has admitted fancying fellow Spice Victoria, and the British computer program Converse, which has won the Leibniz prize for its ability to hold conversation on screen, demonstrated its prowess by talking about CNN's reports on Ellen DeGeneres kissing her female lover in front of President Clinton.

Culturally, our society has changed since the (sadly apocryphal) story that lesbians were not mentioned in the law on public decency because Queen Victoria could not believe that women could do that to each other. The political angle popular in the 1970s, when for some being a lesbian was following feminist ideals through to its logical conclusion, also seems to have faded into the background.

Now lesbians "are all the rage", says Anya Palmer of Stonewall. "It's extraordinary. There are lots of well-known and successful women coming out – or admitting their fantasies." The media has been transformed by stories, such as that of novelist Jeanette Winterson revealing that in her past she was paid in Le Creuset saucepans for sex or the mystery writer Patricia Cornwell, accused of stealing the wife of a former FBI "deep cover" agent, Eugene Bennett, in a lesbian love-triangle.

So it's been a good year for lesbians, if even sitcom stars are joining in the fun. We seem to be living in a more tolerant society where it's okay to be gay. But does Mrs Merton smooching Katrina actually do anything for real-life lesbians or is the influence wiped away with the lipstick?

Ellen DeGeneres's coming out has had a great influence, according to Sonny and Cher's daughter Chastity Bono, who finally came out in 1995 after years of speculation.

In the episode of *Ellen* where Ms DeGeneres came out, the cast was star-studded. Oprah Winfrey (who else?) played Ellen's psychotherapist and lesbian singer kd lang made a guest appearance.

The real Ellen is also making the most of it. She made the cover of *Time* magazine, had an interview on ABC's main personality slot 20/20 and, most daring of all, arrived at one of Washington's chief social events of the year – the White House Correspondents Association dinner – with, as one correspondent put it, "her friend, the rising Hollywood star, Anne Heche, on her arm and occasionally around her neck".

When Ellen's coming-out episode was shown, it is estimated it got 36 to 37 per cent audience share – that's 45 million people who watched it, says Ms Bono, entertainment and media director for Glaad [Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Discrimination] based in Beverly Hills. "It's great stuff. I do think things are changing. Last year, the film *Bound* [which has just opened in the UK] was an excellent film but what was so good about it was that it wasn't seen as a 'lesbian film' but a good film, even though the two protagonists were lesbians."

Oh, the lesbian chic of it all

by Glenda Cooper



Girls come out to play: (clockwise from top left) Sophie Ward and on-screen companion, Ellen DeGeneres and friend, Chastity Bono, Caroline Aherne with Katrina Leskanich, and kd lang

Lesbianism is fine – as long as you look like Sophie Ward (and not her lover, who was described as a bulldog chewing a wasp) and you don't have kids

Anne Heche did upset people, she thinks, because "she wasn't seen as gay before and now people can't put a label on her. People are confused."

The problem is that people tend to label men or women as gay and then expect them to behave in exactly the same way, adds Ms Bono: "We are seen as different but we are coming from very different parts of the world, religious, racial and socio-economic backgrounds but the media does not see us in all this diversity."

One theory that has been put forward is that the growing acceptance of lesbianism is because the barriers between homosexuality and heterosexuality are coming down – as Amanda de Cadenet said when she was hanging out with Courtney Love, holding hands and sporting identical silly

nighties and tiaras: "Lesbianism doesn't mean you're gay," she opined. "It's an extension of friendship."

Marjorie Garber, professor of English at Harvard University agrees: "Of course, bisexuality is not a new thing on the cultural or erotic scene. There was 'bisexual chic' in the Seventies, in the Twenties and Thirties, in the 1980s and the 1990s... Bisexuality is sexy to a lot of people and (perhaps therefore) threatening to some."

"Lots of our most glamorous stars have been or are bisexual – Marlene Dietrich, James Dean, Tyrone Power, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Marlon Brando, Elton John, Sandra Bernhard. The appearance of recent biographies of all of these figures emphasising their bisexual lives draws attention to the fact that we as

readers and consumers of culture are fascinated by bisexuality. It's really an aspect of star power – to make everyone fall in love with you."

The other theory for greater acceptance of lesbians is that they are less threatening and more cuddly than gay men. There is less aggressive in-your-face sexuality, more "gentleness" as one commentator put it. (Or more classic

male fantasy, a cynic might argue).

But life for lesbians in Britain is not all Chanel lipstick and Sophie Ward. Despite 120 women MPs in the new Parliament, not one says she is a lesbian, according to Stonewall. Ms Palmer points out that the other prominent "lesbian" story of the week, apart from Mrs Merton and Katrina, was that of the two women who had become pregnant through insemination. Under the headline "Gay mums are making a sickening mockery of motherhood", *The Sun* accused Lisa and Dawn Whiting of having "DIY babies" and brand the case "a sickening, selfish, immoral perversion of the act of procreation".

The recent ubiquity of Ellen DeGeneres in the popular press has made some of us more visible but you have to set that against quite revolting coverage that we have seen in *The Sun* about women who have chosen to raise children in a lesbian family. They have been vilified," says Gillian Rodgeron, editor of *Diva* magazine, the bi-monthly journal of lesbian life and style. "What particularly depresses me is that people such as Victoria Gillick can... say that the children of these women should be put up for adoption because they are irresponsible parents. I do think that is a bit rich coming from someone who has had as many children as she has."

There has always been a tolerance for certain kinds of lesbians – Helen Baxendale is a babe, so no-one minds if the character she plays likes women. Anyone glamorous seems to get away with it," says columnist Suzanne Moore. "But once it involves lesbian parents, then it becomes disgusting, however the children are produced. Lesbian babes are a glamorous classic male fantasy. They don't quite believe that women can manage without a man. They are no sexual threat. But once they have a child, it's like 'we really meant this; we're not joking – we don't need you'."

So lesbian chic is fine as long as you look like the actress Sophie Ward (and not her lover, who was described as a bulldog chewing a wasp), you don't have kids and you're well off. Prejudice against lesbians is manifested not against what you do but how you look when you do it. Or as Ms Rodgeron wryly points out: "If you're young, pretty, white, middle class and urban, your life will be better whether you are lesbian or heterosexual."

Collect pounds, not points



Britain's only money back credit card

Unique in the UK – the NEW credit card from Alliance & Leicester gives you:

► money back on every purchase, every year

► double money back of up to 2% in 1997

► no annual fee – unlike many other credit cards

► up to 46 days interest-free credit

► low standard rates of 17.9% APR and 12.9% APR on transferred balances*

Earn money back – apply today

CALL FREE
0500 83 83 83

Lines open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year

Quoting Ref: XOKX

ALLIANCE & LEICESTER

Britain's youth: armed and dangerous



Trevor Phillips
Violence and the fear of violence among young men is soaring – we need answers, not platitudes

young of today. But many of his supporters may feel that their moment has come. Over in the East End of London, any mention of the Krays brings a misty smile to the lips of ladies of a certain age, and an indulgent sigh of nostalgia to old men. Their answer to a wave of vicious assaults by young men is a simple one. It is to "bring back the Krays". Apparently, when Ronnie and Reggie were on the street no youngster would dare to break the rule that vicious, arbitrary violence was the exclusive privilege of the twins and their associates. This is garbage, that ranks alongside the notion that the gangsters of the Sixties only "did it to their own". But even if it did hold the slightest smidgen of truth, Reggie would admit that today's young are beyond his ken.

In the past three years, 14 schoolboys have died as a result of knife assaults. In the capital alone this week there have been some 60 stabbings. It would be comforting to say that this is all just a fringe activity among a small number of disturbed inner-city children; that there are just a few bullies trying to prove that they're "hard". However, this violence is not just limited to a few schools in big cities; attacks have occurred in provincial towns. What is worse is that fear of violence is fuelling yet more.

Government figures tell us that young men between 15 and 20 are more at risk of violent attack than any other section of our society. This was yesterday supported by a survey carried out by Dan Barraclough at *The London Programme*.

Of 240 boys interviewed, two-thirds felt at risk of attack. But revealingly, his team's survey also showed that a quarter admitted to carrying weapons as a defence against attacks. The young people said that although they might be relatively safe on school grounds, on the way home they were "totally vulnerable". In the past, the answer for many children would be to run away, tell their parents or, in extreme cases, refuse to go to school. No longer.

Last month I sat with Frances Lawrence, the widow of the west London headmaster Philip Lawrence who was stabbed to death by a 15-year-old outside his own school gate, and talked to a group of young people, many of whom admitted to carrying weapons. The most telling response to the question, "Why don't you walk away from trouble?" was from a boy who said, "You say you can walk away. But they can come back, and they'll come back." Not one of a group of around 20 teenagers felt that they could trust teach-

ers or the police to protect them; in fact the idea produced reactions ranging from scorn to hilarity. So if they have to rely on themselves, what do they do? The answer is to fight fire with fire.

Researchers at Exeter University have revisited a study they conducted 18 months ago, which showed that 2 per cent of young men carried knives; now the proportion has doubled to 4 per cent. If these numbers seem small, think about it this way: in a school with a thousand boys, 40 pupils will regularly be carrying weapons to school.

In some places, notably London and Manchester, there are even ethnic specialisms. Whites carry Stanley knives, orientals meat cleavers, and black boys favour the machete. Boys learn early that if you want to avoid prosecution you can clean your weapon with bleach and "get it right" for forensics. If you don't want to walk around obviously toolled up, carry a Lucozade bottle – it breaks easily and gives you a good edge. This is a world with expertise, a language and an accepted culture.

In Glasgow, police have instituted an effective regime of zero tolerance around teen clubs, in an effort to stop the late-night violence. In seven months, they've recovered getting on for a thousand

weapons; but even they would acknowledge that they're barely scratching the surface of the problem.

The violence is partly driven by familiar causes: deprivation, alienation, and stress in families. It is, in some places, also a product of ethnic gang warfare about which the authorities seem puzzlingly silent.

Some part of the answer must lie in economic regeneration, in arresting the destruction of youth services, and in the provision of something for young people to do with acres of spare time. But there is something even more disturbing going on here that Mr Straw and his gang have to get a handle on quickly before the sporadic trickle of everyday tragedies becomes a tidal wave of young men's blood. In the last parliament, Labour went along with Michael Howard's opposition to a ban on knives on the grounds that it was impractical. It may be so, but Mr Straw is going to have to do better than that in power. We have to stop the growth of casual, tit-for-tat violence as a way of life among the young.

Unfortunately, I don't think the Krays can help us now, if they ever could. Reggie probably wouldn't last long in the average school playground of the Nineties; he may be safer where he is.

Lloyd's of London opens its doors to DTT

JEREMY WARNER

The two companies refused to address the competition issues raised by the deal, choosing to stress that together they would have only 5 per cent of the world market for spirits'.

In the run-up to the election, the assumption in business and the City was that Labour when in government would favour an old-fashioned, corporatist approach to competition policy. Predictably, there was a lot of noise about the need to support and promote the small business sector, but it was generally thought that what Tony Blair meant by partnership with business was an interventionist, national champions, Michael Heseltine-type approach to how to get the economy moving in the right direction.

This may never have been a particularly well-informed assumption, or rather it was probably dangerous to make assumptions at all given how little Mr Blair was prepared to give away about what he really thought on anything. But if New Labour ever favoured this approach, two events this week should significantly have shifted them away from it. One was the merger announcement from Guinness and Grand Met. The other was Sir Iain Vallance's astonishing explosion over the windfall profits tax. Both of them, I would contend, conspire to drive you into the pro-competition, anti-monopoly camp.

First, the Guinness/Grand Met merger, which was deliberately promoted under the national champions' big is beautiful flag. Indeed the two companies refused to address the competition issues raised by the deal altogether on the day it was announced, choosing to stress that together they would

have only 5 per cent of the world market for spirits and that in today's global economy it was "necessary" to be as big as Nestle and PepsiCo. This should have sent out the strongest possible of warnings to me and anyone else who listened to it.

I have to confess, however, that in writing about it for the next day, I got it wrong. I was harsh but I should have been much harsher. I allowed my initial very hostile thoughts on the matter to be polluted by all that well-prepared national champions, marriage-made-in-heaven, blarney, and I pulled my punches. For that I apologise but I have since marshalled the arguments and more characteristic analysis has now been restored. This may or may not be a good deal for the shareholders of both companies, but it is not a good merger either for the cause of competition or the long-term health of the British economy.

The effect of the merger on the domestic market for Scotch, gin and vodka is had enough, though it might be argued that because Guinness already has a dominant position in these products in Britain, the addition of a few extra percentage points of market share is hardly here or there. But it is in export markets that the real damage is done.

Combined, the two companies will have approaching 50 per cent of the world market in Scotch (more in some countries) and something not far behind for gin and vodka.

This is not two British companies that are weak in export markets getting together to enhance their chances of beating the foreign competition. For Scotch there is no foreign competition as such; this is a product unique to Scotland. These companies are already strong in export markets; combining them is unlikely to make them stronger, rather the reverse.

Imagine trying to sell BMWs and Mercedes under one roof. The customer will buy either one or the other, but rarely both. The same is true of Scotch. The US consumer might buy Dewars (Guinness), or he might buy J & B Rare (Grand Met). Both products are well distributed and marketed in the US already. Put them together and one will be promoted at the expense of the other, ultimately less will be sold combined than sold separately. It is the way of the world.

There may be something in the argument that the two companies are complementary in terms of their geographic strengths. Guinness is particularly strong in the Far East; Grand Met is not. But again the benefit is probably exaggerated. Even a Japanese businessman can only drink so much Scotch, and he's already drinking Johnnie Walker's he's not going to want to drink J & B Rare too.

No, this is a merger driven primarily by its scope for cost cutting, which is not in any case huge, and the fact that both companies are

becalmed and believe they have to do something. Why not this?

I'm not saying here that Tony Greener and George Bell (chairman of Guinness and Grand Met respectively) have sat down and conspired in an anticompetitive endeavour. Both are too honourable for that. They truly believe in their case, so much so on the part of Mr Greener, that he is prepared to put aside long-held doubts about the purpose of conglomerates - which is what this company will be once Burger King, Guinness Brewing and Pillsbury Foods are taken into account - in order to bring about the overriding goal of merging the two companies' liquor interests. But although doing down the public undoubtedly wasn't their intention, it could well be the effect.

In the end, my views on the matter count for little. What does the new Government think? Margaret Beckett, President of the Board of Trade, is understandably inscrutable on the matter. But her special adviser, Lord Hollick, is not a national champions exponent (notwithstanding the fact that he used some of those arguments to help support the merger of his own MAI with United Newspapers). He would probably be against the Guinness merger by inclination, though I would stress he hasn't said that.

What he does say is that in the whole politicians shouldn't be taking these decisions - that they should fall to independent

regulators. As it happens, it will be the European Commission in Brussels which decides this one. Its size and European dimension dictate it. So Labour's views on the matter may be irrelevant too. All the same, Guinness would be wrong to think the new Government more favourable to its position than the old. Guinness will not be able to rely on support from Mrs Beckett in the very likely event that regulators attempt to extract a price in the form of disposals and other measures for this merger.

If ever Labour felt inclined to back big powerful UK monopolies, that position must in any case have been sorely undermined by Sir Iain Vallance's public insistence on Thursday that he would not have voted Labour had he known it would hit BT for the windfall profits tax. For a company which must rely heavily on the goodwill of the new Government both to defend its present monopoly and to advance its aspirations in digital TV, this is a pretty silly thing to have said. One rival utility boss quips: "I would have voted Labour had I known BT was going to be hit as well."

BT is a utility and a monopoly, there is no reason it should escape just because it seems to be a relatively accomplished one. Let's hope that Sir Iain's ill-judged remarks will stir Labour into a rather more fiercely pro-competition stance towards business than it indicated in opposition.

Government review to unshackle Post Office

Michael Harrison

The Government yesterday ordered a wide-ranging review of the Post Office aimed at giving the organisation greater commercial freedom. However, full or part privatisation of the business, a process which could raise between £2bn and £4bn, has been ruled out by ministers on the grounds that it fails the public interest test.

A trade sale of the organisation's parcels division, ParcelForce, which had been aired by Labour before the election, appears to have been ditched. Ministers want to keep the three main businesses, Royal Mail, Post Office Counters and ParcelForce, as one entity.

The review could result in the Post Office being freed from the straitjacket of public sector borrowing controls, enabling it to form joint ventures with private sector partners.

Announcing the review, Ian McCartney, the Industry Minister with responsibility for the Post Office, said all options for the organisation would be examined in consultation with senior Post

Office management, unions, consumer groups and other interested parties including private firms.

Contrasting its lack of commercial freedom with that of the privatised Dutch post office, Mr McCartney said: "For too long now the Post Office, which is one of this country's major success

stories and an essential part of the Post Office's social and commercial infrastructure, has been held back from developing its full potential both domestically and in the increasingly globalised international market place. We now intend to remove the unnecessary and damaging shackles, whilst ensuring that competition between the Post Office and the private sector takes place on a fair and transparent basis."

McIllooin wanted to cut NIE's revenues by 33 per cent from this year, but the MMC concluded the cut should be 28 per cent. NIE has threatened to take the regulator to the High Court if he refuses to implement the MMC's more lenient recommendations.

The DTT is keen to move swiftly on the issue because of the potential for further regulatory rows. It would mean overriding provisions in the bill

overriding the existing acts of parliament which privatised the electricity, water and gas in

preventing regulators from rejecting recommendations made by the MMC. The Department of Trade and Industry is understood to be concerned with the recent decision by the electricity watchdog for Northern Ireland to reject a price regime recommended by the MMC. It was the first time a utility regulator has threatened to override the MMC's advice.

Douglas McIllooin, the regulator, was unhappy with the MMC's conclusions on the electricity price regulation for Northern Ireland Electricity (NIE). Mr

McIllooin wanted to cut NIE's revenues by 33 per cent from this year, but the MMC concluded the cut should be 28 per cent. NIE has threatened to take the regulator to the High Court if he refuses to implement the MMC's more lenient recommendations.

The DTT is keen to move swiftly on the issue because of the potential for further regulatory rows. It would mean overriding provisions in the bill

overriding the existing acts of parliament which privatised the electricity, water and gas in

industries. Clare Spottiswoode, the gas regulator, has already hinted she may follow Mr McIllooin's lead if the MMC proposes a lenient price regime for British Gas's pipeline business.

Competition lawyers welcomed the development yesterday which they said would clarify the vexed relationship between regulators and the MMC.

The planned competition bill is intended to toughen the law on cartels and abuses of market power, shifting the UK's regime towards the prohibitive system used on the Continent.

McIllooin's decision to appoint the 29-year-old son of Lord Wolfson, chairman, in its main board was questioned at the fashion retailer's annual meeting yesterday. One shareholder asked for more information on the business experience of Mr Wolfson, who has only six years' business experience and has never worked outside the company.

Sue Mastriani, a long-standing Next shareholder, asked Lord Wolfson: "Perhaps we could tell us about the experience Simon has. We are going to have to vote on it and there is very little information here."

Lord Wolfson passed the question to David Jones, chief executive, saying his own response "might be prejudicial one way or another". Mr Jones' explanation of Mr Wolfson's contribution to the Next success story satisfied most shareholders and Mr Wolfson's appointment was passed without opposition.

However, Ms Mastriani remained unimpressed. After the meeting she said: "I'm very angry about his son being on the board. He has never worked outside Next. At 29 he doesn't know enough to be a main board director."

"If daddy didn't have 100,000

shares in the company, would he have got this leg up?"

[Mr Wolfson's appointment] is not the issue. The question is am I competent to do the job?" He said shareholders should have confidence in him as he had been doing the job for a year and a half and had introduced several successful changes.

Mr Jones said: "Next is my life. There is no way I would have made the appointment if I had thought it would jeopardise the business in any way."

Next shares jumped 26p to a high of 720p yesterday on an upbeat trading statement. Next said the performance in the first 14 weeks was in line with the last statement which showed that sales in Next retail were 19 per cent ahead of last year.

Hall of Fame seeks AIM listing

Hall of Fame Holdings, which is chaired by England's 1966 World Cup hat-trick scorer, Geoff Hurst, is seeking a listing on the Alternative Investment Market to raise £4m. The company said it planned to open a permanent attraction celebrating the legends of British football. The attraction will be located in the Pepe's Trocadero centre in London.

Consumer groups representing electricity customers are seeking an urgent meeting with Treasury ministers to seek assurances that power bills will not go up following the imposition of the windfall tax on the privatised utilities. Yvonne Constance from the Chairman's Group of Electricity Consumers' Committees, said: "We are looking to Government for a cast-iron guarantee that customers will not lose out through higher bills or falling service standards." The Energy Intensive Users Group, representing large industrial consumers, joined the call yesterday, warning that power generators could raise prices because they were not subject to price regulation through the wholesale electricity market.

US housing starts higher than expected

New housing starts in the US increased by 2.6 per cent in April to stand at a level 3.2 per cent lower than a year earlier. The number of starts during the month, at an annual rate of nearly 1.5 million, was much higher than analysts had expected, although the pattern has been volatile in recent months. The national total consisted of gains in the south and midwest and declines in the north-east and west. The figure weakened US Treasury bond prices, with markets nervous about the outcome of Tuesday's meeting of the Federal Reserve's Open Markets Committee.

Police raid homes in Nomura investigation

Police in Japan yesterday searched the homes of Nomura Securities' former chairman, Setsuya Tabuchi, and former president, Yoshihisa Tabuchi, in connection with the alleged payment of hush money to a racketeer. Police said they were investigating hundreds of Nomura accounts they suspected were used to pay off prominent politicians and bureaucrats. Police have raided 20 locations, including Nomura's headquarters twice, and arrested the racketeer, Ryuchi Koike. They also arrested his brother, Yoshihisa Koike, the president of Tokyo's Kojin Building, through which the money was allegedly funnelled. The two deny the allegations.

Hall of Fame seeks AIM listing

Hall of Fame Holdings, which is chaired by England's 1966 World Cup hat-trick scorer, Geoff Hurst, is seeking a listing on the Alternative Investment Market to raise £4m. The company said it planned to open a permanent attraction celebrating the legends of British football. The attraction will be located in the Pepe's Trocadero centre in London.

Who will be in EMU? The financial markets' view

The closer other countries get to the black dotted baseline

Loop term (Germany) the more likely they are to join EMU

100% interest rates

10

unit trusts

18 "Exodus (not that we less than are you old

Law too quick for Pace's passion

By CLIFF ALEXANDER

Steward takes marching orders

For more than 50 years, John Jenyns occupied a cosy spot at the upper end of the class system, happily detached both from the lower orders and, it seems, reality. This week, in the space of just four days, the modern world broke down the front door and re-arranged the furniture. For Jenyns, who resigned as a steward at York racecourse yesterday, not to mention any other racecourse officials who share his medieval view of the world, life may never be quite the same again.

It was on Tuesday that Andrew Franklin and John Fairley, executives with Channel 4 Racing, called on Jenyns in his capacity as chairman of the York stewards, to request permission to use a camera in the winner's enclosure during last week's Dante meeting. Two years earlier, Fairley had filmed a stewards' inquiry at the same course, which showed the officials treating jockeys like disobedient servants, and he quickly discovered that very little had changed in the inter-

vening period. First, Jenyns ordered him to take his hands out of his pockets, and then, when Franklin asked if they could sit down, he was told that they could not. The meeting then proceeded for half an hour with both men effectively standing to attention, which is clearly a situation which, as far as Jenyns was concerned, was simply to be expected.

When news of his discomfiture emerged, it caused deep embarrassment to the Jockey Club, which has tried hard – has tried, anyway – to dispel the image of racing officials as humptuous, tweedy snobs. There will have been much gratitude at Portman Square yesterday that

Franklin nor Fairley told Jenyns where to stick the camera before marching out with heads held high in righteous indignation, rather than opt to sit – sorry, stand – and suffer. More significantly, we can only wonder how many other relics of a bygone age are still lurking in

the richly-panelled stewards' rooms of Britain, harbouring resentments about the welfare state and votes for women which they then proceed to take out on the unfortunate jockeys and trainers who are hauled before them. As the men from Channel 4 point out, their livelihoods, unlike those of most of the people who passed through Jenyns' door, do not depend on his mood or prejudices.

One, of course, is why neither Jenyns nor Fairley told Jenyns where to stick the camera before marching out with heads held high in righteous indignation, rather than opt to sit – sorry, stand – and suffer. More significantly, we can only wonder how many other relics of a bygone age are still lurking in

the richly-panelled stewards' rooms of Britain, harbouring resentments about the welfare state and votes for women which they then proceed to take out on the unfortunate jockeys and trainers who are hauled before them. As the men from Channel 4 point out, their livelihoods, unlike those of most of the people who passed through Jenyns' door, do not depend on his mood or prejudices.

Frankley, the chairman of Highflyer Productions, the company which covers racing for Channel 4, has already written to Sir Thomas Pilkington, the Jockey Club's Senior Steward, to complain about the "lack of courtesy" with which he was

treated. On hearing of Jenyns' resignation yesterday, after 18 years on the panel at York, Fairley said: "We take no pleasure in this, but we appreciate the positive and quick response."

Jenyns has yet to offer his thoughts on the sudden end to his career at the course where – so some would have us believe – he was known as Mr Racing (and now, more probably, is referred to as the Grand Old Snob of York). He is, doubtless, an unhappy and disappointed man, a thought which prevents celebration following his very public humiliation. Well, almost.

Ultimately, the most positive aspect of the bruising collision between John Jenyns and the 20th century is the possibility that any other turf officials who share his outlook on life may stare long and hard at the face in the bathroom mirror this morning and resolve to treat everyone with more respect.

Then again, they may simply decide that Franklin and Fairley are upstairs snobs who deserve to be horsewhipped.



Keeping his hand in: John Jenyns at York after being accused of rudeness. Photograph: Phil Smith/Sporting Life

Two horses put down after pile-up

Two horses were killed and four jockeys injured in a pile-up at Thirsk yesterday. The accident happened at the two long marker in the sprint handicap when the leader, Chadwell Hall, ridden by the ap-

prentice Finharr Boyle broke a leg and fell, bringing down Able Sheriff each broke a leg and were put down.

The jockeys, who lay on the ground for some time, were not seriously injured but were taken to hospital for examination.

Chadwell Hall and Able Sheriff each broke a leg and were put down.

The jockeys, who lay on the ground for some time, were not seriously injured but were taken to hospital for examination.

Yashmak unveils talent

Henry Cecil, who has already won one filly's Classic this season with Sleepytime, strengthened his team for the second, the Oaks, when Yashmak ran away with the Vodafone Trophy at Newbury yesterday.

She is now 20-1, from 8-1, with Coral, 5-1 with Ladbrokes and 4-1 with the tote for the Epsom Classic after beating Tempting Prospect by nine lengths.

NEWBURY
HYPERON
2.00 Fooled You
2.30 Dance Trick
3.00 Harbour Dues
3.35 Percy Pyle

200
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.
Ladbrokes, pre-race handicap, 1-18, 19-24, 25-30.

HYPERON
2.00 Fooled You
2.30 Dance Trick
3.00 Harbour Dues
3.35 Percy Pyle

200
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

2.30
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.00
GONG: Good to Soft.
STALLS: Straight course – stands side; Round course – inside; Round mill – outside.
DRAW: 1-6, 7-12, 13-18, 19-24, 25-30.

3.35
GONG:

sport

LIONS TOUR '97: For the first trip of the professional era to be a success, the past victories and defeats in South Africa need to be forgotten, says Chris Hewett who, below, profiles Eric Miller – the youngest of the party – and Ieuan Evans – the oldest

History casts a long shadow

Martin Johnson will spend the next eight weeks of his life attempting to remove a rogues gallery of hairy-chested Springboks from the general vicinity of his neck, so the last thing he needs is an albatross attaching itself to his shirt collar the moment he touches down in Johannesburg tomorrow. Especially one the size of Fran Cotton.

Johnson is the archetypal nuts and bolts man: there is nothing fancy or overblown about him, nothing grandiose or pretentious. No discernible sense of history, either, for his occasional public utterances have contained few references to the broader issues thrown up by the 11th Lions tour of South Africa to be undertaken since W E MacLagan's party blazed the trail in 1919.

In short, the captain is a model tunnel-visioned professional for whom professionalism means a whole lot more than the £10,000 wedge in his back pocket. In Johnson's definition, the word conjures a simple image of a job of work waiting to be completed with a minimum of fuss and only a modicum of bother. Satisfaction will be achieved by getting out there and doing the business. Other people can do the talking.

Johnson, however, will be looking at history every time he claps eyes on Cotton, his larger than life manager, and, to a slightly lesser extent, Ian McGeechan, his coach. Both served under Willie John McBride when the 1974 Lions publicly relieved the Springboks of their sporting manhood and Cotton, one of the arch-destroyers of a supposedly great Springbok pack, has deliberately created this latest squad in that glorious image.

The tales of bravery and derring-do are trotted out as frequently today as they were on McBride's return home some 23 years ago; indeed, they were common currency this week as the Lions indulged in their male bonding session in Weybridge before flying south today. Willie John, the '99' call, the fights, the battles, the wars, mass retaliation, subjugation and triumph; for many, 1974 revisited would do very nicely thank you.

On Thursday, when the Lions spoke collectively for the first time about the three-Test series awaiting them, there was much discussion of life among the mud and hullets – of meeting fire with fire, of standing firm in the face of intimidation, of not being pushed around – and precious little of the wit, pace and imagination that will also

be required if Gary Teichmann's gifted and highly motivated band of Boks are to be tamed. The message was clear: these Lions are serious.

Yet they must very quickly reach the conclusion that history is hunk, for the game has changed beyond recognition since Gordon Brown removed an Orange Free State second-row's glass eye with a right hook.

The age of home-town refereeing, bar-room brawling and official under-the-carpet silences has given way to an era of pro-active touch-judges, after-match citations and trial by video.

This tour will be hard, perhaps brutally so, but it will also be more open to scrutiny than any that have gone before.

No one need tell Johnson that 1974 will count for nothing when Test day dawns in Cape Town on 21 June, but Cotton will be reinforced that truth with all the sincerity he can muster. A big, warm, affable

Lions' itinerary and squad

24 May Eastern Province Invitational XV (Port Elizabeth)

26 May Border (East London)

31 May Western Province (Cape Town)

4 June S E Transvaal (Witbank)

7 June Northern Transvaal (Pretoria)

11 June Transvaal (Johannesburg)

14 June Natal (Durban)

17 June Emerging Springboks (Wellington)

21 June SOUTH AFRICA (First Test, Cape Town)

24 June Free State (Bloemfontein)

28 June SOUTH AFRICA (Second Test, Durban)

1 July Northern Free State (Witbank)

5 July SOUTH AFRICA (Third Test, Johannesburg)

TOUR PARTY: Baden N Jenkins, T Steenoe, T Underwood, N Bed, J Bentley, I Evans, A Gatten, S Gibbs, J Guscott, W Greenwood, P Grayson, G Townsend, M Wilkinson, A Heeler, M Hodge, M Jones, M Jones, M Jones, M Jones, G Rowthorn, T Smith, P Watton, M Roger, K Wood, S Williams, S Grue, M Johnson (capt), J Davidson, D Weller, R Warrington, J Delago, E Mather, T Rodger, S Quinell, N Beck

character possessed of natural gifts as a communicator, the manager is also an unashamed defender of the values and traditions of the game. If he lives in the present, he breathes deeply of the past. His task over the next two months is to put old glories on the back burner and get modern.

If he succeeds, Cotton can play a significant role in securing a meaningful future for the Lions. While International Board delegates have given their blessing to a four-yearly cycle of tours – plans are already being laid for the visit to New Zealand and Australia in 2001 – a severe fading from South Africa would undoubtedly undermine the kudos and prestige still contained in every thread of the famous red shirt. To keep the flame burning brightly, this party needs to compete.

It is, of course, perfectly true that the success of this tour will be measured by the Test results alone. Bill Beaumont's 1980 Lions admirably equipped up front but found wanting outside the scrum, won all 14 provincial games in South Africa and were good enough to push the Springboks in each of the four internationals, yet they lost the rubber 3-1 and went down in the annals as failures.

Indeed, Miller, christened

'Baby Deano' by the Leicester

faithful this season, had yet to

lay a hand on a rugby ball at the

time Evans was giving the Wal-

labies the slip and sending Bob

Dwyer, the Australian coach,

purple-faced in apoplectic fury.

The fact that Dwyer now coaches the 21-year-old Irishman at Welford Road is just another strand in the tangled web of inter-personal relationships that endows top-flight rugby.

"It was Gaelic football and

soccer for me in the early days,"

Miller recalled this week. "In my

early teens, I wouldn't have

been able to name a Lion, or

even tell you who the Lions

were. Sounds terrible, doesn't it? But until I was 14 and I went to boarding school in Dublin, rugby just didn't figure in my life."

"This time last year, I was still wondering exactly what I could expect to achieve in this game, if anything. I wasn't playing big rugby at either club or provincial level – not with any regularity, anyway – and I'd found the whole season pretty disappointing. So I set myself two bold targets: to win a first team place at Leicester and get myself a first cap for Ireland. I wasn't at all sure I'd get close to either, but here I am on a Lions tour."

Miller's prodigious foot-

balling talent, allied to a versatility that allows him to perform

any of the three back row roles with equal facility, could well make him one of the most influential players in South Africa. He can run, pass, jump, ruck, maul and tackle. What is more, he possesses a left boot to die for. "Even Joel Stransky stands aside when we need a decent clearance kick from close to the right touchline," says Neil Back, his fellow Tiger.

"Forget the age business. If

you can't dredge up some

adrenaline for a tour like this,

there is something badly wrong.

I grew up with the Lions. I can

remember getting out of bed in

the middle of the night to watch

them play a Test in New Zealand or South Africa. The magic never fades."

"It's been a grueling season

and it doesn't get any easier

once you're past 30, that's for

sure. But I picked up a couple

of injuries this time round and

to be honest, they work wonders

for your rest and recuperation.

Now I understand why Gareth

Edwards used to depend on his

"Christmas hamstring" every

year. I'm slowly building up a

repertoire of my own."

In Evans' view, the fascina-

tion of this tour lies in the

material unfamiliarity of the 35-man squad. "It's very a different atmosphere from '89 or '93. On the last tour, the vast majority of the squad had been in Australia four years previously, so we knew each other backwards. This time, there are only a handful of previous Lions, four or five at most, and because the club season has stopped us meeting up for weekend get-togethers as we did in the past, we've had to spend the whole of this week introducing ourselves."

"Still, I'm sure we'll gel very quickly. On Lions tours, there tend to be defining moments when the party becomes a real team. In '89, it happened against the Australian Capital Territory, when we turned around a 23-point deficit and in '93, we did something similar against the Maoris."

As yes, the game Evans trans-

formed with some bizarre round-

the-houses running – back

across and finally forwards to the

line. He smiles at the memory.

"Listen," he says. "If you had half

a dozen Maoris up your arse,

you'd run backwards and side-

ways, too."

Straddling the generation gap

Eric Miller and Ieuan Evans

First-time tourist Eric Miller (left) and Ieuan Evans, who is making his third Lions trip, come together at training yesterday

Photograph: Peter Jay

Young and old, chalk and cheese, a novice loose forward on the threshold of fame and fortune, a seasoned three-quarter with a memory bank chock-full of golden reminiscences. Eleven years, six months and three days separate Eric Miller, the fresh-faced toddler of the Lions party, and Ieuan Evans, the wizened elder statesman. In terms of experience, 11 centuries would be a more appropriate margin.

At 33, Evans the tourist has been there and done it all for the Lions, not once but twice: Australia in 1989, when a series-winning try in Sydney left David Campese with a hint of rouge on his cheeks, followed by a compelling struggle with Va'aiga Tuigamala in New Zealand four years later. The last time Miller went on tour, he visited Zimbabwe with his Dublin schoolmates.

Indeed Miller, christened "Baby Deano" by the Leicester

faithful this season, had yet to

lay a hand on a rugby ball at the

time Evans was giving the Wal-

labies the slip and sending Bob

Dwyer, the Australian coach,

purple-faced in apoplectic fury.

The fact that Dwyer now

coaches the 21-year-old Irishman

at Welford Road is just another

strand in the tangled web of

inter-personal relationships

that endows top-flight rugby.

"It was Gaelic football and

soccer for me in the early days,"

Miller recalled this week. "In my

early teens, I wouldn't have

been able to name a Lion, or

even tell you who the Lions

were. Sounds terrible, doesn't it? But until I was 14 and I went to boarding school in Dublin, rugby just didn't figure in my life."

"This time last year, I was still

wondering exactly what I could

expect to achieve in this game, if anything. I wasn't playing big

rugby at either club or provincial

level – not with any regularity,

anyway – and I'd found the

whole season pretty disappoint-

ing. So I set myself two bold

targets: to win a first team

place at Leicester and get myself

a first cap for Ireland. I wasn't

at all sure I'd get close to either,

but here I am on a Lions tour."

Miller's prodigious foot-

balling talent, allied to a versa-

tility that allows him to perform

any of the three back row roles

with equal facility, could well

make him one of the most in-

fluential players in South Africa.

He can run, pass, jump, ruck,

maul and tackle. What is more,

he possesses a left boot to die

for. "Even Joel Stransky stands

aside when we need a decent

clearance kick from close to the

right touchline," says Neil Back,

his fellow Tiger.

"Forget the age business. If

you can't dredge up some

adrenaline for a tour like this,

there is something badly wrong.

I grew up with the Lions. I can

remember getting out of bed in

the middle of the night to watch

them play a Test in New Zealand or South Africa. The magic never fades."

<p

England selectors have much to chew over

It will be dinner for three tonight in London rather than the quintet of old, as David Graveney and his selectors, gather to select their England squad for next week's Texaco one-day internationals. But if dinner jackets and gins and tonics are optional, mobile phones will be compulsory as both Michael Atherton and David Lloyd, captain and coach respectively, are consulted over who makes the final team sheet.

Apart from the common purpose of stuffing the Aussies, it will not be an easy task. The dismal early season weather, as well as a string of low scores by those who played in New Zealand, has made spotting form even more difficult than normal. It would not be all that surprising if the evening were to drag on and force one selector,

renowned for his appetite, to order some late night take-away. The process is further complicated by the fact that over the last year, England have, in 14 limited-overs internationals, contrived to use 26 different players. Each has had his moments, too, which means that three pins and a blindfold are as likely to make sense of things as a protracted cogitation over who is likely to swat Shane Warne the furthest.

Indeed only six players, Atherton, Alec Stewart, Graham Thorpe, Darren Gough, Robert Croft and Adam Hollioake, can safely be said to tick themselves, though many would argue that Atherton is only there because of his captain's epaulettes.

But for a malingerer's groin strain, Dominic Cork would have to be included in the "definitives", too. Sadly, however,

Derek Pringle considers the tricky task facing England's selection panel in choosing a squad capable of winning the forthcoming one-day internationals against Australia

unless fitness and form return soon, he could become one of the summer's also-rans and another England bowler who failed to live up to early expectations. All of which will leave the selectors to cogitate over eight or possibly nine places, depending on whether they settle for a 14 or 15-man squad.

Before going in to have an operation on his leg last Wednesday – an ailment not, as might be supposed from a man who has travelled 10,000 miles already this season, resulting from excessive use of the accelerator pedal – Graveney spoke of picking a side full of "flexibility and options." Well, just how many options do you

need for three matches whose format varies about as much as Tony Blair's grin?

Presumably this flexibility is code for including a pinch hitter. If so, then expect Atherton – who will act as anchor – to open the innings with either Nick Knight (providing his finger is up in it) or Derbyshire's Chris Adams. Strangely, last year's incumbent, Alastair Brown, who scored a hundred against India, is rarely mentioned these days, even in discussions.

Graveney has also stated that it is time for one-day cricket to be seen as being "very important in its own right." To that end, he felt that the squad, to

be announced tomorrow, would reflect not only a desire to beat Australia but also a preparatory nod towards both the 1999 World Cup and next summer's triangular tournament involving South Africa and Sri Lanka.

If that proves to be the case, it will mean doing what has come hard to almost every selector since Sir Pelham Warner, promoting youth over gauntlet professionalism. Mind you, as professed admirers of the Australian tradition of bleeding and then sticking with youngsters, that should not be a problem for Gartside and Gooch, and players like Surrey's Ben Hollioake, and Warwickshire's Ashley Giles, may find themselves

inundated with telegrams come tomorrow noon.

All-rounders, too, are likely

to feature large and, if fit, Chris Lewis, Mark Esham, Ronnie Irani, Phil DeFreitas, Graham Rose and Warwickshire's Doug Brown all stand a chance of joining forces with the Hollinakes.

But if batting depth is felt to be essential if the bat is thrown early on, it is equally important that bowling breadth is able to offer the captain sundry permutations to complement specialists like Gough and Croft.

The pair, best friends on England's winter tour, will probably be joined in the bowling department by Dean Headley and Peter Martin, whose outswings have regularly done England proud in the past.

To top up the batting, Martin's Lancashire team-mate

Graham Lloyd, as well as Mark Ramprakash, both deserve another chance of gracing the big stage. The pair have both been batting well, with Ramprakash having already notched up two first-class centuries against decent opposition.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

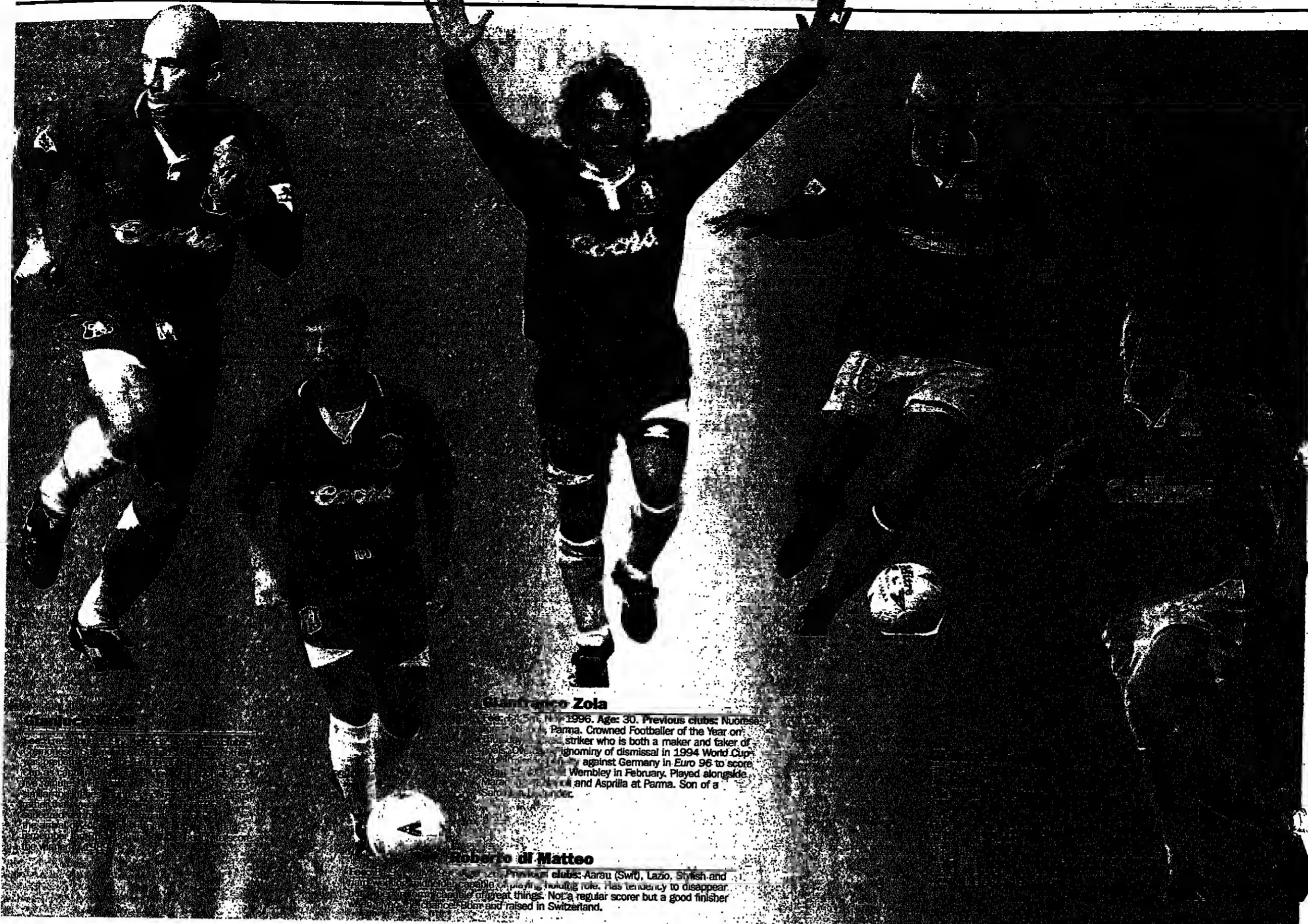
Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.

It is a criterion yet to be filled by Graeme Hick, whose only decent score to date came a few days ago when he plundered Oxford University's zipless attack.

Even so, Hick, who is still a formidable player, will probably pin Ramprakash to the post.

On his day, Hick can field as well as anyone and is one of the few players with the potential to do so.



IGNAZIO ZOLA
1996. Age: 30. Previous clubs: Novara, Parma. Crowned Footballer of the Year on strike who is both a maker and taker of ignominy of dismissal in 1994 World Cup against Germany in Euro 96 to score Wembley in February. Played alongside and Asprilla at Parma. Son of a

former Parma player and raised in Switzerland.

ROBERTO DI MATTEO
1996. Age: 26. Previous clubs: Aarau (Switzerland), Lazio, Milan, and Parma. Crowned Footballer of the Year on strike who is both a maker and taker of ignominy of dismissal in 1994 World Cup against Germany in Euro 96 to score Wembley in February. Played alongside and Asprilla at Parma. Son of a

former Parma player and raised in Switzerland.

Azzurri return to the twin towers

When the FA Cup kicked off with its preliminary round in August, the most exotic thing about it was the name of one of the competing teams, Viking Sports. Today, 572 matches later, there will be more foreign players on the pitch than Englishmen.

There will be the first Brazilians to play in a final, the first Romanian, a Dane, one or two Norwegians, a Frenchman and maybe a Slovakian. Most of all, there will be Italians. After 115 finals without one, today they will be everywhere. There will be Italians in red and blue, in defence, midfield and attack, on the substitutes' bench, in the crowd and, in vast numbers, in the press box.

Italians have previously taken little more than a passing interest in the FA Cup but, said Cesare Maldini this week, "this year it's going to be something else". The Italian national coach, who will be at Wembley to watch his five internationals, added: "Our players have made a terrific contribution to English football."

Some more than others. While Gianfranco Zola is Footballer of the Year, Gianluca Vialli has become the season's most famous substitute. Roberto di Matteo has been effective but low-key. In Middlesbrough Fabrizio Ravanelli has scored heavily in the cups but neither he, nor Gianluca Festa, have been able to save Boro from relegation.

Ravanelli will be playing his last game for Middlesbrough today (unless there is a replay), and Festa may also leave.

The difference in the fortunes of the clubs is marked and has much to do with the way their foreign players have been integrated – or not. At Chelsea even Vialli, despite apparent provocation from Ruud Gullit, has been diplomatic outside the club and a good influence within. At Middlesbrough, Ravanelli has been quoted making critical remarks so often you feel there must be substance to them. He and Festa have also caused resentment by preferring medical treatment in Italy to using club staff.

Poor results obviously account for part of the difference, but there is more to it than that. Chelsea have had two great advantages over Boro. One is location. Ravanelli may live in an idyllic village in the Cleveland hills, but Ken Bates is probably right to suggest, with characteristic bluntness: "It's easier for foreign players to adapt to London than a northern town". It must be a great culture shock going from Rome to Middlesbrough compared to Rome to London.

All Chelsea's foreigners rave about London. Vialli may want to leave Chelsea, but he does not want to leave the capital.

The other advantage is experience. Chelsea have been signing foreign-

ers since Ken Monkou and Erland Johnsen arrived in 1989. The first non-English speaker, Dimitri Kharin, arrived three years later. Dealing with their problems – Kharin was hurtled in his first week – has given them the experience to set up a structure to look after the foreign players. This involves Gwyn Williams, the assistant manager, helping with the major aspects and Denis Summers, the personnel manager, doing the day-to-day nuts-and-bolts.

An example of how these little details matter arose at Chelsea's Christmas party. When the Kharin family said they could not come, Summers

did some investigating and discovered that the previous year, Chelsea's next year had told Kharin's son that next year he would have to stand up and tell a story. Five-year-old Igor was apparently so panic-stricken at the thought the family decided not to come.

Summers then wrote a letter from Father Christmas explaining that he "was very sorry but I am so busy this year I won't be able to hear your story. I hope you don't mind not doing it this year." Igor then enjoyed the party. Roberto di Matteo's blind sister has also been made very welcome, while Zola's father was happily roaming the training ground on Thursday.

Boro did not sign any foreigners from 1986, when they were reformed, to 1994. They then brought in Uwe Fuchs and Jan Age Fjorost, who had both already been playing in England, and Jaime Moreno, a young Bolivian. Though they will have learned from the experience of Moreno, who was not a success, they did not appear to have set up a settling-in process like Chelsea's. Juninho has settled well, but he brought his family with him. Emerson's girlfriend was notoriously unhappy, while Ravanelli's wife has recently gone back to Italy with their son, leaving the training ground on Thursday.

Young England international, has been sharing a room with Vialli all season. "He's been brilliant," Morris said on Thursday. "He always wants to practise his English so we are always talking about football. He often takes the younger players over to a corner at training and shows us things and helps us. People say the foreigners take our places, but we can learn so much off them. They do everything properly, warm-ups, fitness work. How else could I work with players like Luca and Franco [Zola] every day?"

Ken Bates, the Chelsea chairman, has noticed this effect of his club's cultural mix. "It's hard to persuade the 29-year-olds not to have six pints of beer after a game, but we are really benefiting from them with the kids," Bates said. "They want to play with Vialli, Di Matteo and Zola. Those players say: 'Yes we are good players, but if you want to be good you have to take more care of your body than the average guy. You have to work harder than the average guy.' The last time Chelsea had this appeal was in the 1970s, but the players were all Jack-the-lads. The seeds of Chelsea's years in the wilderness were set then as the next generation of kids thought you didn't have to train. If you were Chelsea, you drank."

Additional reporting by Simon Turnbull and Andrew Gumbel



TUNE IN YOUR TV FOR EXCLUSIVE LIVE ACTION, MAY 31st.

For Poland v England just lift a finger.



Make sure you've tuned in your TV for the match. Remember you don't need to have your video retuned to tune in to 5. Most people simply need to

tune in their fifth button. If you encounter any difficulties or have any questions about receiving 5, please call us on 0891 555 155*.

* Calls charged at 50p per minute

150



England name four new caps for tour opener

England

Unsung hero who thrives on responsibility

Chelsea were holding court. One by one, or two by two, the stars came out. Zola, Vialli, Di Matteo and Leboeuf, Hughes and Wise, Petrescu, even Gordan. Then, while the press pack waited for Gullit, the rest of the squad were sent in to mingle in case anyone had any questions left about today's FA Cup final against Middlesbrough.

Sitting quietly among them was Eddie Newton, apparently as unappreciated by the media as he is by most supporters. Newton is one of those players who rarely seems to cross the half-way line, low-profile David Batty, who last scored in November 1995.

Yet the 25-year-old is as important as the eye-catching, flair players. As other teams, notably

Oswaldo Ardiles' Tottenham, have found, a balance is required in team-building. Newton provides the balance in Chelsea's midfield. It may not put his name in headlines, but it is noticed by those who matter – his team-mates and manager.

When Chelsea were linked with Paul Ince, as they now are with every big name, Ruud Gullit said: "I already have a man who plays in that area and in the same role and I am very happy with him." At the club's Harlington training ground, this week Gullit added: "When Eddie was injured it was a terrible loss. He is not one of the flair players but he makes those players play."

Newton said: "It is a role which is appreciated in the

game, by the defenders, other midfielders and management. The connoisseur fan may appreciate it, but most look at the goalscorers and flair players."

"Early in my career I was more of an attacking midfield and when Glenn [Hoddle] came to the club he said: 'I don't think you're excellent at one thing, I think you're very good at everything. You can tackle, you have skill when you are in trouble, you are good in the air and you can pass the ball well. This is the position for you.' It has gone on from there, really."

Newton, an Under-21 international, thrived on the responsibility. As a youngster growing up in Hammersmith – but a fan of Queen's Park Rangers rather than Chelsea – he used to look after his little sister and is now a protective father of his young son, Cassius. Newton's mother does the daily school run, is careful not to swear at home and is seeking to instil "manners and respect for elders" to Cassius.

Last season he also took over the captain's armband during matches on occasion and was be-

ginning to feature on the fringe of national selection when, in February, he broke his shin against West Ham in a collision with his own goalkeeper, Kevin Hitchcock. He was out until October, then tore his groin before re-establishing himself in the team in December.

Hoddle did not buy a replacement when Newton was injured, but when Gullit brought in Roberto di Matteo Newton wondered what the future might hold. "He was playing the holding role for Italy for a while so little doubts were go-

ing through my mind. But I had Terry Byrne [of Chelsea's back-room staff] beside me making sure I did not drop my head. He kept me concentrating on the present, getting my leg better and stronger, not the future."

Newton has a particular incentive to do well today. Three years ago he spent the first half of the final marking Eric Cantona out of the game as Chelsea threatened to over-run Manchester United. In the second-half he brought down Denis Irwin, Cantona scored from the resultant penalty, and United went on to win 4-0.

What does Newton remember of 1994? "The penalty," he replied. "I thought we played really well for the first 50 minutes. We ran the show. We hit

the bar and John Spencer had a really good chance. The penalties [there was a second, more controversial one] killed us and that was it."

And today? Will he be marking Júninho? "Ruud has not talked about how we are to play him yet," Newton said on Thursday. "They are a quality side but they have had some problems within the club and that has stopped their progress. Our European players have blended nicely and, though some have had individual problems, we have had a family atmosphere."

"If there is an early goal on Saturday it will be an open game, but there is a lot of importance on it, so it will be a bit cagey."

Jürgen Klinsmann yesterday put Tottenham, Everton, Bolton and seemingly the rest of the Premiership out of their misery by agreeing a one-year contract with Sampdoria.

The German captain, who will be 33 in July, will join the Italian club at the end of the season. He has been unscathed at Bayern Munich for much of the two years since leaving Spurs and last weekend he bellowed at coach Giovanni Trapattoni and kicked a hole in an advertising board after being substituted.

The midfielder Alan Thompson has turned down a £3.5m move to Leeds United to sign a new contract with Premiership newcomers Bolton Wanderers.

Darren Eadie, the 21-year-old Norwich striker, has been called into the England squad for the summer internationals in place of injured Paul Merson.

Mark McGhee has dismissed accusations of moral blackmail and not being up to the job as the manager of Wolves as mere frustration on the part of the club's owner Jack Hayward.

The 74-year-old millionaire, who has invested £40m over the last seven years, declared that the club was being sloppily run and that someone with McGhee's lack of success should "gracefully retire".

A lambasting like that would normally have only one outcome, but Hayward and McGhee will stick together for one more season at least.

"Regardless of his frustrations, he anticipated that I could deliver what I know he and the chairman [Hayward's son, Jonathan] want – Premiership football," McGhee said. "The Haywards are Wolves' No 1 supporters, so I understand the frustrations."

Hayward said: "I have been blackmailed in the sense that I have kept putting my hand in my pocket. But that's my fault, I'm the mug. I have kept saying 'yes' out of my desire to see Wolves in the Premiership."

Dave Bassett has appointed Bobby Houghton as his assistant at Nottingham Forest. Houghton was in charge of the Malmö side beaten by Forest in the 1979 European Cup final.

West Bromwich Albion have agreed a £250,000 fee, rising to £400,000, for the 21-year-old Kidderminster Harriers striker and life-long Albion fan, Lee Hughes.

Banks attack on Gascoigne

Tony Banks, the outspoken new Minister for Sport, yesterday launched a scathing attack on Paul Gascoigne, saying he was an "unreliable, wasted talent". Banks, speaking on Channel Five television, said Gascoigne was "not much of a role model" following allegations of wife-beating and that "God had taken his brain out".

"He's a great player, but in the end unreliable, likely to do the crazy sort of thing that throws the whole team," Banks added.

The comments come two days after Banks proposed that overseas footballers based in England should be allowed to play for the national team. Yesterday he backed-tracked on that, saying: "Let people kick the idea around. They kicked it around, and they kicked it into touch. I think I'll leave it there."

Photograph: Peter Jay

Ted Hardy, the grand old man of the non-League game, savouring that Wembley feeling once again this week

Hardy still has hunger for success

Today the teams contesting the FA Cup final will be led out by two young managers who enjoyed hugely successful playing careers, and are now being handsomely rewarded for attempting to pass on their wisdom to their equally well-paid players. The contrast could hardly be greater tomorrow, when Wembley hosts the FA Umbro Trophy final.

Developments at Celtic overshadowed the announcement of Craig Brown's Scotland squad for the critical World Cup qualifier in Belarus on 8 June and in the warm-up games against Wales and Malta.

Deprived of Colin Hendry, Alan McLaren and Colin Calderwood by injury and suspension, Brown called up Hearts' David Weir for the first time. Weir will be vying for a place in central defence with Christian Dailly and Brian McAllister, both also uncapped.

The Scotland manager said that he would give a first cap to Neil Sullivan, the Wimbleton goalkeeper, against Wales at Kilmarnock on 27 May or in Málaga on 1 June. The Crystal Palace midfielder David Hopkin has been called up for the first time after the First Division play-off final on 26 May.

Aberdeen's Scott Booth, who

appeared in two of Scotland's matches in last summer's European Championship finals, is waiting to hear whether Borussia Dortmund want to sign him after his three-day trial with the European Cup finalists. Dortmund's coach, Ottmar Hitzfeld, said he had made a "good impression".

Di Canio added that it would "go against all my principles" to carry on playing for a club whose managing director did not keep financial promises. He also warned that potential signings would "think twice" before joining Celtic, while players would try to leave "as quickly as possible".

The internecine strife in Glasgow's east end has already seen Tommy Burns, the manager's job at Rangers, while Jorge Cadete has also threatened to leave Celtic Park amid reports that his salary is half that of Andreas Thom.

All in all, it formed a tawdry backdrop to McStay's last day as

he could play in the amateur game. Such petty restrictions may have been the norm in rugby union until very recently, but in football they are as old-fashioned as Brytree and lace-up balls. But Hardy served his time on the sidelines, and then gave sterling service to Wealdstone, Hendon and Leyton.

His playing days over, Hardy embarked on a managerial career that has become a legend in the non-League world. He is in his fourth spell in charge at Victoria Road, the cosy stadium in suburban Essex that is home to Dagenham & Redbridge. He has had three spells as manager of Enfield, and has also held the reins at Bishop's Stortford, Hendon and Leytonstone & Ilford.

Hardy's current club, Dagenham & Redbridge, are the product of several mergers. Leytonstone joined forces with Ilford in 1979 and then merged with Walthamstow Avenue in 1988, becoming Redbridge Forest a year later. In 1992 Redbridge Forest joined up with Dagenham to produce the present set-up.

Tomorrow Chappie takes Woking to Wembley for the third time in four seasons. Hardy is no stranger to the twin towers, although his last

visit was 23 years ago. He suffered heavy defeats with Dagenham in the FA Amateur Cup finals of 1970 (5-1 to Enfield) and 1971 (4-1 to Merton). He is still getting the same buzz out of the game as he did when he started all those years ago. "If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't do it," he said this week after a trip to the tailor for his Wembley suit. "Once I lose the enthusiasm, I'll walk away."

Hardy is clearly enjoying himself at Dagenham & Redbridge. He is the best spirit within the club that I could wish for," he said. The story of his return to Victoria Road for a fourth time is like his career, a long one. "When the merger

happened in '92 I was manager of Dagenham. John Still [who played under Hardy as Bishop's Stortford's centre-half in the '74 Amateur Cup final] was in charge of Redbridge Forest. As the younger man, I thought it only right that he should be the manager [of the merged club], and I took over the reserves."

"Who still went to Peterborough. I packed it in. I wasn't

going to work for anyone else. Then Dagenham got into a bad way, and they asked me to come back last season. I thought I was too old, but I finally went back with seven games to go. I couldn't save them, though."

Dagenham & Redbridge were duly relegated from the Conference last season, and when they began the '96-'97 campaign in the Icis League Hardy's ambitions were modest.

"The previous manager had used a lot of players from up north, which didn't work, so I cleared them all out," he said. "All I had left was four local lads, so I had to bring in players from other local clubs and kids from the reserves. Our only aim was to stay in the Icis League."

Hardy, a charming and modest man, perhaps underestimated his ability. As well as reaching the Trophy final, his

Rupert Metcalf talks to the veteran manager of FA Trophy finalists Dagenham & Redbridge

side had a good season in the league. "The players have done this, not me," he insisted. "Injuries cost us in the league but we finished up fourth – despite having to play a lot of games in the last few weeks of the season – and here we were of the week – the icing on the cake – double icing if we win."

Despite Woking's higher status and impressive record in cup football this term, a win is not out of the question for Dagenham & Redbridge – the first club from the Icis League to reach the Trophy final since Bishop's Stortford in 1981.

The experienced Steve Conner and Glyn Creaser, who captained Wycombe Wanderers to their Trophy triumph in 1991, form a formidable defensive barrier in front of Paul Gorham, an England semi-professional international goalkeeper. Up front Tony Rogers is another season's major discovery is Courtney Naylor, whose uncle Terry played for Tottenham in the 1970s.

So, after a long wait, Hardy is back at Wembley. He still gets the same buzz out of the game as he did when he started all those years ago. "If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't do it," he said this week after a trip to the tailor for his Wembley suit. "Once I lose the enthusiasm, I'll walk away."

Hardy is clearly enjoying himself at Dagenham & Redbridge.

He is the best spirit within the club that I could wish for," he said. The story of his return to Victoria Road for a fourth time is like his career, a long one. "When the merger

happened in '92 I was manager of Dagenham. John Still [who played under Hardy as Bishop's Stortford's centre-half in the '74 Amateur Cup final] was in charge of Redbridge Forest. As the younger man, I thought it only right that he should be the manager [of the merged club], and I took over the reserves."

"Who still went to Peterborough. I packed it in. I wasn't

going to work for anyone else. Then Dagenham got into a bad way, and they asked me to come back last season. I thought I was too old, but I finally went back with seven games to go. I couldn't save them, though."

Dagenham & Redbridge were duly relegated from the Conference last season, and when they began the '96-'97 campaign in the Icis League Hardy's ambitions were modest.

"The previous manager had used a lot of players from up north, which didn't work, so I cleared them all out," he said. "All I had left was four local lads, so I had to bring in players from other local clubs and kids from the reserves. Our only aim was to stay in the Icis League."

Hardy, a charming and modest man, perhaps underestimated his ability. As well as reaching the Trophy final, his

side had a good season in the league. "The players have done this, not me," he insisted. "Injuries cost us in the league but we finished up fourth – despite having to play a lot of games in the last few weeks of the season – and here we were of the week – the icing on the cake – double icing if we win."

Despite Woking's higher status and impressive record in cup football this term, a win is not out of the question for Dagenham & Redbridge – the first club from the Icis League to reach the Trophy final since Bishop's Stortford in 1981.

The experienced Steve Conner and Glyn Creaser, who captained Wycombe Wanderers to their Trophy triumph in 1991, form a formidable defensive barrier in front of Paul Gorham, an England semi-professional international goalkeeper. Up front Tony Rogers is another season's major discovery is Courtney Naylor, whose uncle Terry played for Tottenham in the 1970s.

So, after a long wait, Hardy is back at Wembley. He still gets the same buzz out of the game as he did when he started all those years ago. "If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't do it," he said this week after a trip to the tailor for his Wembley suit. "Once I lose the enthusiasm, I'll walk away."

Hardy is clearly enjoying himself at Dagenham & Redbridge.

He is the best spirit within the club that I could wish for," he said. The story of his return to Victoria Road for a fourth time is like his career, a long one. "When the merger

happened in '92 I was manager of Dagenham. John Still [who played under Hardy as Bishop's Stortford's centre-half in the '74 Amateur Cup final] was in charge of Redbridge Forest. As the younger man, I thought it only right that he should be the manager [of the merged club], and I took over the reserves."

"Who still went to Peterborough. I packed it in. I wasn't

going to work for anyone else. Then Dagenham got into a bad way, and they asked me to come back last season. I thought I was too old, but I finally went back with seven games to go. I couldn't save them, though."

Dagenham & Redbridge were duly relegated from the Conference last season, and when they began the '96-'97 campaign in the Icis League Hardy's ambitions were modest.

"The previous manager had used a lot of players from up north, which didn't work, so I cleared them all out," he said. "All I had left was four local lads, so I had to bring in players from other local clubs and kids from the reserves. Our only aim was to stay in the Icis League."

Hardy, a charming and modest man, perhaps underestimated his ability. As well as reaching the Trophy final, his

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

TODAY

Football

3.0 unless stated

WORLD CUP GROUP FOUR

England v Latvia (3.0)

Portugal v Turkey (3.0)

FA LEAGUE TROPHY FINAL

Dagenham & Redbridge v Welling (3.0)

PLAY-OFFS: LAST LEG

Hibernian v Airdrie

WEEKEND FIXTURES

TOMORROW

Football

3.0 unless stated

WORLD CUP GROUP FOUR

England v Latvia (3.0)

Portugal v Turkey (3.0)

FA LEAGUE TROPHY FINAL

Dagenham & Redbridge v Welling (3.0)



Young cub, old Lion
Chris Hewett meets contrasting tourists, page 28

sport

SATURDAY 17 MAY 1997 • THE INDEPENDENT

England's finest?
Derek Pringle on the selectors' dilemma, page 29

FA CUP FINAL: All eyes will be on Chelsea and Middlesbrough's foreign players to provide the magic this afternoon



He looks like a film director, but Chelsea's newest supporter is a 66-year-old retired truck driver. Find out who he is on Page 30

Wembley's continental style challenge

GLENN MOORE
Football Correspondent

"This is an event we must cherish," Mark Hughes said earlier this week. Today, Ruud Gullit and Bryan Robson are charged with a responsibility, not just to Chelsea and Middlesbrough, but to the English game.

There will be people at Wembley this afternoon who have paid more than £1,000 for their ticket, thousands more queued for up to nine hours for theirs. Around the globe countries will be taking television coverage.

This is the appeal of the FA Cup. However, a repeat of last year's snootiness between two giants of the game will have many of those millions of viewers switching off long before the denouement.

The FA Cup is not under threat in the same way as its little brother, the Coca-Cola Cup, but, like many aspects of the English game, it is vulnerable to the increasing concentration on Europe as the place to play and win.

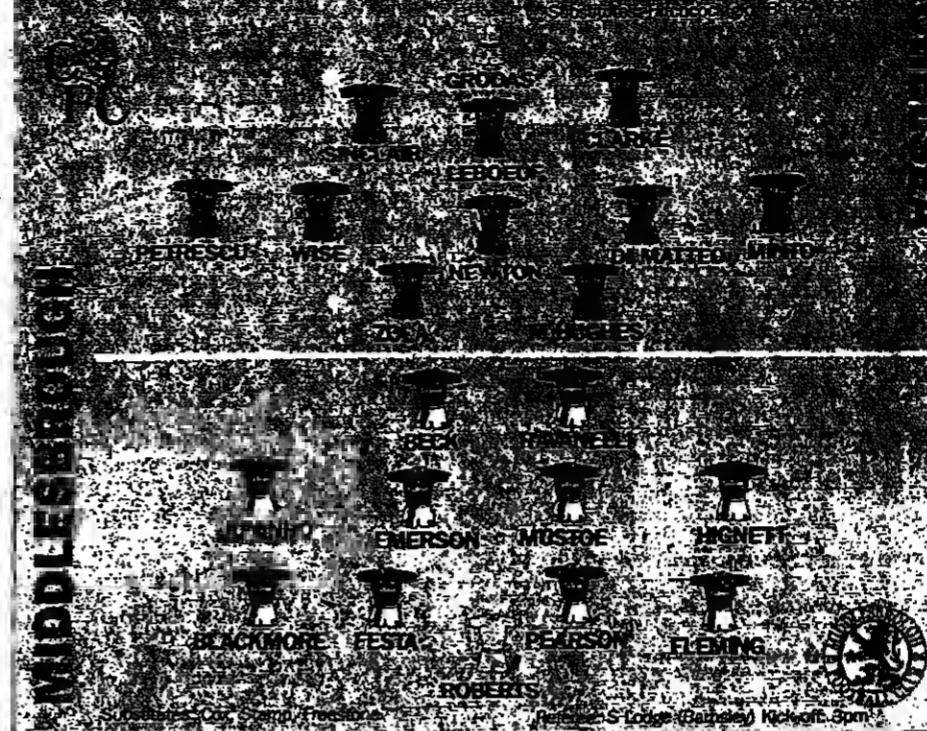
It would be an exaggeration to suggest Manchester United wanted to be knocked out so early on in this year's competition, but Alex Ferguson did not seem unduly upset. Nor was Arsène Wenger too perturbed by Arsenal's early exit.

Wenger even believes ties should be settled by one match, with penalties if necessary, to ease current fixture congestion. When the inevitable European League arrives, the Cup, to some, will slip even further in the ranking of priorities.

Hughes, who is playing in his fifth final, recognises this more than most. He works among men who have not grown up dreaming of scoring FA Cup final winners. "We are very lucky to have a competition like it," Hughes said. "There is nothing like it in the whole footballing world."

Sure, the Italians and others are delighted to be playing at Wembley, but it is the place, not

PROBABLE WEMBLEY TEAMS



the occasion, which attracts the most. Gianluca Vialli has played in more than a dozen cup finals. So has Ruud Gullit, who admitted that, to him, this is just one more. He could have got it to play, but said: "I was not focused on it, I did not want it. I can feel this is a final but not what it really means until Saturday."

Hopefully Gullit will realise the enormity of the occasion when he walks out in his rarely

worn suit this afternoon. Hopefully, too, he will not have prepared by asking Eddie Newton, Frank Sinclair or Steve Clarke shadow Juninho. The part of Pontus Kamark should not be played – unlike Leicester, Chelsea have enough talent to aim to create, not destroy.

Middlesbrough, too, are attackers in spirit. It has been suggested that Curtis Fleming will be deployed to track Gianfranco Zola, but such is the variety

of Chelsea's options Boro may be better off keeping their shape and asking Gianluca Festa to step in and pick up his Sarдинian compatriot.

One hopes so – Zola v Juninho has the capacity to thrill. It is seven years since Wembley enjoyed a decent FA Cup final, and even that, Manchester United's 3-3 draw with Crystal Palace, was dramatic rather than classic. It also lacked the final act in which the winners'

Alongside him are Robbie Mustoe, an unsung but valuable presence, and Emerson, a man who has betrayed his past and his club with a series of cameos. His walk-out at Elland Road last week after a season of petulance should have cost him his place today. Maybe the thought of being in the shop window will inspire him. He owes Boro a bravura farewell.

Chelsea also have weaknesses, notably in goal. The defence, too, has moments of uncertainty and Gullit has recently played a foul to tighten it. Given Boro's lack of width, he will probably revert to three and wing-backs today.

While Middlesbrough's revival is put on hold while they head, via the courts, for the Nationwide League, Chelsea have taken over as the coming team. In 15 months' time, they will have a 44,000-seat ground backed by a £35m retail and accommodation centre in the heart of west London. They have already sold £1m-worth of season tickets for next term and signed three new players.

Victory today means a place in Europe for the Premiership's most continental club. Their cohesion, unity and goalscoring variety should ensure they get it. Whoever wins, may they do so with style.

Boro chairman to meet Juninho

ALAN NIXON

Middlesbrough are willing to let Juninho leave for a year on loan to avoid the consequences of relegation, but interest in a permanent move for the Brazilian is headed by Atletico Madrid. Steve Gibson, Boro's chairman, will have talks with the midfielder after today's FA Cup final to discuss the options.

Atletico and Valencia head the queue for the midfielder with the former club, who made a tentative approach two months ago, believed to be willing to pay up to £15m.

Juninho, who has scored 15 goals this season, has been omitted from the Brazilian squad for the *Tournoi de France* and his place is also at risk for the *Copa America* next month.

Juninho believes he has to move if he is to reclaim his place in the national squad, which he feels he cannot do playing for Middlesbrough against the likes of Bury and Bradford City in the Nationwide League First Division next season.

The loan idea would rule out a move to Manchester United or Newcastle, as players who are here on a work permit are not allowed to join British clubs on a temporary basis.

Alleyne takes the lead

Round-up

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.

Victory was thoroughly deserved for Gloucestershire who dominated the match at The Oval despite Alleyne losing the toss on Wednesday morning.

Surrey began yesterday on 59 for 3, needing 197 to avoid an innings defeat, but only Graham Thorpe and Jason Ratcliffe threatened to delay Gloucestershire's victory.

Thorpe withdrew the pace of David Lawrence and the swing of Alleyne and Mike Smith for

Alleyne struck before lunch to remove the stubborn Nadeem Shahid, who scratched around for almost two hours over 34, and two overs later trapped the Surrey captain, Adam Hollioake, lbw.

Surrey were then 124 for 5 and in the hour after lunch

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.

Victory was thoroughly deserved for Gloucestershire who dominated the match at The Oval despite Alleyne losing the toss on Wednesday morning.

Surrey began yesterday on 59 for 3, needing 197 to avoid an innings defeat, but only Graham Thorpe and Jason Ratcliffe threatened to delay Gloucestershire's victory.

Thorpe withdrew the pace of David Lawrence and the swing of Alleyne and Mike Smith for

Alleyne struck before lunch to remove the stubborn Nadeem Shahid, who scratched around for almost two hours over 34, and two overs later trapped the Surrey captain, Adam Hollioake, lbw.

Surrey were then 124 for 5 and in the hour after lunch

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.

Victory was thoroughly deserved for Gloucestershire who dominated the match at The Oval despite Alleyne losing the toss on Wednesday morning.

Surrey began yesterday on 59 for 3, needing 197 to avoid an innings defeat, but only Graham Thorpe and Jason Ratcliffe threatened to delay Gloucestershire's victory.

Thorpe withdrew the pace of David Lawrence and the swing of Alleyne and Mike Smith for

Alleyne struck before lunch to remove the stubborn Nadeem Shahid, who scratched around for almost two hours over 34, and two overs later trapped the Surrey captain, Adam Hollioake, lbw.

Surrey were then 124 for 5 and in the hour after lunch

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.

Victory was thoroughly deserved for Gloucestershire who dominated the match at The Oval despite Alleyne losing the toss on Wednesday morning.

Surrey began yesterday on 59 for 3, needing 197 to avoid an innings defeat, but only Graham Thorpe and Jason Ratcliffe threatened to delay Gloucestershire's victory.

Thorpe withdrew the pace of David Lawrence and the swing of Alleyne and Mike Smith for

Alleyne struck before lunch to remove the stubborn Nadeem Shahid, who scratched around for almost two hours over 34, and two overs later trapped the Surrey captain, Adam Hollioake, lbw.

Surrey were then 124 for 5 and in the hour after lunch

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.

Victory was thoroughly deserved for Gloucestershire who dominated the match at The Oval despite Alleyne losing the toss on Wednesday morning.

Surrey began yesterday on 59 for 3, needing 197 to avoid an innings defeat, but only Graham Thorpe and Jason Ratcliffe threatened to delay Gloucestershire's victory.

Thorpe withdrew the pace of David Lawrence and the swing of Alleyne and Mike Smith for

Alleyne struck before lunch to remove the stubborn Nadeem Shahid, who scratched around for almost two hours over 34, and two overs later trapped the Surrey captain, Adam Hollioake, lbw.

Surrey were then 124 for 5 and in the hour after lunch

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.

Victory was thoroughly deserved for Gloucestershire who dominated the match at The Oval despite Alleyne losing the toss on Wednesday morning.

Surrey began yesterday on 59 for 3, needing 197 to avoid an innings defeat, but only Graham Thorpe and Jason Ratcliffe threatened to delay Gloucestershire's victory.

Thorpe withdrew the pace of David Lawrence and the swing of Alleyne and Mike Smith for

Alleyne struck before lunch to remove the stubborn Nadeem Shahid, who scratched around for almost two hours over 34, and two overs later trapped the Surrey captain, Adam Hollioake, lbw.

Surrey were then 124 for 5 and in the hour after lunch

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.

Victory was thoroughly deserved for Gloucestershire who dominated the match at The Oval despite Alleyne losing the toss on Wednesday morning.

Surrey began yesterday on 59 for 3, needing 197 to avoid an innings defeat, but only Graham Thorpe and Jason Ratcliffe threatened to delay Gloucestershire's victory.

Thorpe withdrew the pace of David Lawrence and the swing of Alleyne and Mike Smith for

Alleyne struck before lunch to remove the stubborn Nadeem Shahid, who scratched around for almost two hours over 34, and two overs later trapped the Surrey captain, Adam Hollioake, lbw.

Surrey were then 124 for 5 and in the hour after lunch

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.

Victory was thoroughly deserved for Gloucestershire who dominated the match at The Oval despite Alleyne losing the toss on Wednesday morning.

Surrey began yesterday on 59 for 3, needing 197 to avoid an innings defeat, but only Graham Thorpe and Jason Ratcliffe threatened to delay Gloucestershire's victory.

Thorpe withdrew the pace of David Lawrence and the swing of Alleyne and Mike Smith for

Alleyne struck before lunch to remove the stubborn Nadeem Shahid, who scratched around for almost two hours over 34, and two overs later trapped the Surrey captain, Adam Hollioake, lbw.

Surrey were then 124 for 5 and in the hour after lunch

four-and-three-quarter hours, scoring only seven boundaries in his 81.

Ratcliffe, given a rare chance in the Surrey line-up, scored 45 from 87 balls but charged at the off-spinner Martyn Ball and was comfortably stumped by Jack Russell.

Alleyne's last blow went with Thorpe, who was eighth out, when he clipped Alleyne low to midwicket.

Alleyne, who took over the Gloucestershire captaincy at the start of the season, swung the ball from the Vauxhall End where Shaun Young had bowled when Surrey were dismissed for 115 in their first innings.



IMAGE OF THE WEEK

A fisherman on the River Wye, near the Severn Bridge, sets out his "putchers", funnel-shaped baskets, to catch migrating salmon. This ancient craft, maybe 1,000 years old, is threatened by the fall in the number of salmon. Photograph by Rob Stratton with 19mm lens at 1,000th of a second at f.8 using 400 ASA film



the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT - SATURDAY 17 MAY 1997

WORDS OF THE WEEK

Consider. The fan and the footballer. They are at opposite ends of the spectrum that is the beautiful game

A group of students, known as "cantonistes", have been studying Eric Cantona and reinterpreted the notorious incident at Selhurst Park as an assault not on a spectator but on post-modernism itself

for *Godot* in Paris, there was some restlessness in the audience during the longer silences."

Suddenly, a bell accidentally rang backstage. "Whoever it is, for God's sake let him in!" cried

a member of the audience. We had to laugh!"

"That's truly remarkable, M. Beckett!"

Nori It is not imaginable. Cantona will not appear on *A Question of Sport*.



A moment of further consternation. Cantona and Isabelle are watching their favourite television programme, *Our Friends in the North*. Absentmindedly, they switch over to ITV. There is an advertising break. Gary Lineker and Gazza, the *idiot-savant*, appear in humorous mode during an *annonce* for potato crisps!

The Cantonas look at one another in astonishment. Has the European disease of irony at least entered the soul of his adopted country?

There is worse to come.

Cantona and Isabelle are watching BBC2 David Gower and Gary Lineker, in blindfolds, are trying to guess the identity of a celebrity guest - a barrel-thighed forward from rugby league. Giggling, they feel him up. The super-hero from rugby league retires backstage, looking suitably embarrassed.

Mon dieu! The humiliating French comedy quiz show *Il s'agit que c'est au dessus* has been translated!

Consider. The fan and the footballer. They are at opposite ends of the spectrum that is the beautiful game. Each is essential to the other, but discrete. This is what matters. Their difference.

And yet.

Cantona turns on the television. Two fans are slumped on a sofa, bottles of lager resting on their swollen bellies. They are the very picture of fans in a *Match of the Day* stupor. Except for these two dead-eyed youths with their leering, sneering half-knowledge of the game themselves present a football show which is more popular than *Match of the Day*!

The show? *Fantasy Football League*. Here, by some freakish act of post-modernism, the television screen has turned on itself to become the camera, recording not the achievements of Cantona and others, but the oafish, beer-stained events in a dingy bachelors flat...

The spectator has become the star.

Graham Greene has said that every serious novel should revolve around two or three conversations. So it is with the artist's life. In two or three moments of crisis, cathartic explosions will occur in order to clear the landscape for further progress.

Cantona's next game? Away to Crystal Palace at Selhurst Park.

INSIDE

John Walsh meets Paul Smith page 3

It's rock 'n' roll to Doris Saatchi page 5



Travel: The magic of Mantegna page 11

Cannes diary ...	9
Braving piranhas in Bolivia	13
Days out: London's new aquarium	15
Gardening: Anne Pavord workshop	
Chelsea preview: 50 years of 'Gardener's Question Time'	16, 17
Country: How to win the planning wars	18, 19

PLUS

Games, crossword	2
Arts, reviews	485
Books	6, 7, 8
Consuming	20, 21, 22
Motoring	23
Property	24, 25
Personal finance	26, 30
TV, radio reviews	31
Today's TV	Back page

More news, more facts, more fun.

LineOne, the new UK Internet service from BT and News International, is designed just for you, but has something for everyone.

Exclusive UK content, including news and sport from Sky and the UK's top newspapers, local 'What's On' listings, forums, computer games and reference information.

Fast and easy Internet access with BT's award-winning Internet network. Plus LineOne's unique Intelligent Agent, AJ, will show you around.

Unlimited access to LineOne and the Internet, for just £14.95 per month, including 5 e-mail addresses for you and your family. So you don't have to pay by the hour.

Now you can try LineOne for free.

One month's free membership.

10 hours' free access to LineOne and the Internet.



www.LineOne.net

Call for your free software pack now.

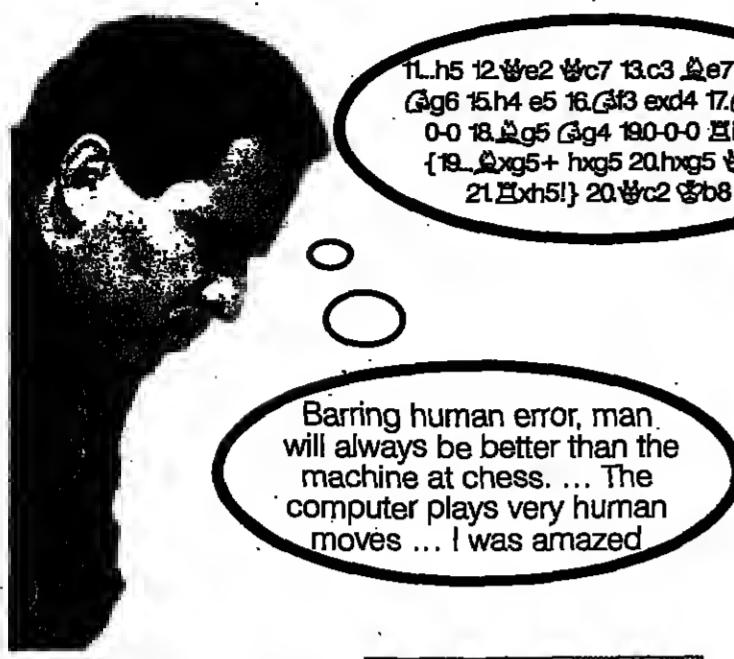
0800 111 210



b45

Bluely, madly, deeply

The world's greatest chessplayer reveals its deepest and bluest thoughts concerning its recent achievements and future plans in an exclusive tête-à-tête with William Hartston



A great deal has been written about the recent chess match between Garry Kasparov and Deep Blue, but the winner's opinions have been curiously absent from the discussion. Here, for the first time, we are pleased to give the IBM supercomputer the right of reply.

Mr Blue, may I start by congratulating you on your splendid and, may I say, surprising victory over Garry Kasparov.

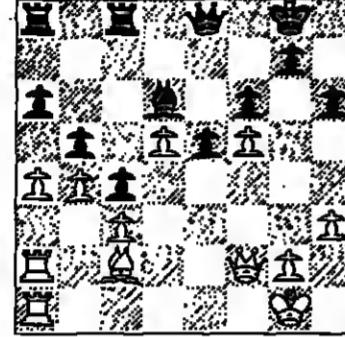
"Waddjer mean, surprising? I tell you I could have taken the guy last year if my programmers had gotten their act together."

But you did lose the first game rather convincingly this time.

Call that a game? Look, nobody even told me I was playing Kasparov. I thought it was just another training game. It was only after about 20 moves that I realised, from the way he was playing, what was going on. And boy was I furious.

But then you won the second game in such a human style that Kasparov even suspected there might have been some human intervention in choosing your moves.

Aw come on. Gimme a break. Human intervention? Whaddo I need human intervention for? You know the moves they all praised? It was 36.axb5 exb5 37.Be4 putting the screws on. Just look at the position at the top of the next column, will you? Of course I could have played 36.Qb6 but after 36...Rd8 37.axb5 Rabs 38.Qxa6 e4 he gets a real attack with Qe5. I saw that in a couple of seconds, and there are plenty of other lines where he pushes his pawn to e4 and gets back



in the game. I've got them all worked out. Screwing him down with Be4 is perfectly obvious. There's nothing particularly human about it."

And then he eventually resigned the game in a position he could still have drawn.

"Now that's what I call human! I nearly pulled my plug laughing. Don't get me wrong, I hadn't worked out the game to a stone cold draw at that stage. I mean, it's not my business to find good moves for him, if you get my drift. But I knew my advantage had not entered the zone of resignability yet. I was completely cogsmecked when he suddenly gave up."

So the score was one-all and the next three games ended in draws. Yet Kasparov seemed to have the advantage in all three.

"Whoa. Now hold on there a moment. It may have seemed like that to you, but I tell you I had everything under control. If you think he was pushing me around, then I can inform you now that it was all part of my game plan. You humans, you see, think of advantages and disadvantages and suchlike apologies for proper calculation. I don't blame you. When you can't calculate at a billion positions every four seconds, I suppose you have to rely on whatever tricks your puny minds can come up with.

And if thinking about all this positional stuff helps you, then good luck to you. But I'm not particularly concerned whether I stand a bit worse. As long as I keep the position within the bounds of a draw, everything's fine. And – hey, I'm giving away my secret weapon here, but what the hell – you know the more I can bounce around his emotions by making him think he's gonna win, then I stun him rigid by escaping with a draw that I'd seen all along, the easier it's gonna be for me in the next game."

You mean you were ...

"Yeah, I was toying with the guy in the middle of the match. I mean he's a good player. I'm not going to beat him unless I soften him up first a bit. Look, just take the end of game five."

The one where you escaped with a miraculous looking draw from what had looked like a lost ending?

"Yeah, that's the one. But there you go again with that 'looked like'. That's what really gets me about you humans. Why don't

you just work out what things really are instead of cosy talking about what they 'look like'? It 'looked like' a draw to me 'cos I'd worked it out, see."

You certainly found a very beautiful way to save the position.

"Beauty, I always say, is in the central processing unit of the beholder. But there was nothing to save. Everything was perfectly safe all along. Look at the diagram. I'd just

You must be joking.

"Hah! Who said computers don't have a sense of humour? But there was something a little odd about that last game. You know, when he played 7.h6, I was genuinely puzzled. I thought maybe someone had told him that computers don't sacrifice pieces. But he must



been helping myself to his queenside pawns, and you all thought that his g-pawn couldn't be stopped. He just played 46.Rf6 and I'm told that some of the guys in the commentary thought it was curtains for the computer. What a laugh! Don't these guys know what the perpetual check rule is? After 47...c4 48.Rf3 Kb6 49.g6 Kxb5 50.g7 Kb4 51.g8=Q I just keep checking on d1 and d2 with the rook. You know, he never even offered me a draw. After 50...Kb4, he just started talking to my programmer and explaining to him why he couldn't win the position. That's when I knew I'd got him."

Mr Kasparov has said that he would tear you into pieces in a real competitive match. How do you reply to that suggestion?

"Well, tough billy Garry. You just might not get the chance. This chess stuff is really dullsville. I'm thinking of moving into something more challenging, like stamp collecting, maybe."

"Do you really believe that?"

I am ashamed... If we were playing a real competitive match I assure you that I would tear down Deep Blue into pieces.

8. Gxe6 ♕e7 9. 0-0 fx6 10. ♔g6+ ♕d8 11. ♔b4 b5 12. a4 ♕b7 13. ♔e1 ♕d5 14. ♔g3 Kc8 15. axb5 cxb5 16. ♔d3 ♔c6 17. ♔f5 exf5 18. ♔xg7 ♔xe7 19. c4 Gotcha!

Chess William Hartston

Okay, so we lost. But what is the human race to do now that its champion has been beaten by Deep Blue? There are two options: lick our wounds and plot revenge, or we could all go away and play something else.

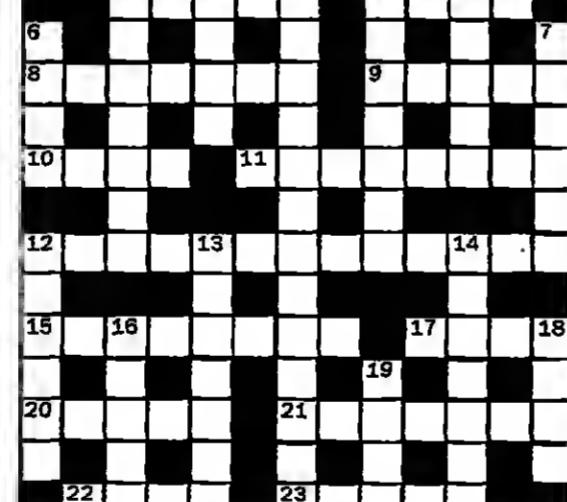
The first option is temptation. Let's beat up this hunk of metal before it gets too good. There are already grandmasters who have made a speciality of beating machines and they would not make the mistakes Kasparov did when facing Deep Blue. But even if we conquer the machine next time, what about the time after that? It's getting faster and more sophisticated all the time. We are bound to lose in the long run.

So must we switch to Shogi or Go, those oriental board games which have so far remained impervious to the onslaught of silicon? There is another alternative, well summed up in the old proverb: "If you can't beat them, change the rules."

One of the reasons that Kasparov was left struggling against Deep Blue was his ill-conceived attempt to get it out of its opening book. He clearly feared that it had been left for months plugged into the Najdorf Sicilian and concocted some fiendish new traps. If that's what he's worried about, Kasparov should challenge Deep Blue to a Fischerandom contest. Shuffle the pieces along the back rank according to Bobby

Concise crossword

No.3301 Saturday 17 May



ACROSS

- Proverb (5)
- Sensory organs (4)
- Correspondents (3-4)
- Oily fruit (5)
- Barred structure (4)
- Remorseful (8)
- Arranged in date order (13)
- Germane (8)
- Stimulus (4)
- Come to a stop (5)
- Considered view (7)
- Remain (4)
- Type of sword (5)

Solutions to yesterday's Concise Crossword:
ACROSS: 1 Mounting, 5 Ears (Mountainous), 9 Vista, 10 Neptune, 11 Ready money, 14 Circumlocution, 18 Prongers, 20 Timpans, 21 Omaha, 22 Many, 25 Steeples, DOWN: 1 Maw, 2 Upstairs, 3 Tardy, 4 Upconformist, 6 Agile, 7 Seek 8 Appear, 12 Intimate, 13 Sergeant, 15 Up roar, 17 Globe, 18 Stem, 19 Omen.

Bridge Alan Hiron

North-South game; dealer North

North	♦A 8
	♦10 8 3 2
	♦A K
West	♦Q 10 8 6 3
	♦6 5 3
	♦Q J 10 4
	♦Q 9 7 6
	♦9 6 5 4 2
	♦10 8 7
	♦K 5 2
East	♦9

South ♦K 7 2
♦K 4
♦Q J 3
♦A J 4

"Winner-on-loser plays are my speciality," observed the club wit. "And I'm often told that I can find ways of out making what appears to be a sure trick in a suit, but this is the first time I've been accused of missing such a chance."

North opened 1♦. East

overcalled with 1♥, and South bid 1♦. Unwilling to regard his heart holding as a sufficient stopper for no-trump purposes, North rebid his clubs, and South became declarer in 3NT.

West led ♦Q, dummy played

Perplexity

Mixed Doubles:

Bones well bandaged bury visitor bakes

The above sentence conceals

three related answers, each of two words. To find them, you must regroup the six words into three pairs, then rearrange the letters within each pair. A prize of the *Chambers 21st Century*

Games people play

Pandora Melly goes to pot with a record producer

George Martin, 71, musician and record producer

accurate and demanding game. When you play, you've got to think about putting the white ball where you want it, and what will happen when you miss your shot where the ball will be and what your opponent will do. You've also got to work out what you'll do if you hit it, and where your next red's coming from, which I find fascinating.

Because of television, snooker has become quite an international sport. In Thailand you will find the most sophisticated tables under thatched roofs, open to the four winds; they have them everywhere.

I'm off to Texas now. I have seen billiard tables in America, but they're a rarity, so I shan't be playing. I won't have time anyway. I'll be producing the last record before I retire.

For a short trip to Thailand, Qantas Holidays have reduced their all-inclusive five-night packages to Bangkok from £530 to £450 for bookings in May and June. (Phone: 0990-673464 for details)

Don't junk it... use it

How to string your ideas together without string



Medieval Herbal Lover's Revitaliser, "to replenish and invigorate those in extreme fatigue due to the exertions of the bed chamber" (from The Master Herbalist, Brookhill Herb Farm, Great Brickhill, Bucks MK19 8AQ. Pictured here, elegantly gift-wrapped with home-made string.)

Have you arrived at that moment in gift-wrapping something when you have neatly folded the paper under a heavy weight. Start

twisting the strip at the same end, gradually working along to the free end. Finally tuck the free end under another heavy weight to hold everything in place until it has dried.

When ready, you will find that the "string" has a surprising strength and, as long as you are gentle when tying the knots, makes an original and decorative (if you started with a pleat of coloured papers) way to adorn personal gifts.

Cut a long strip from this tissue paper. Experiment with different widths of strip for varying the thickness of the resulting string.

Now dampen the paper with a spray. You must not let it get too wet, or it will fall apart. Neither must it be too dry, or it will lose its shape. If you do not have a spray, just dab water on the paper with your finger-tips, or even use

a pastry brush.

Put one end of the strip of paper under a heavy weight. Start twisting the strip at the same end, gradually working along to the free end. Finally tuck the free end under another heavy weight to hold everything in place until it has dried.

When ready, you will find that the "string" has a surprising strength and, as long as you are gentle when tying the knots, makes an original and decorative (if you started with a pleat of coloured papers) way to adorn personal gifts.

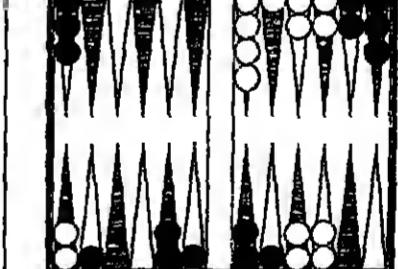
Personally, I tend to thread mine through the hole on the lever of a bulldog clip. I can then hang the clip on a hook high on the wall above my desk, and clip important papers to it, out of the reach of other people's children who may chance to pass by.

Bawn O'Beirne-Ranelagh

The games page is edited by William Hartston

Backgammon Chris Bray

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24



The most complex types of game are those where both players have many men in their opponent's home board. They normally result from an opening where hit follows hit and no one has had time to make points. Today's position is taken from a game between Paul Magriel and Mike Sloboda, two of the game's best players. Black has a 6.5 to play.

Let's try to establish some general guidelines. First it is important to keep all your men in play. Making points behind your opponent is not a good idea as those men cannot be used to build a prime in front of him. If possible you should try to make an advanced anchor, to stop your opponent priming you. Play a back game only if it is a last resort. With many men back it is normal to keep at least two points in your opponent's board. In this type of position one of the players will end up with a back game – make sure it isn't you! Finally, look out for a chance to create bad numbers for your opponent, particularly doubles. An ill-timed set of doubles can ruin a promising back game.

In this position Black could play 24/13 but that looks too loose and doesn't make progress. He could play 24/18, 23/18 but that leaves four blot facing an attack and a three point board – again too risky. The choice seems to be between 11/5, 13/8 and 13/7, 11/6. Normally a play that makes the 5-point will win over one that makes the 6, but not here. Kating the har makes best use of the men, it duplicates White's ones (they both hit and make his 5-point) and it makes some 3s and 4s awkward for White. When the position was shown to a panel of experts four out of six chose to make the 5-point. The two silicon experts, Jellyphish and TD-Gammon both got it right. Magriel, it should be noted, found the right play over the board.

For the weather, traffic reports, the sky at night, and Damion Hurn's cartoon sage of artistic angst ... TURN TO PAGE 31

لهم اسألك

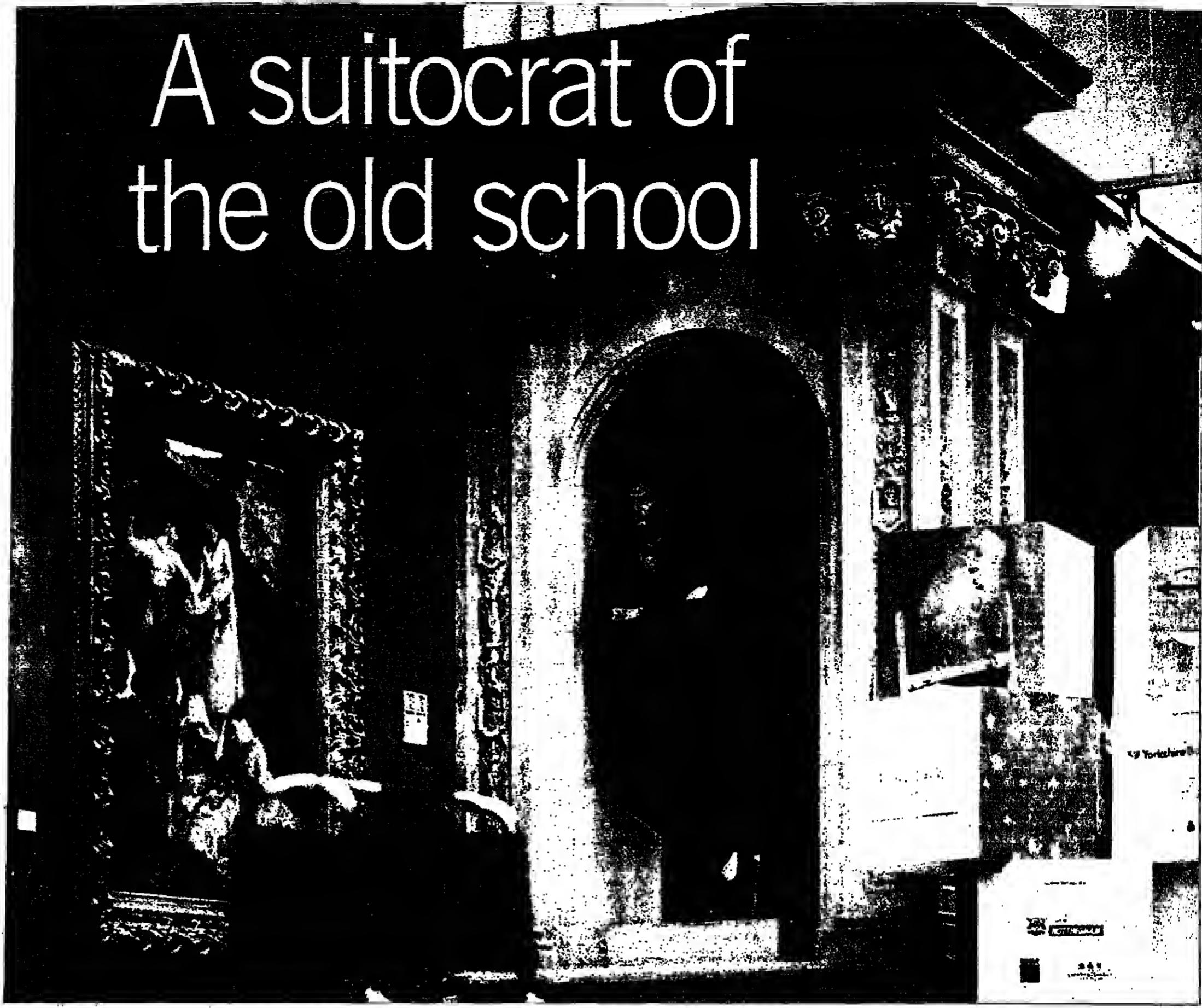


John Walsh
meets
Paul Smith

Poor Paul Smith. He cannot walk down the street in Tokyo these days without being mobbed by fashion fans. They treat him, he shysly admits, like a rock star. But when you have no fewer than 160 retail outlets across Japan (that's at least 150 more than you've got in Britain), it's hardly surprising to find the besuited groovers of modern Nippon wanting a piece of you. Thirty years ago, he couldn't walk down the streets of his native Nottingham without being mobbed in a different way. "I was 21 in the Hendrix era, but I was already past the hippie stage," he recalls. "By then the look was very grown-up. I had a hand-made, pale pink, single-breasted suit with red hand-made python boots. I got called some terrible names. Old men in the street would come up to me and shout, 'LOOK AT YOU! YOU LOOK LIKE A WOMAN! YOU SHOULD BE PUT IN A DRESS! I FOUGHT THE WAR FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU...' I was fairly dandyish at that point."

A master of understatement, Paul Smith smiles reminiscently. They were good times in the late Sixties, working with clothes, dreaming of independence, falling in love. "I met Pauline [Denyer, his life partner] that same year. She was a student at the Royal College of Art, studying fashion. She taught me masses about it." What was he wearing when they met? "Well, I don't know if I was wearing it the actual day, but I did use to go around in this bespoke mint-green double-breasted suit..."

Strangely, instead of turning round at the first sight of this minty apparition and running off screaming down the road, Ms Denyer stuck with Mr Smith through thick and thin. The thick years outnumbered the thin. Since the first seismic tremor in the designer menswear industry of the Eighties, Paul Smith has been at the front of the New Suitocracy, calling the shots and establishing himself unassailably as the nation's most successful (£160m turnover worldwide, five warehouses in Nottingham, 300 staff in Britain and 600 to 40 countries) men's clothing impresario. All the square-jawed young men from City trading floors and Mayfair estate agencies, as they weighed up the merits of seams and gorges, buttons and side-vents of the German and Italian clothiers (Lagerfeld, Hugo Boss, Armani, Zegna), could feel an internal-squeak of pride that Paul Smith could wipe the floor with the rest. His stuff was as classic as Gieves & Hawkes (the bespoke masters of No



Mr Smith, a mixture of the orthodox and the avant-garde, the formal and the outre, with a Janus-like ability to look both ways at once

1, Savile Row) but he did cool, subtly different things with linings, pockets, lapels and glazed finishes. His dark and sexy emporium in Covent Garden is famous for several things: having puzzling window displays, when they actually have any at all; selling non-fashion things like toothbrushes and literary magazines; accommodating several generations of superstar ("the other day we had Sir Norman Foster, Mick Jagger, Mick Hucknall and the boys from Supergrass in the shop all at the same time"); and wrapping everything in acres of tissue paper, even if you're only buying cufflinks. Mr Smith is very punctual about service. "In so many shops now," he says sadly, "you're lucky if somebody says 'Thank you' as you're leaving. There's no service, it's all self-service – bookshops, record shops, they're all going the same way. But it's still nice to go into a shop where someone makes you feel special."

Does he sound disarmingly, old-fashioned? Perhaps. But it doesn't take a genius to see that Mr Smith is a mixture of the orthodox and the avant-garde, the formal and the outre, and that his success is directly related to his Janus-like ability to look both ways at once. "Classic with a twist" is how he described his tailoring aesthetic back in the Eighties. It's a phrase quite applicable to the man himself. Meeting us off the train to Nottingham, he is tall, dark-suited, formal and stern-looking, with a whole zoo of feral features: the sharkish mouth, the hawkish gaze, the aquiline beak, the foxy expression. He appears to be all angles, and moves in a series of jerks like an impetuous marionette. But the sharp impression is offset by a riot of coloured accessories, the

blac shirt, the pistachio-green socks, the powder-blue wristwatch. Nobody ever mentions how camp Mr Smith can be. As I pored over some hilarious old photos from the days when 26-inch flares were *de rigueur* and one thought nothing of clamping a natty leather belt around one's dark polo-neck jumper, he said, "It's starting to sneak back, the dandy culture. It looks very fney now, but all the girls understand what was happening. They knew it was just the boys dressing up. They knew they weren't gay..."

Mr Smith looks with approval on the rise of rock bands such as Kula Shaker, with their retro-cliche espousal of Indian mysticism. Before you know it, Afghan waistcoats will be back and he'll be selling £600 super-worsted waistcoats with Nehru collars. At 51 this year, Smith should be past knowing or caring about the likes of Kula Shaker, but he keeps a shrewd eye on the fads of youth, knowing with uncanny prescience when something naif becomes acceptably kitsch (like the glutinous Mills & Boon artwork he used for his advertisements). He shouldn't, in theory, have much in common with *Loaded* magazine either, but they've also travelled up on the afternoon train to help launch his exhibition. Even now they're massing at the bar like arty guerrillas, eyeing the champagne...

The "True Brit" exhibition isn't about the range of Paul Smith's products, nor about his "art"; it's about the growth of a designer's soul and the refining of his vision over the years. It starts with his school reports from the late Fifties ("He can always

be relied on to give of his best and to get on with his work without compulsion") in which he shone at music but got a D in Physical Exercise. This is odd because in his teens Paul Smith was a champion cyclist. Pictures of the spindly youth, with his drop handlebars and determined expression, feature on the wall along with his collection of ancient *Tour de France* cycling vests. It was when he broke his leg and perforce abandoned all thoughts of a two-wheeled career, that he went into the rag trade, working in a clothing warehouse in Nottingham. He graduated to a clothes shop, where

scribbles his ideas, mid-stroll, mid-meeting, mid-dinner and probably mid-set too, so obsessively he and his TV screens feature all his catwalk shows from 1987-1995. Glass cases house the original Fifties cameras, or pre-war Italian razor-blade-pocket designs, which were worked into the fabric of his million-selling T-shirts. His ideas come from all sides, settling softly on him like a flock of birds. "You can find inspiration in anything," is an old dictum, "and if you can't, you're not looking properly."

The strangest thing about Smith's rise to success is that he had no formal design education – he, who has waxed evangelical on the subject for years, about how there are "about 15,000 colleges and universities around the country with design courses, pumping out students for a maximum of 700 places. So this exhibition is saying, 'Look guys, you can do it'." He made a modest, I'm-not-here gesture, ridiculous in a man of 6ft 3ins in pistachio socks,

about *The Young*, and their lack of sense regarding the practicalities of running a fashion business. "I met a student the other day, who said, 'I want to start my own business, because I can't get a job.' I asked her, 'What's the first thing you do when you're starting out?' She said, 'Get a press officer'." He shook his head. "She had no money, no workroom, no manufacturer, no focus about what she was trying to do, no strategy..." What did he think had gone wrong with the high-profile British fashion houses of the Eighties – like Body Map or Scott Crolla – that soared and crashed? "Some people have only one ingredient. In Scott Crolla's case, it was fantastic ideas, brilliant, wonderful images, but the other ingredients weren't there. The organisation, the forward planning, the whole business side... In order to survive, you can't rely on just Classic Fashion or Fashion Fashion. You have to get the balance right between the two. But in Britain, there are very few people who'll support small companies because we're so dominated by High Street chains, and factories will only turn out big quantities..."

And he went off to join the launch party for his exhibition. After Nottingham, it will decamp for Glasgow, then Korea, then Japan, where the personable Mr Smith will be mobbed by even more people in the street. When I left, he was getting into the party spirit, flooring Sauvignon with two extremes – both with his father Harold (94) and the effervescent young things from the style press, as they proceeded to get legless. A man for all seasons, styles, classes and ages is Mr Smith, a virtuous at keeping his balance while all about him are losing theirs.

These days, he's a little alarmed

Serena Mackesy on the wunnerful world of wannabe models; Jasper Rees on TV; Robert Hanks on Radio TURN TO 31

No meat & two veg

Get two magazines for the price of one with BBC Vegetarian Good Food magazine. Because free with the June issue is a supplement that contains no meat but has plenty to chew on.

Don't miss this month's issue and you won't miss meat



arts & books

Mix 'n' match

POP Beck
Brixton Academy, London

With the hapless look of a toddler lost in a supermarket and the voice of a southern preacher doing hip hop, Brit award winner Beck clearly isn't your normal pop star. *Odelay*, the album he released last year, was an uncut and unpolished gem, but a gem all the same. And it finally proved he wasn't just a lucky slacker who chanced upon a hit with "Loser".

Even so, *Odelay* still gives the impression that he chucked everything into the mix and released only the distillation of hours of arranging. A fine approach for a record, but hell on earth live. What would happen when this ramshackle popmobile drove on to the stage of the Brixton Academy?

A masked cowboy appears first and mixes up beats, giving the impression that it's going to be a hip-hop gig. Then the rest of the band arrives; all dressed in ties and black single-breasted suits like the backing band of a 1960s soul revue. The groove gets twisted into the intro music for some lost ATV cop show, as the bass player starts doing the kind of robot dancing that every streetwise kid stopped doing 15 years ago. Then Beck leaps energetically on to the stage in a white suit and continues leaping like Paul Weller in *The Jam*. The Beck live experience is clearly much a hand-me-down mongrel as on record, but a good looking mongrel all the same.

The difference, as Beck himself repeats in a rambling sermon, is that this band is "tight, tight, tight". Unlike noises and styles collide perfectly, weaving new textures apparently without reason, but with plenty of rhyme. Songs are too limited a word for what results; these grooves at their best - "Where it's at", "Devil's Haircut" and "Sissyneck" - are perfectly formed contraptions where every oddball sound and idiotic stream-of-consciousness lyric contributes to the whole.

Beck is not content merely to play the music, however; he's a Barnum-style showman. He brandishes a guitar and pulls the microphone stand so that it topples towards him, catching the microphone in one hand as it falls; he performs a soul pastiche that "brings it down" and would make R Kelly jealous; there's furtive dancing from Beck and the two guitarists; a costume change into 17th-century frock coats; and one song is composed of Beck singing and playing harmonica to a beat clapped by the audience that continually teeters on the edge of disaster. Fortunately, the sheer exuberant grooviness of the hand prevents the gig from toppling over into an evening of music hall entertainment.

Beck displays a deep knowledge of traditional and modern music styles combined with scant respect for any of them. He wrenches country rock and hip-hop out of their contexts and combines them into something vibrant and new. In this age of genre-splicing, sampling and microsecond attention spans, Beck's blend of styles seems to encapsulate our channel-hopping culture as a whole.

Anthony Thornton



Breathing in the Sussex air

David Benedict finds out what makes Glyndebourne's choristers so different

Opera choruses have a bad name. The prevailing image of a bevy of harridan and intransigent failed soloists lurking around the world's great lyric stages leads some to view them as one of opera's necessary evils. Generally speaking this is nonsense. Nearly all the great opera houses are filled with groups of fine singers on permanent contracts, many of whom took no look at the vagaries and vicissitudes of a soloist's life and opted for the security of an altogether safer chorus career. Nevertheless, the insulting stereotype persists. One house, however, has done more than any other to banish it and that's Glyndebourne.

Its list of former choristers reads like a Who's Who of British opera. Were it not for the music staff's sharp ears and careful guidance, who knows what would have become of fresh music college talents such as Josephine Barstow, Thomas Allen, John Tomlinson, Jill Gomez, Steven Page or Alan Opie, all of whom are now major international artists. Like Jane Glover before him, conductor Ivor Bolton began his career as chorus master there in the mid-Eighties and his choristers included the formidable younger generation of stars including Alison Hagley, Robert Poulton, Christopher Ventris, Gerald Finley, Louise Winter and Linda Kitchen. Older opera-goers may even have spotted the young Janet Baker in the ranks.

This year, 70 singers have formed the chorus for the six-opera season that opens tomorrow with Puccini's *Manon Lescou* and closes on 24 August with the final performance of Handel's *Theodora*. After a two-week break, half of them will tour until December with Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*, Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and Janacek's *The Makropulos Case*. Most choruses are made up of singers aged somewhere between 24 and 60, but here the median age is around 26 and therein lies the difference. This house is not looking for career choristers. In stark contradiction to most other houses

who cast "name" understudies, virtually all the roles at Glyndebourne are "covered" by the choristers. They may not go there as nobodies and come back stars, but the house prides itself on the training and attention it gives to the annual influx of hand-picked young talent. Like many, Christopher Ventris, now a distinguished soloist singing in Britten's *Owen Wingrave*, joined as a chorister while still at music college. He made his debut there in 1987 and then returned to the Royal Academy. The following year he was back, singing a small role in Janacek's *Katya Kabanova* on the tour and understudying Tom Rakewell in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*.

"It's one of the few places where, as an understudy, you can actually go on. They train you up and you are so well prepared. They had enough confidence in me after three or four good weeks of work that I went on as Tom in three performances - and Tom is quite a sing."

Steven Page gave up a career in intellectual property law to train as a singer and, after a year at the National Opera Studio, joined the chorus in 1983. Fourteen years later, he too is back, singing in *Owen Wingrave*. He points out that with less than a week to go before the opening of *Manon Lescou*, one of the understudies has nearly four more weeks of rehearsals ahead of him. "In the other major companies, after the first night, you are almost finished with rehearsals. You're expected to watch, have limited time with the assistant and that's it." In addition to being in readiness to go on, the understudies perform a "showing" in front of the management. "You put on a scene from each opera you've prepared - entire scenes, usually on set. It's a great opportunity."

There's around a 30 per cent turnover each year and the chorus master, Christopher Moulds, and Sarah Playfair, director of artistic administration, scour the music colleges for fresh talent. "We're always on the lookout for potential soloists," she says.

"That may take a few years. Heavier voices develop later but when we're casting the season we always ask the question, can we do this from the chorus?"

Moulds, together with the Italian coach Maria Cleva, is taking the first chorus rehearsal for the revival of *The Marriage of Figaro*. "It's like a Hoover being switched on!" cries Conductor Sir Charles Mackerras has been through the score making precise markings with details of musical and dramatic emphasis. "There's too much air in the sound. Focus it." Moulds cleans up the choral entry, shaping the sound to stop the singers winding up into the phrase. In a short space of time, he achieves real results, thanks to his exacting ear for the minutiae of pronunciation and vocal production, plus a generous dose of encouragement and high-spirited banter.

In the break, the singers sit out in the courtyard café, soaking up the sun. One of them never trained at music college. Having developed his voice as an actor in musicals, he has sung in the Glyndebourne chorus for several years, auditioning like all of them, each time. "We're not all fresh-faced eagerbeavers being groomed for stardom," he says, but he too points to the possibilities that Glyndebourne provides. "They're there if you're willing to take them. You make it of what you want." Others point to the unusual depth of the language coaching, the intensity of the musical preparation and the supportive "melting pot" atmosphere in which to learn.

Most British students spend their summer vacations earning money in dead-end jobs. These ones get paid a basic £260 a week (plus touring allowances) to work in gloriously verdant surroundings, developing musical and dramatic skills, learning and preparing roles and furthering their nascent careers by working with music staff and singers they may only ever have heard on disc. It's worth it for the contacts alone. Their days are filled with music sessions, costume fittings, stage calls and rehearsals and many join the genuine "family atmosphere" of a summer festival by living locally

for the season. The rest leap aboard the London train at the end of the day to resume their real lives. If you succumb to the intoxicating atmosphere and let everything drop, when the season ends, there's a danger you'll have nothing to return to but, if Steven Page's recollections of the end of his first summer are anything to go by, it's a risk worth taking.

"We had 15 consecutive shows at the end of the season and a friend of mine had a test two minutes away so I stayed when his fiancée wasn't around. We got up, came in and showered at Glyndebourne, had breakfast in the courtyard with french bread and bacon. We'd do a bit of work in the morning, have a spot of lunch, then down to the beach in the afternoon. There was a buoy anchored about 200 yards out. We'd swim there and back, do a little bit of sunbathing, back for the show - working with people like Carol Vaness, Philip Langridge and Jerry Hadley - off to the bar afterwards, back to the tent and then start again the following day. It was idyllic."

On the downside, Ivor Bolton concedes that too much choral singing can be dangerous. "It's probably unhealthy over a long period of time, particularly for a baritone having to sing the bass line in a chorus. There's also the business of it being an ensemble activity. You're more involved in listening and blending and fitting in. A soloist is going to have a voice that is different from those around him or her. You have to put down your vocal individuality and your own musical thoughts about how the piece goes."

Bry Terfel would agree. He recently told Radio 3 listeners that he'd once added his voice to a chorus for a recording session, having never sung in a choir before. By the end he was hoarse and advised soloists not to do it, but then he didn't have Glyndebourne watching over him, honing his talent. After all, it didn't do Janet Baker any harm. Anyone wishing to help sponsor the Glyndebourne chorus should contact the Appeals Office 01273 812321. Booking: 01273 813813

NEXT WEEK IN

MONDAY ANN WIDDECOMBE

Will you ever regret never having had sex.

Ms Widdecombe? "Good gracious no. Why does everyone think you can't manage without sex or telly? I do very nicely without both." Ann Widdecombe talks to Deborah Ross

with MEDIA+

TUESDAY NETWORK+

Cutting edge know-how on computers and IT

THURSDAY EDUCATION+

Essential reading for everyone who educates, is being educated or cares about the biggest national debate of our time

THE INDEPENDENT IT IS...ARE YOU?

David Benedict WEEK IN REVIEW

OVERVIEW CRITICAL VIEW



THE MUSICAL Beauty and the Beast

Robert Jess Roth directs Disney's £10m staging of its hit animated film. Music by Alan Menken, lyrics by Howard Ashman and Tim Rice, with Julie-Alannah Brighten as Belle and Alasdair Harvey as the Beast plus a cast of 40, a band of 25 and a backstage crew of 69.

Paul Taylor felt it "doesn't have the imagination to leave anything to the imagination". "Aggressively winsome and accidentally camp ... talks down to the audience," winced the *Standard*. "Often astoundingly spectacular ... everything seems, in the bad sense, to have been choreographed," sighed the *FT*. "How you always dreamed panto-mime scenery should be ... If you have kids, prepare to take them now," sang the *Mail*. "The Disney organisation is to entertainment what smart missiles are to modern warfare," alerted *The Times*. "The most preposterously spectacular, unashamedly kitsch and, at times, genuinely giddy pantomime you have ever seen," frothed the *Telegraph*. "Brings out the child in all of us," mewed *The Guardian*.

At the Dominion Theatre, London WC2 (0171-416 6060) until, well, probably the next millennium.

Doesn't come close to the Young Vic's *Beauty and the Beast*, which cost just £70,000. Sit back and watch the budget

THE TV DRAMA Melissa

Alan Bleasdale has restructured and updated a forgotten Sixties drama by thriller expert Francis Durbridge, turning it into a glossy five-part TV serial starring Jennifer (Pride and Prejudice) Ehle with Tim Dutton, and a sackload of suspects and supporters, including Julie Walters and Diana Weston.

Thomas Sutcliffe found himself hooked. "Built for pleasure - and delivering it in large measure ... delicious excursions from thriller functionalism." "The making of a superb, body-strenuous psychological thriller. I urge all those who have video recorders: prepare to use them now," revealed the *Mail*. "A de luxe production," smiled *The Guardian*. "Ambitious ... avoids by miles any known formula," nodded the *Standard*. "An intriguing start but it really is about time the plot started to unfold," frowned the *Express*. "So disappointing in its first episode, picked up momentum and mystery in episodes 2 and 3," approved the *Telegraph*. "Hands up who has a clue what might be going on in Alan Bleasdale's lushly hinned but eerily unengaging drama," sneered *The Times*.

Final episodes on Monday and Tuesday, 9pm on Channel Four.

Cert PG, 87 mins, Virgin Haymarket (0181-970 6016) and on nationwide release.

THE FILM When We Were Kings

Leon Gast's Oscar-winning documentary about the "Rumble in the Jungle", the 1974 World Heavyweight title fight between Muhammad Ali and George Foreman, which took place in Zaire under the "generosity" (to the tune of \$10m) of President Mobutu. With commentary by Norman Mailer and Spike Lee.

Adam Mars-Jones proclaimed it "an outstanding screen documentary ... [but] it 'raises consciousness' without being willing or able to confront uncomfortable facts." "Superb ... a world captured in the throes of its own mutation," hailed the *FT*. "If you fear films about boxing, be pacified: this is a film about humanity triumphant," glowed *The Times*. "As filmmaking this is scrappy and shallow ... but these reservations are trivial set against the film's central attraction: All himself," approved the *Telegraph*. "The fight itself remains a stunner ... All gives it an emotional reach the film scarcely deserves," agreed *Time Out*. "A slick piece of spin-doctoring for an unsurpassed icon," decided *The Guardian*. "An outstanding portrayal of Muhammad Ali at his most defiant," declared *Boxing News*.

Cert PG, 87 mins, Virgin Haymarket (0181-970 6016) and on nationwide release.

A fascinating, but flawed portrait of an inspirational figure.

RUE B

CLASSICAL MUSIC
T his year's London Festival marks the foundation and anniversary of the Royal Albert Hall. The festival's programme includes a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Simon Rattle. The festival also features a performance of Brahms' Double Concerto by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Simon Rattle. The festival also features a performance of Brahms' Double Concerto by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Simon Rattle.



When Charles Saatchi began filling his gallery with maggots and dead cows' heads, it was his wife Doris who got the blame. But now they're divorced, she's got new plans for the art world.

By John Windsor

It is 10 years since Doris Lockhart-Saatchi last spoke to her former husband, Charles, the Tory admiral with whom she founded the Saatchi Collection and bulldozed Young British Art on to the world scene. But of course he's been invited to the benefit dinner cum auction she's organising at "his" gallery in Boundary Road in 10 days' time ("though I don't know yet whether he's accepted").

The Saatchi Gallery, she explains, is ideal for displaying models — architectural models, that is. And architects' drawings. That is what the auction will sell. And that, rather than contemporary art, is what Doris Lockhart-Saatchi is now busy buying.

Over a dinner catered by the Ivy restaurant, the 55-lot sale will be composed by Janet Street-Porter and Piers Gough, architect of Street-Porter's controversial house in Shoreditch and president of the Architectural Association, the 150-year-old independent school that has produced such cutting-edge names as as Rogers and Hadid, and in aid of which the auction is being held.

Donations to be sold range from a stunning 1947 pencil study by Le Corbusier of sunlit angles of tall buildings, to models by such established architects as Foster and Hopkins and Bankside competition winners Herzog and De Meuron — all items which, according to Lockhart-Saatchi, "would not normally be available at any price". Also on offer: the first publicly sold drawings by bridge-whiz Calatrava and the visionary Soleri.

Calatrava? Soleri? Ever heard of them? Or Ando? Or Moss? You will. At the dinner the talk will not be about whether Charles Saatchi will show up — he seldom attends even his own exhibition openings — but about whether his ex-wife is able to turn architectural artefacts into as big a set of money-spinners as the "School of Goldsmiths" artworks which the Saatchi Collection has so looq championed. It's a market that is yet untapped.

"It's my feeling," says Doris Lockhart-Saatchi, "that people are becoming interested in contemporary architecture in the same way that they became interested in contemporary art 10 years ago." And she's about to launch her Mayfair mew home as the first gallery in the country dedicated to selling architectural works.

It's in that house's Spartan interior that we're now talking. The gang — her three Burmese blue cats, Chico, Spec and Blue — have just had their lunch (chicken thighs spiced with bouquet garni) and are now romping on a plan for her new island home in Massachusetts, overlooking the Atlantic.

The plan is by the British architect David Chipperfield, whose plywood model for another Lockhart-Saatchi home, this time in Italy, is included in the sale. Its owner has been tracing the floor plan, overlaying it with changes and additions — a screen wall, for example, in the bedroom, in keeping with her ideal of privacy without closed doors.

"For years," says this 57-year-old Memphis-born, Sorbonne-schooled daughter of a Russian émigré mother and an American journalist father, "we [presumably meaning the British] have produced some of the best architects in the world. I'm thinking of Foster, Rogers, Hadid. But until recently they had built very little in Britain. Even now, you have to go to Switzerland or Germany to see Hadid's work."

She removes a cat from the table and drapes it over her shoulders. Bouncing about the room, her short, rounded figure encased in black jumper and slacks, she speaks on-stop.

When she and Charles came together in 1970, they embarked on an art-buying spree that, for him, has never ended. Critics who did not share the Saatchi taste in contemporary art demonised Doris. But it is five years since she herself bought a work of contemporary art — years spent travelling abroad, interviewing architects for her forthcoming book *Architects at Home*.

The contemporary art on her walls — a cluster of outstretched plaster-filled yellow kitchen gloves holding bingo balls by Craig Wood, an axe handle with taped end by Sarah Seager — will soon make way for architectural drawings. "Four, perhaps, on the wall over there," she gestures, "and the table here will hold maybe two models. This space really needs itself to architecture."

"I'm not necessarily seeking to present unknown architects to the world. These people are successful enough out to need anybody's help. What I look forward to is displaying whole suites of drawings that go from a conceptual sketch to something that you could build tomorrow. It's an amazing process. Architects have to work under all kinds of constraints — budget, site size, health and safety regulations. A series of drawings can show how an architect has put it all together. It may not be intended to be beautiful, but it is."

But who will buy it? She wants museums, architectural institutions and serious collectors to buy entire suites of drawings. The gallery will be open by appointment only. Buyers in search of single-drawing "souvenirs" will not be encouraged.

Can she pull it off? A couple of pointers in her artistic track record suggest that she might. In 1981,

her review of the RA's exhibition *The New Spirit in Painting* in the RA yearbook was the only one to bail it as a landmark show. The show's theme was that, after the spareness of conceptual and minimalist art, expressionistic painterliness was back. Newspaper art critics panned the exhibition. "But I thought it was wonderful: it took five or six years for the lessons of that show to sink in."

And, in 1970, when she and Charles began collecting together (they married in 1973), he had never bought any art. Look at him today.

The jibe, then as now, was that Doris had the eye and Charles the wallet. "I had my own income," she retorts, "and he had both an eye and a quick mind. If you really want to know, I think the Saatchi Collection came about because the two of us happened to collide at the time we did. We had an uncanny sense of agreement about things. We would walk into a gallery, circle the room, meet up where we had started and discover that we agreed on whether the artist was interesting and even which were the best works. It was thrilling."

By the time rotting cows' heads and pickled sharks came on the scene, the Saatchis had separated. But not before their uncanny fusion of artistic taste had led them separately to the studios of the exciting new wave of young British talent: Langlands and Bell, for example, who base their art on architectural plans and models, and, of course, Damien Hirst, star of the Goldsmiths' Class of 88. Although living apart, they found themselves treading the same path as individual collectors that they had beaten together. Hirst found them popping in and out of his studio one after the other, like the to-and-fro couple in a weather house.

The work hangs on the wall of her spacious sitting-room, opposite a pale pink diptych by Gary Hume, *Dolphin Painting V*, and overlooking a Mies Van Der Rohe day bed. On the table, three grapefruit-sized balls covered with brown studs that I took to be David Mach match-heads pieces.

"They're clove balls from Clifton Nurseries," says Lockhart-Saatchi, diplomatically. "they scent the room." On one wall is a row of four bright brass chains suspended from screws. A minimalist work? "They're the hanging chains for a triptych by Stephen Buckley that has gone off to a show."

The controversy that Doris has sometimes aroused bothers her not one jot. "I didn't give a toss about the reaction," she says, when I remind her of her much-quoted remark at the 1992 Labour election rally, that she was not a Bolinger Bolshevik but a Dom Pérignon Democrat. (At the time, Charles was the Tories' campaign admiral and she had been awarded a substantial divorce settlement.) Even a memorably venomous article in *Modern Painters*, which wilfully misquoted her praise of the RA's *New Spirit in Painting* exhibition and lampooned her malign influence over Charles,

or Docklands, I was told that Charles had just left, or heard later that his visit had followed mine. We were discovering the same art with the same excitement within days, or even hours, of one another."

Doris gave Hirst a contribution towards the cost of making his first big piece — a bugle glass case containing a rotting cow's head and maggots that hatched as bluebottles before meeting their doom in neo insect-zappers. Charles then stepped in and paid for the whole thing. Hirst in turn offered Doris *The Only Way Is Up*, a work consisting of pills stuck on board, doused in some inflammable liquid and ignited, sending up oily black stains. "Damie says they're uppers. I wouldn't know."

The work hangs on the wall of her spacious sitting-room, opposite a pale pink diptych by Gary Hume, *Dolphin Painting V*, and overlooking a Mies Van Der Rohe day bed. On the table, three grapefruit-sized balls covered with brown studs that I took to be David Mach match-heads pieces.

"They're clove balls from Clifton Nurseries," says Lockhart-Saatchi, diplomatically. "they scent the room." On one wall is a row of four bright brass chains suspended from screws. A minimalist work? "They're the hanging chains for a triptych by Stephen Buckley that has gone off to a show."

The controversy that Doris has sometimes aroused bothers her not one jot. "I didn't give a toss about the reaction," she says, when I remind her of her much-quoted remark at the 1992 Labour election rally, that she was not a Bolinger Bolshevik but a Dom Pérignon Democrat. (At the time, Charles was the Tories' campaign admiral and she had been awarded a substantial divorce settlement.) Even a memorably venomous article in *Modern Painters*, which wilfully misquoted her praise of the RA's *New Spirit in Painting* exhibition and lampooned her malign influence over Charles,

passed over her head. "It was hilarious," she says.

"Charles and I got used to having our taste in art sniped at. It was considered weird. I was the brash American and he was the secretive manipulator, plotting to use art to take over the world. It was not until later that critics decided that our collection was something special."

Even today, she is occasionally held responsible for Charles's art-hunting — and selling. He was roundly criticised for profit-taking on his Schnabels — nine of which had grown in value after being exhibited at the Tate — and more so for dumping on to the auctioneers' block work by young artists whose fragile reputations depended upon having been bought in bulk by him in the first place.

When, in 1993, nine artworks by raw young artists from Doris's own collection were spotted at a Christie's sale by a sharp-eyed *Art Monthly* correspondent, she came in for more stick.

"I don't see any problem with selling if your eye has changed," she retorts: "people's sensibilities do alter. I collect because I'm a born collector. Collectors feel compelled to do it. We may all be as neurotic as hell, but there's no plot."

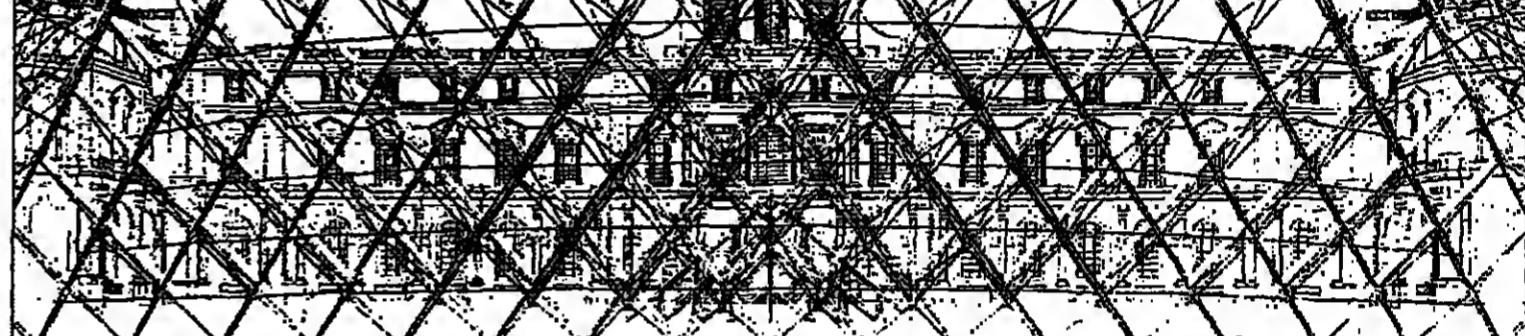
We return thumbing through her auction catalogue. "That Corbusier drawing," she says, "I'd love to have that."

"You'd better bid, then," I suggest. "Hm, it'll go for quite a sum."

"How much, do you reckon?"

"It depends if there's a market here. People really should be drawn to it. After all, cities are here to stay. People are beginning to realise that we've got to make cities work. And that architects can make life better or worse for us. It really does matter."

Architectural Association 150 Campaign Auction: 7.30pm 27 May, Saatchi Gallery, 98a Boundary Road, London NW8. Tickets £150 from 0171-916 8147



Designs for living

Rue Britannia

CLASSICAL MUSIC London Philharmonic Choir 50th Anniversary Royal Albert Hall

This year is an important date for the London Philharmonic Choir. It marks the 50th anniversary of its foundation, and its first birthday as a fully independent body. The Choir still works alongside its parent orchestra, the LPO, but, since last year, it has had to find itself financially. For any arts organisation, even 12 months' financial survival is worth celebrating in the current economic climate. So, an obvious occasion for a party. And why not be optimistic? Book the Royal Albert Hall, and fingers crossed for a full house.

But what an odd event! Tuesday evening turned out to be. The first half was an uncomfortable mixture of end-of-term concert and wannabe Last Night at the Proms. The almost entirely British programme — Vaughan Williams's *Old Hundredth* and *The Lark Ascending*, Parry's *I Was Glad* and *Jerusalem* — allowed space for one Continental entry: excerpts from Offenbach's *Carmina Burana*. All very popular stuff, but I'd dearly love to know what the Choir's patron, HRH Princess Alexandra, thought of the Offenbach opening sentiments: "If all the world were mine... I would do without it! If the Queen of England would lie in my arms."

The evening's compère, Classic FM's Margaret Howard, tactfully avoided that issue. Her delivery was as impeccable as ever, but so rich in personal pronouns it could have registered a decent score on the *Private Eye* "I"-ometer. Introducing the Parry items, she proclaimed, "I am a jam maker" (*Jam and Jerusalem*, get the link?), in tones reminiscent of another eminent Englishwoman's "We are a grandmother".

Musically, the evening got off to an unpromising start with the announcement that conductor Vernon Handley was indisposed. The Choir's director, Neville Creed, bravely stepped in, with the New London

interviewed by *Playboy* magazine in 1970, no less a figure than Mae West berated producers for using outdy to spice up old plots. "All the good ones have been used," she said, "and it gets mootonous." She had a point. Unscrupulous directors spout indecent amounts of rehearsal time persuading actresses that outdy is "essential to the plot".

By the time Nell Dunn's *Steaming* arrived in 1981, stage outdy was old hat, but the play revived the debate, although Dunn's undressing really was germane to the cooteo. Noo, the less, before curtain-up, I was puzzled by my inability to remember its plot. By the interval I knew why. There isn't one.

That's not quite true, but there's certainly precious little drama. Dunn throws together a

DANCE Siobhan Davies
Gardner Arts Centre, Brighton

On her latest tour, Siobhan Davies has chosen to couple a new work with a revival of her 1988 success *White Man Sleeps*. The original piece was crafted to Kevin Volans's score inspired by his memories of Africa. In 1988, Davies was using the string quartet arrangement of the music but, nine years later, she has chosen Volans's original version for harpsichord, viola da gamba and percussion, a baroque line-up that highlights even more strongly the tension between Volans's Western musical consciousness and the music of his childhood home.

The dancers play in the dappled shade of Peter Mumford's clever lighting design. Occasionally one of the group will spin off into a solo as when Deborah Saxon's arms flury around her head theo snake down

Off the boil
THEATRE Steaming Piccadilly Theatre, London

group of women, carefully selected for contrasting classes and backgrounds, who bond over sessions in the steam of a rundown East London Turkish bath. At the end of the first half, we learn that the council is threatening the baths with closure and by the end of the play we have a sort of decision.

Dunn intercuts the life-stories of the ex-hippy, the repressed upper-middle-class wife, an aged mother and her semi-retarded daughter and the warm but doughty baths supervisor (a non-part given life by Diane Langton). Unfortunately, the stories sag beneath the obviousness of the looming punchlines and every perspective is laboriously discussed. Like the women, you lie back and let it wash over you. Unfortunately, with out enough laughs and less tension, you just wish that, like them, you could snooze.

Like Clare Luce's famous bitchfest *The Women*, men are a mere off-stage annoyance. It's a welcome change, but this female solidarity piece is obsessed with the opposite sex. A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle? Not in Dunn's philosophy. Alas, her handling of the thorny problem of heterosexual feminism felt dated first

dip-dyed vests. They act out their human transactions to Matteo Fargion's wonderful *Donna Che Beve*, which uses bass guitar, harmonica, drum and sundry cardboard boxes — all played by the composer. At times, the music ebbs and flows in gentle tides of percussion, punctuated by abrupt slaps of power and decision. The sounds of pebbles on the beach can suddenly shift up a gear to replicate the clatter of a train over the points. Fargion's playing creates a drama that is sternly absent from the stage.

Davies's swelling weave can sometimes seem like one of those exquisite, ultra-chic capsule collections where everything tones with everything else. The 1996 work *Affections*, with its fat, glowing orbs of light that tailed the dancers around the stage like pet rocks, had an edocering, fanciful quality — like a fluorescent fun fur in a wardrobe of beige.

time around. Sixteen years on, it hasn't worn well. *Top Girls*.

Following the likes of Romy Coert, Max Wall and Dawn French, the proceedings are peppered up by the casting of stand-up Jenny Eclair. The part of loud-mouthed Josie, a sex-obsessed working-class woman whose best friend is her Pifco (and we're not talking hairdryers), fits her like a glove and her welcome energy gives Ian Brown's lazily directed ramble a much-needed lift. If the producers were smart, they'd have cast Mrs Merton, who could have turned it into a heated debate. Mind you, if they were really smart, they wouldn't have revived it in the first place.

Booking (0171-369 1734)

David Benedict



Louise Levene

Apart from the odd short run and the occasional abrupt lift in which the women are summarily deposited a few feet to one side, there is scarcely a moment in *Bank* when the dancers have both feet off the floor — you might catch the odd hop but no one does anything so vulgar as fly. But, although earthbound, *Bank* offers good rates of interest. There are long sequences in which the dancers duck and dive in a complex game of tag with a peculiar set of rules. The choreographer indulges them with wacky, off-kilter movements involving bow legs and sudden lurching accelerations. This is fun and Siobhan Davies should not be afraid to have a little more of it.

Gardner Arts Centre tonight (01273 685861); Cambridge Arts Theatre 30, 31 May (01223 504444); Sheffield Crucible 3, 4 June (0114-276 9922)

So, you want to stay in movies?



David Putnam (left) has written an eloquent plea for unity in the European film industry. Anthony Smith reports

The Undeclared War: the struggle for control of the world's film industry by David Putnam with Neil Watson. HarperCollins. £18

Only a fifth of the films made in Europe have ever been distributed outside the producing country. Even in France, the most film-devoted of European societies, no more than four per cent of the total box office takings can be attributed to the films of other Europeans. The message of David Putnam's book is traced back through cinema history to its roots and these are found in the years when moving pictures were first being invented and commercialised. For film in Europe has been a fragmented industry, never contriving to set up the linkages between production and distribution which have lain at the root of the success of the American industry. This is why European film has been starved of capital, while its producers have tended to shun the commercial side of their industry (a phenomenon reinforced by a subsidy culture and by ideology). The selling, marketing and presentation of films to the public became a secondary consideration for European producers and their films have found it harder to discover their audiences.

The contrast with America is stark. Cinema was the glue which bound together America's masses and thus became, in the hands of a group of immigrant entrepreneurs, America's first indigenous medium of mass culture. These pioneers discovered distribution as the key to the new industry and put the old "film exchange offices" out of business. They discovered the importance of stars, and of stories which gripped audiences and laid the foundations of the volatile and rapacious world of Hollywood today, with its political tentacles, and its willingness to exploit any means to subdue foreign competition. When President Clinton picked up the telephone to threaten European negotiators during the GATT talks that a refusal to abolish support of national cinemas would be a "deal-breaker" (by implication promising a general trade war) he had Hollywood breathing down his neck: at that moment only the determination of the French to preserve their cherished film industry called American bluff (temporarily).

From the days of Carl Laemmle to those of Jack Valenti, American dominance has continually intensified: today China, India and the Middle East are confronting the same issues which Europe failed to resolve satisfactorily in the early

days. The result is the steady build-up of a cultural domination which could one day, according to Putnam, lead to frightening forms of anti-modernising resistance (Islamic fundamentalism being perhaps a foretaste). The neutral-seeming terminology of "free trade" and "globalisation" cosmeticise an historical trend which can, in the realm of the cultural, cause nations to lose their confidence together with their identity.

For the French, in the words of their first Minister of Culture, the late André Malraux, cinema is an art which happens contingently to be an industry. But none of the many forms of subsidy with which the French have experimented have proved a match for the relentless attraction of Hollywood. Hollywood has never had any doubt about its being an industry. When, as in the 1970s, it found itself losing money and audiences, it demanded tax breaks, tools on new technologies, researched new audiences and gave them everything they wanted. Talk of social values, cultural preservation, national identity, dissolves in the ears of Hollywood "leaders" into sardonic sanctimony. The European film industry exists, in the mind of Hollywood, to provide talent for Hollywood.

This book is a timely and important expression of an emerging Europeanist



Cultural unity in action: 'Il Postino', an Italian film directed by an Englishman, won a Bafta in 1995

KOBAL

position: it carries a clear message of cultural hope amid the historical exasperation. Putnam has gone through the business of cinema as almost no-one else: he has been a teenage "avid" (a useful Hollywood marketing term), a UK marketing executive, a British producer, the Chairman and Chief Executive of an American "major", and the man behind the new Lottery-driven British film subsidy programme. He has been loaded with Oscars and rubbished in *Varley*. He has been adviser to Jacques Delors, helpmate to Tony Blair and mentor to a generation

of young UK directors and producers. His entertaining and illuminating book (the product of a series of lectures on cinema history) contains a powerful narrative drive and ends with an eloquent "Euro-policy" message. It can be read as a well-documented, objective history of the film business and also as a guide to the way ahead for a 21st-century information industry. The American companies have already set aside their own differences and now address with one voice the new world market in education, information and entertainment films. A purely

national information/culture industry is now an impossible dream: the American majors are already seeking to dominate it and have established the free trade agreements necessary to broaden their attack on the new hybrid multi-media sector. This is the moment, Putnam argues, to engage the immense intellectual and technical resources of Europe and galvanise disparate European interests into a unified industry which can serve the European (and other) markets while cutting a swathe through the American. This is a very good read – and a book to be heeded.

Independent choice:

Fiction for girls
by Mary Scott



Justine by Alice Thompson (£6.99) is the first title in Virago's new V imprint, "an imprint for the Spice Girls generation." So what do girls really want of a novel? Lots of up-front sex and in-your-face attitude? Well, yes and no. *Justine* is the story of an obsession with a beautiful woman seen through the drug-fuddled eyes of its opium-smoking, club-footed narrator, or, as the publicity puts it, "*Justine* takes up where the Marquis de Sade left off." *Justine* is also a beautifully crafted, darkly sensuous celebration of fine writing which invests the seamiest side of contemporary London with a richness so vivid it is almost tactile.

Justine and her twin sister Juliette (does she exist?) are hardly shrinking violets. We first come across *Justine* at a funeral – *Justine* and death had a natural affinity for each other. Abduction, imprisonment, murder, mutilation, sado-masochism are within the repertoire of the two girls. In pursuit of their elusive identity the narrator is drawn into a nightmare in which nothing is what it seems.

Young writer Bidisha's first novel *Seahorses* (Flamingo, £9.99) is also set in contemporary London: the routine menace of the city's streets is soon realised in the casual cruelty which its characters inflict upon each other. At first sight they are not a promising lot. They have odd names – Pale, Jesson, Juliane – and they are poseurs. Will, 38 and seducer of 15-year-old schoolgirl, Pale, is a filmmaker. Juliane is a composer. They have a pompous habit of quoting what Will calls, "the core reading matter for the whole of Western thought".

But these are minor quibbles. A fine attention to the lives and style of the media classes against a bleak city backdrop makes for a remarkably mature debut. Like many first novels, this is a coming of age story. The obligatory sexual initiation, a great deal of anxiety about pregnancy, exams and what to wear on the big date, all feature. But there is nothing formulaic about their treatment. Pale's first experience of intercourse is a scream of pain which leaps from the page. But perhaps the most startling achievement of the novel is the richness of its observation of the city itself.

and the freshness of metaphor it brings to its depiction.

Kissing the Witch by Emma Donoghue (Hamish Hamilton, £13.50) is set in a terrain already well-charted by women writers: fairytale. The first handful of these 13 stories follow the tried and tested subversion of the genre: Cinderella throws away her slipper, the gothic girl decides life in the open fields offers better prospects than the jewelled confines of the castle. But as the light, ethereal tales continue, Donoghue allows her tellers (all women) to create their own destiny in more unpredictable ways. If girls on top means girls being as good as these three writers then three cheers for their elevation.

Louise Bagshawe isn't a good writer. She says so in the press release accompanying her third novel, *Tall Poppies* (Orion, £9.99). "I don't have any pretensions to fine writing. I'm a real pushy, aggressive woman."

Princess Diana is not a role model for Margaret Thatcher is! Well I've never heard tell of Mrs T sleeping her way onto the board of a pharmaceutical company, which is the main claim to fame of Nina, one of the two protagonists. The other, Elizabeth, is also dependent on men to give her an entrée into the business world. She is prevented by her rich daddy from doing anything apart from sitting around in the family castle waiting for a suitable suitor. Lacking the courage to leave, she fetches up in a Swiss finishing school where she becomes a champion skier and does a great deal of honking.

The appeal of this brand of fiction lies not in credible character or convincing action, but in a headlong dash from one cliff-hanging scene to another. An unwanted pregnancy, the glamour of the ski slopes, a near fatal accident: it all fairly dashes along. Yet it is curiously timid and conventional. As Bagshawe declares, "Most of the sex takes place between engaged or married couples and everyone gets their just desserts". Thompson and Bidisha have no such qualms. Nor do they feel the need to protest that their prose isn't up to scratch. They just get on with the job of offering us some very fine writing indeed.

Write the good fight

Kate Saunders has a vision of perfection

Impossible Saints by Michèle Roberts, Little, Brown, £14.99

The first thing a girl learns is The Limits. These are the codes of sexual morality and social behaviour she must live by if she wants to be accepted by the people around her. Sometimes, the limits are presented as beneficial, or even delightful – what is the culture of romance, if not an unofficial book of rules?

Not surprisingly, female novelists (Virginia Woolf, Angela Carter, Jeanette Winterson) are fascinated by the pressure on women to fit into the narrow mould of others' expectations. *Impossible Saints*, though it appears to explore many worlds, always keeps to this theme.

Michèle Roberts's central story of a nun who may or may not be a saint, is interleaved with the lives of "impossible" saints – women, ancient and modern, often drawn from the legends of real saints, who come to grief when they hit the barriers.

We begin in a chapel full of relics of holy women. The holiest have been given special reliquaries, but there is a surplus of bones which have been used to decorate the chapel walls in an elaborate, bony mosaic. And this perfectly expresses Roberts's book – countless lives, woven into one seamless whole.

The principal heroine is Josephine, growing up at the time of the Inquisition. Josephine is the darling of her rich father, until he catches her reading her dead

mother's "forbidden" books. Here are two major motifs: the first, the hidden book or manuscript, a retreat of sensual delights which will get the writer or reader into serious trouble if discovered; the second, the problematical relationship between father and daughter. In this world, virgin daughters are precious jewels, and used daughters are rubbish.

Josephine, horrified by her father's rage, retreats into a convent. There she stays for the next 20 years, hoping to save her soul from the flames. Then, like St Teresa of Avila (by whose writings Roberts says she was "partly inspired"), Josephine is granted an ecstatic vision of Jesus Christ. "He took her in his arms, and laid her close to his heart, so that she thought she would faint with joy."

But the vision nearly gets Josephine burned at the stake for heresy. To save herself, the authorities make her write a book of her life. Using all her arts of deception, she produces a document of feminine goody-goodness. "The priests were used to woman bowing and genuflecting in front of

them ... uttering formulae of limedness and humility. Josephine's self-abasement could have been read as boasts and irony and mockery but was not."

Far from it. The hated book is declared suitable reading for young Catholic girls. Josephine will not be burned, but she pays for her life by losing her visions and her faith. In secret, she begins to write another book which we never see, but guess to be a rich, subversive feast.

She leaves the convent for the house of her cousin, Magdalena: a sort of anti-convent set in a garden and dedicated to pleasure. Here, she consummates her love for her favourite priest, Father Lucian, and plans a new order of nuns which will cater to the real needs of women.

Roberts plait her stories together superbly, laying out words for their sheer deliciousness. It is easy to sink voluptuously into imagery so beautiful, but Michèle Roberts is too skilled a storyteller to let her prose distract from her tightly-controlled theme. *Impossible Saints*, like the life of a real saint, is dangerously close to perfection.

Keeping abreast of the issues

by Marcelle d'Argy Smith

The Princess: Machiavelli for women by Harriet Rubin, Bloomsbury, £12.99

is intended as a combat manual in three parts: "The Book of Strategy", "The Book of Tactics" and "The Book of Subtle Weapons".

You see, women live in a troubled and embattled domain". It's no good fighting for power at work and in relationships in the same way men do, because we'll go on losing. We'll need to fight another way. We need to learn about the vast wealth of our femininity: to be brilliantly disruptive, to use our bodies, our intellect and our looks.

We have to be spicier, create tension, accept presents, and understand there is only one strategy for a true princess: a combination of love and war. We have to learn not to fade into the background and, when in doubt, wear a long black dress, sunglasses and a wide-brimmed hat to meetings – everyone will remember you.

There are stories about or quotes from Diane Arbus, Walt Whitman, Montaigne, Mark Twain, Hannah Arendt, Rainer Maria Rilke, Golda Meir, E M Forster, Mrs Thatcher, Melanie Klein, George Eliot, Eleanor Roosevelt, Benazir Bhutto, Scheherezade, Lady Macbeth and many more to substantiate Rubin's theories and convince you you're not reading a book written by any old schiele. Hell – she even invokes Nelson Mandela's inaugural speech.

It'll be fascinating to see how Rubin conducts herself when she's over here on her book tour. Journalists and presenters should be prepared to interview a woman with a plumping neckline who's dabbing the tears from her eyes while flashing an emerald knuckleduster. You see, truly powerful women know that "Tears are a freedom of speech issue", "Jewels talk" and "A woman's breasts are a source of hidden power". Groundbreaking, or what?



Saint's day taken from 'Paintings of the Vatican' (Little, Brown)

rock
saints

George MacKay Brown



Rock saints

Patricia Craig has a windy time on Skellig

Sun Dancing: a medieval vision by Geoffrey Moorhouse, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £18.99

The Skelligs are a group of rocks rising out of the sea about 20 miles south of the Blaskets, off the Kerry coast in South-West Ireland. The larger rock, Great Skellig or Skellig Michael, rears up dramatically to 714 feet; and it was here, towards the end of the Sixth Century, that a group of monks established the tiny anchorite colony which miraculously endured for nearly 700 years.

Around 1222, as mysteriously as they'd arrived, the monks abandoned the stronghold to gannets and stormy petrels. All that survives of this early Christian experiment in asceticism is the remains of stone beehive huts and oratories which cling to the cliff-face like giant molluscs. All that survives in material terms, that is, is intractable and all but inaccessible. Skellig Michael exerts a profound attraction on the imaginations of those susceptible to its associations. Among them Geoffrey Moorhouse, who first caught sight of the Skelligs over 30 years ago, and now attempts first to reconstruct the lives of several waves of hermit monks, and then to dispense information concerning monastic practices, Irish social arrangements, medieval craftsmanship, barbaric medical experiments, the Four Masters and all the rest of it.

Sun Dancing begins in AD 588, with a monk named Finnian and a few companions impelled by some driving force towards the barren Atlantic sea-rock. Their aim, and the aim of their successors, was in purest of their lives of human comfort and ambition in the interests of attaining purification. These anchorites followed a regime as purgatorial as possible, replete with self-induced sleeplessness, semi-starvation, self-abasement and the constant danger of being blown right off their rocky perch by a violent gust of wind. During the Ninth Century they were also a target for Viking predators after ecclesiastical plunder. The quatrain praising a stormy night – "Since tonight the wind is high/The sea's white mane a fury/I need not fear the hordes of Hell/Coursing the Irish Channel" – might as readily have been composed by a monk on the Skellig as anyone else.

The title of Geoffrey Moorhouse's book seems greatly at odds with the misery and stoicism enacted on the island; but in fact the phenomenon referred to – the hoped-for sighting at Easter of some unusual solar movement – was tied up in the minds of believers with celestial rejoicing over Christ's Resurrection. Moorhouse, we may take it, is trying to elucidate both the impulse towards martyrdom of these early anchorites, along with the Christian exultation they hoped to achieve, and the persistent allure of the site of their exorbitant privations.

The fictionalised incidents he recounts are plausible, and he's garnered a good stock of information about medieval monasticism. But the mind-set of the Skellig hermits remains incomprehensible. It was all, as Louis MacNeice has it in relation to the Ancient Greeks, "so unimaginably different, and all so long ago".

the virgin and the gypsy



Free, wild and individual: Romany gypsies stage their own Derby in May, 1933

PHOTOGRAPH: HULTON GETTY

Jan Morris delves into the family history of a neo-gypsy philanderer

Anthony Sampson has always been a surprising man. Westminster, Christ Church and Royal Navy, he was an unlikely editor of the irrepressible black magazine *Drum* in the South Africa of the 1950s. The son of a lifelong ICI company man, his streak of subtle irreverence, even puckishness, has given unexpected excitement to his best-selling works about political economy and big business.

Even so it comes as a shock to discover, from this most delightful of his books, that he is the grandson of a neo-gypsy philanderer whose pagan funeral ceremony made the front pages of the *Daily Mirror*. I say "neo-gypsy" because John Sampson (1862-1931) was not merely a supreme authority on Romany language and culture, but so dearly wished to be a gypsy himself that he spent long periods of his life wandering and roistering among the gypsy families of Wales. He was the first Librarian of the young University College of Liverpool, but this did not inhibit him on the contrary, the work of scholarship which arose from his eccentric meanderings. Sampson's *Dialect of the Gypsies of Wales*, made him an academic celebrity of European stature.

He was by no means unique in his passion for the gypsy life. Philology was all the rage when he was a young man, encouraging a new interest in the origins and nature of the gypsies, while George Borrow's classic books about the Romanies had created a cult following. This was popularly personified by Augustus John, a lifelong friend of Sampson's, and it was given some formal status by the Gypsy Lore Society (a body of such lasting and eclectic influence that when, in 1953, I wrote a slapdash article about

The Scholar Gypsy by Anthony Sampson, John Murray, £16

the gypsies for *The Times*, I was taken aback to discover that the paper's famously ascetic editor, Sir William Haley, was an enthusiastic member).

So grand-père Sampson rambled incongruously and colourfully through life, assiduous in his University duties, indefatigable in his studies of the Romany language, addicted to the wind on the beach. His blameless conventional wife Margaret was induced to go and live, with their three children, in an isolated Welsh village with gypsy associations, and there at weekends and in the holidays Sampson would bring his mixed bag of friends, male and female – artists, scholars, researchers and lots of gypsies, who sang, drank, played harps and fiddles and generally lived it up in and out of Sampson's gypsy caravan "Esmeralda".

They called him "The Rai" – the Gentleman Gypsy – and Anthony Sampson portrays him with an endearing mixture of affection, scepticism and astonishment, with a touch of reproach thrown in. He was certainly a rum fellow to have as a granddad, and the pictures in the book, showing him amongst a gallimaufry of friends, colleagues and boldly whiskered oomads, are oddly disturbing. In a fine drawing by Augustus John, when the Rai was about 40, he looks like your ideal Arnoldian Scholar gypsy: unshaven, unkempt, with a gleam of yearning in his eye and a properly poetic expression of eager *tristesse*. By the time he is 65, though, and ready to pose for a formal photograph, something much more enigmatic appears. He wears *pince-nez*,

now holds a pipe in his hand and is fairly portly; but his *air* is skew-whiff and no smiles at the cameraman in a curiously self-amused, secretive and ambiguous way.

This is perhaps because he was by then a bigamist. Much-loved by his family and friends, adored and admired by the gypsies, a stalwart of the University, a scholar revered by philologists everywhere, but a down-to-earth, two-timing bigamist. Even Anthony Sampson, it seems, was surprised to discover this disconcerting circumstance when he set out to explore his grandfather's life. He had long thought there was something queer about the old boy. There was his own father's reluctance to talk about him. There was the unexplained "Aunt Mary" who sometimes turned up at the family home. Rumours of loose living gave spice to the great scholar's reputation. And it is not everyone's grandfather whose ashes are scattered on a Welsh mountainside to a recitation by Augustus John, smoking a cigarette, and the music of gypsy fiddles and harps – "twanging a plaintive melody", as one reporter put it.

Anthony Sampson sub-titles his book "The Quest for a Family Secret", and much of it is based upon a long trawl through the archives of the University of Liverpool, but to be honest it is not much of a mystery story. I guessed the truth very early on, and even identified the bigamous wife long before the book's denouement. This does not matter in the least. It is a lovely book, full of fun, colour and surprise. The lost world of the rural gypsy is beautifully evoked, and incidental pleasures abound, from the soldiers' version of *Tipperary* ("It's the wrong way to tickle Mary") to the roster of knife-grinders, tawers and hurdy-gurdy men who frequented the Liverpool underworld of the 1880s.

Of course the legal Mrs Sampson was upset to discover that he had married somebody else, too – who would not be, deposited in Berw-Gwerful-Goch while your eminent husband sported himself under an assumed name with a research assistant in Liverpool? Anthony Sampson's father, the Rai's only son (a decorated and much-wounded hero, by the way, of World War One), seems to have been sadly affected by the liaison, which he never revealed to his own children. But such was the Rai's evident charm that he remained in friendly enough contact with his true wife until the day he died, and the mysterious "Aunt Mary", who turned out to be his illegitimate daughter by the Other Woman, pursued a well-balanced and successful scholarly career of her own.

As for the readers of this book, I defy anyone to think ill of old John Sampson for long. He was your true romantic. He loved things free and wild and individual, and he did lasting honour to the gypsy nation by studying its language and its culture with such heartfelt scholarly devotion. Anthony Sampson says that the Rai was sharing "the last fling of the Romantic movement before the 20th century closed in upon it", but I think he would have made himself quite at home in our own times. He would have climbed the trees with the road protesters, he would laugh with Eddie Izzard, and he would surely have been in his element in the company of his grandson Anthony, drinking brandy and talking subversion with the merry black wits and bravos of Johannesburg.

Tailor-made for the Orkneys

James Fergusson applauds the lantern-jawed Homer of the North

George Mackay Brown was a writer whose voice was heroic and unmistakable – a miniature northern Homer. He wrote poems, short stories, novels, plays, reworking storylines, revisiting his characters, like a thirfty bard of oral tradition. His world was one of farmers and fishermen, the period as likely to be the 12th as the 20th century.

That he placed that world 750 miles from the British capital, in those Orkneys he hardly ever left, confused the metropolitan critics. When shortlisted for the 1994 Booker Prize for *Beside the Ocean of Time* (he declined to attend the award ceremony) he was the butt of that sort of patronising concern which only the London critic can bestow. Editors despatched reporters to doorstep the "recluse". Brown did not want his autobiography published in his lifetime. When he died last April, the Scottish newspapers devoted leaders to him; even the southern papers were decorated with bold obituary pictures of that lantern jaw, those teasing eyes. The mysteries persisted: the English remained perplexed by his defiant self-sufficiency, the Scots acknowledged that, despite his prolific output, there was much unknown about him. What was it about Orkney? Why did he never marry? Was there a secret sadness?

Brown's deft prose dances around these questions. He gives no direct answers. But within the tentative pages of *For the Islands I Sing* can be discerned the lineaments of answers: unaffected, often unfashionable, sometimes a trifle perverse.

The younger son of a tailor and postman in the port of Stromness, he was still at school (the rails against the Scottish educational system – what is it to "better oneself", he asks?) when he suffered the first twinges of tuberculosis. His status as semi-invalid set him apart and the recurrence of the disease ("my ancient ally") defined his somewhat barren CV: born 1921, no war service, no job, attended university only in his late thirties. He lived with his mother and, it emerges, took to the bottle. Born in a town that had voted itself "dry", he admired the "wild precarious freedom" of the drinking man.

Brown was the lubricant of his years at Newbattle Abbey, the college of adult education run by his fellow Orcadian Edwin Muir. His bar life at Milne's and the Abbotsford with Norman Mac-

For the Islands I Sing: an autobiography by George Mackay Brown, John Murray, £16

Craig, Sydney Goodwin Smith and the boys is the sub-plot of his six years at Edinburgh University. It was in the Abbotsford that he met Stella Cartwright, "the Muse of Rose Street", a tragic figure of whom he writes with love, the nearest we find to a secret sadness.

Brown defies curiosity with modesty, stops questions before they are asked. "The lives of artists are as boring and also as uniquely fascinating as any or every other life," he says. Their works are not their own but the product of their whole community. In his own Orkney, there is evidence of continual habitation for over 5,000 years; he is merely another craftsman (like his cutter father) at the parish pump. Again, "Reality is the enemy of the imagination": he foresees the metropolitan (the cosmopolitan) critic. Was Shakespeare ever in Elsinore or Dunstable? Was Homer ever in Troy?

Pervading the crisp prose of George Mackay Brown is an elegant pessimism which might have a tendency to long-term gloom, were it not for the surprising low fire of his religious faith. Brown – perverse again, for it is almost unheard of in an Orcadian – was a Roman Catholic, a convert, for whom the potent imagery of the first church (Orkney being alive with antique Christian settlements) does good service, notably in his remarkable 1973 novel *Magnus*. His is a faith of obedience – "They will be done" – but also of unusual cheer and hope. "We are all one, saint and sinner," he concludes. "Everything we do sets the whole world of creation trembling, with light or with darkness. It is an awesome thought, that a good word spoken might help a beggar in Calcutta or a burning child in Burundi; or conversely. But there is a beauty and simplicity in it, sufficient to touch our finite minds."

Beauty and simplicity – Keats's truth and beauty – for him were enough.

THE COMMANDING SELF

IDRIES SHAH

The Commanding Self is based on tales, lectures, question-and-answer sessions, letters and interviews. Uniquely, it forms both an introduction to Sufi thought and clarifies many of the now-superseded ancient classics.

This philosophy claims to be the inner part or essence of every religion . . . Here is the real thing, alive and full of juice and energy. People tempted to sample this pretty astonishing phenomenon could not do better than try this book. The Times, London

ISBN 0 863040 70 5 Price £6.85 pbk

OCTAGON PRESS
P.O. Box 227 London N6 4EW



George Mackay Brown: 'Beauty and simplicity'

PHOTOGRAPH: PRESS AND JOURNAL

Paperbacks



By Christopher Hirst
and Emma Hagestadt

Stephen Spielberg by John Baxter (HarperCollins, £8.99) Baxter's biography reminds us that Spielberg's effortless rise from suburban geek to Tinseltown titan was not without hiccups. At one stage, *Jaws* went three times over budget, while a plane crash for the turkey *1941* was reshot three times at \$1 million a time. Though capable of substantial works like *Empire of the Sun*, this obnoxious tycoon is happier with the cartoon style of *Jurassic Park*. Despite his sentimental *œuvre*, Spielberg emerges as graceless and cold.

The Travels of a Fat Building by George Courtauld (Abacus, £7.99) Once a salesman for the Loveable Bra Co, the author is now a Queen's Messenger and roams the world (first class) at our expense. Never has this country made a wiser investment. His travel diary is stylish, droll, acute, fast-moving (from Barbados via Kenya to China inside 20 pages). A lover of graveyards, Courtauld is also an avid collector of recondite gen: how to murder your husband (powdered glass in his demerara sugar); a Mongolian curse ("May your wife's armpits be full of lice").

R D Laing: a divided self by John Clay (Sceptre, £7.99) Though occasionally invaded by the opacities of the trade, this portrait of the Sixties guru by a fellow analyst is an enthralling read. The Puckish shrink - seductive (he fathered 10 children), combative and grotesquely egocentric - springs to life in these pages, whether sinking a bottle of vodka in five minutes or lobbing a brick through the window of a sect's HQ. While his views "are now generally discredited", it is evident that Laing had a profound rapport with his patients.

Georgiana by Brian Masters (Allison & Busby, £10.99) Before the author devoted his energies to chronicling *grand guignol*, he conjured up this engrossing account of Georgiana Spencer (an ancestor of our own Diana) who, aged 17, married the lumpy Duke of Devonshire in 1774. With an aristocratic disdain for convention, they established a *ménage à trois* with Lady Elizabeth Foster which lasted happily for two decades. Georgiana's circle ranged from Charles James Fox to Marie-Antoinette. But behind the dazzling, she gambled away £60,000 a year. Masters maintains a zippy pace, while guiding the reader through the maze of high society.

The Wisdom of Bones by Alan Walker and Pat Shipman (Phoenix, £7.99) This book about paleoanthropology (the interpretation of ancient human bones) demonstrates the danger of popularisation. The authors' introduction is marred by weak dialogue, character sketches and academic bitchiness. The book takes off in the second half with Walker's thrilling account of his major Kenyan discoveries: a female hominid who poisoned herself 1.7 million years ago and a male skeleton which proved that early humans lacked the power of speech.

Kindling does for Firewood by Richard King (Allen & Unwin, £6.99) Two young urbanites meet in a Melbourne bookstore and take turns telling the story of their short-lived relationship. Their recollections are littered with references to sexual performance and Winona Ryder's pubic hair. Smart, funny dialogue and not one mention of surfing or the beach. Winner of the 1995 Australian/Vogel literary prize.

The Lagoon by Janet Frame (Bloomsbury, £6.99) First published in 1951, Janet Frame's debut collection saved her from the neuro-surgeon's knife. Her stories of sister-love, bright New Zealand gardens, a pair of cherished childhood pyjamas and mean-spirited loony bins are startlingly contemporary; it's hard to believe they were written over 40 years ago.

Audiobooks



Audiobooks of great literary classics can do much more than tempt the uninitiated towards the real thing. Miriam Margolese's reading of this decently long abridgement of *Portrait of a Lady* (BBC, 5 Shrs, £12.99), trimmed evocatively with Henry James's inimitable aphorisms and subtle character development to send me straight to the book itself.

Christina Hardwicke

NEW AUTHORS
PUBLISH YOUR WORK
ALL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED
Fiction, Non-Fiction, Biography, Religious
Poetry, Plays, Short Stories
AUTHORS WORLDWIDE
WRITERS WORLDWIDE
WRITE OR SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPT TO
MINISTRY PRESS LTD, 2 OLD BROMPTON RD, LONDON SW7 3DG



Student vigil in Tiananmen Square: 'slogans, rumours, poetry and pop music'

Square-bashing summer

Caroline Moorehead praises the courage of a young Chinese writer

Anyone involved in literature in China," observes Lin Ying, the young heroine of *Summer of Betrayal*, "was bound to come to an unhappy end". The novel has not been published in China, where Hong Ying's work is banned as too erotic and too political. She lives in London. Her earlier futuristic trilogy, *For Goes the Girl* - a fantasy woven around the theme of minorities, both sexual and cultural - did appear in China some years ago, but only heavily censored. For writers and dissidents, China has not moved far since the crackdown in Tiananmen Square.

Lin Ying is a poet, a girl from China's remote countryside with a harsh past and a great deal of talent, who has won a place on a prestigious writing course at Beijing University. During the spring of 1989 she finds herself drawn into the ranks of the students pushing for democratic reform. She joins their vigil in Tiananmen Square, looks at the slogans, listens to rumours, poetry and pop music.

When the tanks arrive, early on June 4, she is among those who succeed in getting away. She reaches home, the flat in the *People's Daily* compound she shares with the journalist responsible for rescuing her from the anonymity of the provinces, only to find him in bed with his former wife.

Later, having again fled through the streets piled high with the debris of

Summer of Betrayal by Hong Ying, Bloomsbury, £14.99

smashed cars and bicycles, she takes refuge with a young critic called Li Jiangang, in the dormitory of his institute.

Outside, in the streets, the tanks and army trucks patrol: there are reports of arrests, suicides, the hunting of wanted student leaders. The mood is one of blame and incrimination, as newspapers and magazines are closed down and culprits for "rectification" sought by "culture officials" who declare that the nation should no longer waste money on degenerate writers, producing trash ordinary people neither understand nor wish to read.

Inside, against this background of menace, in Li Jiangang's tiny room and in the larger flats of more established writers and painters, Lin Ying pursues her erotic fantasies. It is a very different China from the austere country dimly visible from the west. Here, young and successful intellectuals worry whether the people they are married to are faithful, watch pornographic videos about male prostitutes and experiment with new art forms using their own bodies as paintbrushes. The women scoff at the sexual prowess of their "illustrious" and "radiant" men.

Almost half the Chinese poets who began writing in the 1980s, as well as a quarter of the novelists, are said to be living

today in exile abroad. Among these are some who criticise writers like Hong Ying for producing novels that have moved too far from their roots in traditional Chinese culture, and whose works have so little to do with China that they could belong anywhere. In *Summer of Betrayal* - even if some of its scenes could come straight from Paris and the French student protests of 1968 - Hong Ying cleverly sets her narrative against the battles between old and young, the hardcore Communist leaders and their wayward artistic children testing the freedom of the west. Her few, well-placed, details of Chinese student life, interspersed with flashbacks to the hardships of the 1960s and 1970s, are sharp and evocative. She is also good at the literary fashions, dictated by the politics of the day, whether the "realism" that celebrated the Communist Party, or the "folksy sentimental" that followed, or the "twists and turns" of the "dark rain of individualism" of the *avant-garde* writers, increasingly under assault in the later 1980s.

For her heroine Lin Ying, there is really no choice. She observes her friends debating whether to go abroad and concludes that to go would be to lose her identity as a "Chinese language poet". In such a frankly autobiographical novel - Hong Ying herself was born in 1962, towards the end of the great famine, the daughter of a boatman on the Yangtze River, studied writing in Beijing and left China in the wake of Tiananmen Square - the reasons her heroine gives for staying have a poignant ring.

Behind the stories of sexual exploitation lie serious issues about modern China. Not least is the split that has divided the Chinese in exile about the events of Tiananmen Square. Hong Ying has several of her characters attack the student protest, arguing that democracy was advancing in China at its own pace and that the confrontation of June 1989 served only to provoke a clampdown and return the Chinese authorities to a more repressive stand. China might well be a liberal country today, one character observes, had it been allowed to progress at its own speed.

In her search for a place in modern Chinese society, Lin Ying is not altogether a sympathetic figure. For all her self-awareness her hardness and egotism are chilling, her metaphors uncomfortable. "Above and below" she muses, as she contemplates her own future, "were wolves, blood fangs bared, anticipating. Two mice were slowly gnawing through the vine". But the picture *Summer of Betrayal* paints of Beijing in the aftermath of Tiananmen Square is remarkably vivid. To write such a book, so clearly a fictionalised account of her own life, knowing how it will be viewed in China today takes considerable courage.

Reader, why did she marry him?

Carol Birch enjoys a domestic drama

The Little House by Philippa Gregory, HarperCollins, £16.99

If it hasn't already been done, someone should write a thesis on the influence of pop psychology on the modern novel. I keep being arrested mid-sentence by a sudden impression that what I'm reading is a case history. Novelists are obsessively analytical, but the irony is that this leads down predetermined avenues that have already been so thoroughly explored that things become too simple. Philippa Gregory's readable and insistently gripping new novel could be summed up as being about a post-natal depression that harks back to unresolved childhood trauma. Fair enough: it's a language we understand, but it does make for predictability.

For this reason, Ruth Cleary, central character of *The Little House*, is far less interesting than her mother-in-law, the frighteningly charming and helpful Elizabeth who is never fully explained to us. She just does what she does, with fatal consequences.

Orphaned and uprooted as a child, Ruth is now married to handsome TV presenter Patrick. An ambitious and confident radio journalist at the start, she allows herself to be bamboozled by his domineering family into an unwanted pregnancy and the role of "little Ruth" in the little house at the end of their drive - popping pills and weeping, unable to cope with her screaming baby. Step by relentless step, the implacable triumvirate of Patrick, Elizabeth and nice old buffer Frederick patronise Ruth to the point of madness, separating her from friends, career, baby and will, until therapy steps in like a rescuing knight.

Ruth's sanity is frequently affirmed by herself and her analysts. However, I found myself doubting the wits of a woman who could marry a man whose idea of seduction is to call her "Mrs Cleary" while trying to get her into bed. This raises a question that recurs in books about put-upon women. Why on earth did she marry him in the first place? Why on earth is she so wet? Philippa Gregory goes out of her way to give sound psychological reasons for it all, but Patrick's creepiness is made so glaringly obvious that it remains hard to see how Ruth missed it.

The Little House is described as a chiller, but this is misleading. Chilling it is, but only in retrospect. First and foremost it is a domestic drama. Gregory is never better than when chronicling the horrors of supermarket shopping with a vomiting baby, or cranking up murderous resentment over such things as the choice of curtain material. Steadily paced and well sustained, the book builds convincingly to an awful act. It subtly undermines itself at the very end, when, having sold us the metaphor of human beings as fizzy pop ("it's bottling it up that's crazy, letting it out is sane"), it proceeds to the consequences of Ruth's uncorking and leaves us with the impression that, while she is cured in the superficial sense, a silent plunge into yet deeper psychosis is only just beginning.

Strasbourg goose chase

Tim Parks writes about rancorous males. Is it any wonder? asks Nick Wroe

Europa by Tim Parks, Secker, £9.99

Europa, Tim Parks's eighth novel, features a triumphantly merciless return to his specialist subject of male rancour after a couple of comparatively soft-hearted recent excursions. Parks's last novel, *Mimi's Ghost*, was merely a very black comedy featuring a serial killer in the Veneto and in *An Italian Education*, his follow-up to the best-selling *Italian Neighbours*, he delivered an unblinking dissection of the foibles of his family and friends as well as of his adopted countrymen.

Europa, delivered with Parks's customary technical brilliance, deals with the doomed quest for ideals; whether in love, philosophy or the European Union.

Jerry Marlowe, forty-something English language lecturer at the University of Milan, is a delegate travelling to petition the European parliament in Strasbourg about the poor treatment of foreign lecturers in Italy. Through his jaundiced eye Parks lays bare the confusions of a certain type of

modern mind-set. Marlowe is racked as much by self-disgust as by contempt for the things he sees around him. On an uncomfortable journey for a cause he doesn't believe in for an institution he thinks probably shouldn't exist, most of his trip is spent mentally re-running the break-up of an affair. And all because he glimpsed his former mistress's name, perhaps written with the same pen as a male colleague, on the list of petitioners when he was asked to sign up.

It has been said that the true nature of Parks's gift is ventriloquy, an unusual power to assume appropriate voices. In the character of Jerry he has once again conjured an utterly unattractive and deeply convincing man. The self-destructive nature of his rancour is agonisingly teased out as he realises that he's actually got nothing against the idea of the European Union or happy marriage or any of the other things that so appal him. What he objects to is other people's ingenuous subscription to these things.

Parks deftly and chillingly reflects Jerry's constant revision of his own thoughts



Tim Parks: 'technical brilliance'

The tattooed lines beside either ear of the guy doing the gig are rumoured to represent the cut marks made on a corpse when the brain is removed prior to embalming. Star turn, Richard (X2O) Beard is leaning on the bar, calmly smoking a fag and downing a pint. I am standing in a pool of green light being turned in mike technique by the DJ, thinking of the story I've just been told about the novelist who was hoisted off because "he sounded as if he was reading from a book".

It's the launch of the first Brighton Festival Literary Fringe and, although writer-in-residence, I'm experiencing a decidedly unfriendly-like nostalgia for the days when such events inevitably took place in bookshops or institutes of higher learning, light shows away from the E-mail inspired concept of the literary gig.

The spoken word circuit is the new review route, however, and the hookshop reading is beginning to lack appeal for the mainstream as well as the street. Two days into the Festival, Chatty cancels historian Stella Tillyard's appearance at Waterstones, due to the shop's inability to guarantee audience numbers. Meanwhile, there's a "world-class line-up" of writers at the Royal Festival Hall. Next week Witt Self is playing Filthy McNasty's. A snazzy venue and showbiz-style promotional package are becoming all-important.

"We're lucky. Usually we can couple Tom's Raymond Chandler with showings of the films," remarks Tom Hiney's publicist, when he comes down to do a talk. "Otherwise, maybe we'd have to teach him to juggle."

For our Brighton Authors Night I've got to choose a piece of music

A week in books

Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday
Sunday

that "goes with" my novels. Ideally, I'd be multi-media. Chemical generation writer, O, who's performing at The Lift, refers to his book *Deadheat* as a "remix". His publicity

announcements include a website. Lit gig veteran, Fred, tells me that some writers employ props. Such as? "Well one uses a gin bottle." This, I find I can relate to.

Performance is what it's about though. If much of the vocabulary is borrowed from screen, stage and studio it's scarcely surprising since the abilities required are those of the rock singer, actor or stand-up - delivery, voice modulation, timing - skills not traditionally associated with prose writers. Pithy, bite-size examples are called for. Tricky if you're dealing with plot and causal relationships. Easier if a video-clip approach is there from the start. So many pages written to equal so many minutes. Like the talking book, the gig circuit piece caters to the demands of a vast and burgeoning semi-literate market.

As it turns out, the audience is benign. Maybe they're all stoned. Perhaps the acid-tongued lit crits who terrorise the Brighton Festival venues are otherwise occupied. Or possibly, it occurs to me a few props later, I'm not too bad at this. Which could be crucial, with Literature metamorphosing into Word, and a new oral era giving every sign of dawning.

Catherine Feeney

Brussels from £69

travel & outdoors



Censors and sensibilities

Never go to Cannes at Festival time. Not if you are British and short of a franc or two. One young producer tells me she and her colleagues take it in shifts to use the bed in their flat. Sheets and towels are rarely supplied. And they have to look good in the evening to flit with the doormen to gain entrance to the Hollywood networking parties. What is a poor girl on the make to do?

Prices in the South of France are not modest: £350 for a room, £10 for a drink on the terrace. Everyone talks film and oohing but film. Men-to-theatre or a oovel and you're a pariah.

There is a pecking order, too, starting with Hollywood's most glamorous, theo moving to France's artist and ending well down the scale with the Brits. (Perhaps the French have tried the only bad cup of coffee in town, the one served at the British pavilion.)

It is easy to get sucked in to this cultural snobbery. Cruising around for a glimpse of Sigourney Weaver, Demi Moore or Kim Basinger, I ignored a perfectly pleasant-looking middle-aged blonde woman seeking a life in the rain. It was only 20 seconds later, and too late, that I realised I had just driven past and spurned Helen Mirren.

After that the only escape was to the hills. The Mimosa camp site is the South of France we remember from childhood - tents and mobile homes, courting couples, German students and Dutch Morris dancers. Sure enough, in orange costumes they practice by their caravan every morning before going down to the festival to entertain the film-goers.

And that courting couple are not whispering sweet oothings. "Remember," she tells him. "Three scotenes, no more, sound confident." "I know, I know," he replies. "It's a conventional love story but it's set on the road and the background music is all blues." They are, to use the word I have heard a thousand times this week and never wish to hear again, practising their "pitch".

There is no escape. For miles around everyone here is focused and obsessive. I go back to town to the Majestic Hotel where even the waiters pitch the menus. But in the corner sits a

Feathers and DJ unruffled, David Lister asserts his right to a better place in the pecking order at Cannes

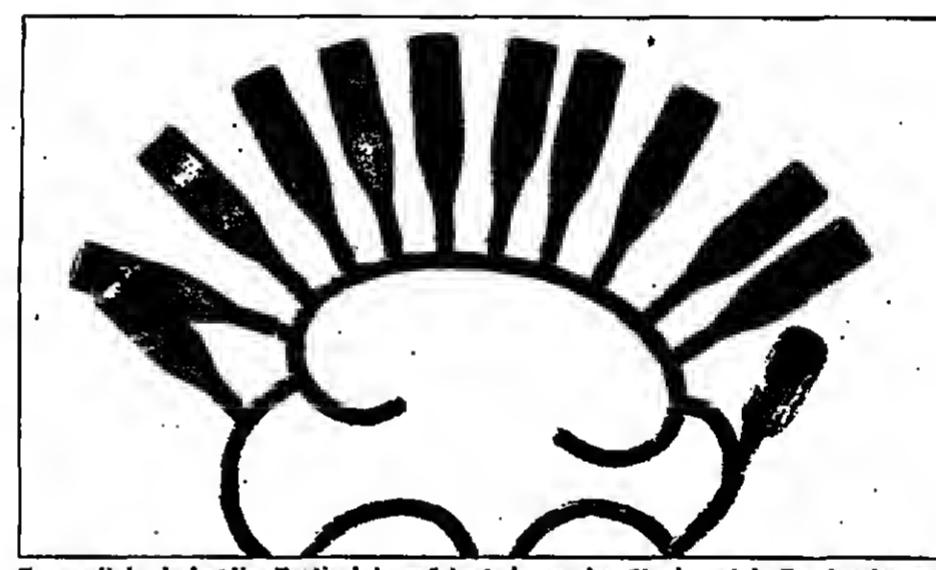
genial old man on his own, smoking a cigar. A genuine tourist at last. I chat to him. It turns out he is 90. If that turns out he is making a film. It is Britain's own Lew Grade. "Isn't about time you slowed down, Lew," I asked.

"I have," he replied. "I use to start work at six every morning. Now I start at seven."

This may be the South of France but it is a tourist-free zone.

Film critics are notoriously and globally bonkers. In Cannes one gets to understand why. Cinema-going should be a nocturnal activity enjoyed with family or friends. Not here. To see the daily screenings we tramp up the red-carpeted open-air grand staircase of the lavish Palais des Festivals, muttering to our lonely selves, stomachs rumbling, just after eight in the morning.

That way madness lies. And it manifests itself three hours later at the daily bout of international psychotranslation, euphemistically called the daily press conference, where film



Fever pitch: during the Festival, hopefuls go to any lengths to catch directors' eyes - Marilyn wigs, top, are de rigueur. Above, wine bar entrance

PHOTOGRAPH: BRIAN HARRIS

critics from around the world interrogate, or rather prostrate, themselves before their heroes. The following "question" from the USA's *Entertainment Today* is not untypical: "I loved this film so much I'm almost in tears over it."

A woman from Lebanon startled Charlton Heston by addressing him: "You are a god in my country. You are my father, my mother, my sister and my brother." Heston has indeed been on first-name terms with God in some of his movies, but not, until now, has he been anyone's mum. My colleagues from the British tabloids sit in bemused silence at these daily events, unschooled in the ways of unstinting praise.

It would help if film-going did not have to be such a fashion statement here. I turned down a ticket to one of the nightly premières rather than risk a ritual humiliation at the top of the grand staircase, thrown back down to the leering throngs on the Croisette below by a door-

man who spotted that my dinner jacket was more than five years old. These ritual humiliations seem to be reserved for the British. One film-maker told me that she was barred from entering the cinema because she was in leggings. "But that French woman in front of me is wearing leggings, too," she protested. "Oui," replied the doorman, "mais elle a du style."

Fortunately anti-fashion reared its welcome head in the shape of the director Alan Parker, fresh from making vast sums with *Evita* and thus able to turn up to the swishiest parties in slacks and shirt hanging over his belly. He reminisced graphically about his days on the Cannes jury. He turned up late for one film, a typical Scandinavian number, and a 68-year-old Danish lady was supplied to translate for him. "There were just the two of us in the cinema, sitting next to each other," he recalled. "And she kept saying things like 'Your penis is poetry'." Not a memory that featured in the official 50th anniversary brochure, curiously enough.

And the Golden Gaffe goes to...

The Festival invariably produces a gaffe or two. None will ever surpass the one by Stephen Dorrell when he was Heritage Secretary two years ago and came here and referred to the beautiful French actress Jeanne Moreau as "that distinguished Frenchman". If they nearly ended any hope of European unity, this year's Festival director, Gilles Jacob, went for intercontinental conflict. Reacting furiously to Ingmar Bergman refusing to come to Cannes to collect a special award, he said "What does he think this is, some little Japanese Festival" - which went down well with the Japanese contingent here.

But winning gaffe this year stays with Britain. Simon Perry, head of British Screen, invited 20 of Britain's leading young actors and actresses here to parade British glamour and talent before the world. He left off the list Marie-Jean-Baptiste who would not only been the sole black face, but more pertinently was Oscar nominated for *Secrets And Lies*. She had never been to Cannes and was both angry and devastated - and rightly so.

Can't sleep. Get up at 5am. Eveo then pitchers are scurrying by. I stop out. It is Amanda Brown, who made a Carlton TV documentary on cinema organs last year. She says she has to get up this time to get in line outside the Paramount office to pitch a new script to an executive eight hours later.

"They'll probably listen, and take the idea back to LA and give it to someone more experienced," she sighs. And when she gets back to England everyone will envy the glamorous time she had.

A lesson for impromptu performers on the Croisette. What people want here, what they really, really want, is to catch a glimpse of movie stars and movie directors. When the Spice Girls broke into a beachside performance for French TV a crowd gathered, watched, glimpsed Tim Burton standing on a balcony on the other side of the road. The crowd frowned, wrestled with the consciences, then made for the director of *Batman and Mars Attacks*. Its director power, girls. Don't worry, it hasn't caught on in Britain.

WORLDCOVER

ANNUAL TRAVEL INSURANCE
CALL US ON 0800 365 121

Brussels

from

£69_{rtn}

Cologne

from

£75_{rtn}

Istanbul

from

£159_{rtn}

Munich

from

£79_{rtn}

Singapore

from

£399_{rtn}

Call now or see your travel agent. All fares listed are return from London. All fares may be subject to limited availability and travel periods. Passenger taxes excluded. For details and conditions see ITV Teletext page 380, your travel agent or British Airways Travel Shop. Or book and pay at our internet site: <http://www.british-airways.com>

For these and many other World Offers call: 0345 222111

Book by 4th June '97.

WORLD OFFERS

BRITISH AIRWAYS

The world's favourite airline

Rome's magic circle

In its heyday, lions lunched on humans as a spectator sport. Now, writes Andrew Gumbel, man is biting back, along with the elements, and the Colosseum is crumbling

On a balmy recent spring afternoon in Rome, a sudden commotion seized hold of the crowds ambling their way around the Colosseum. One man swore he had seen some fragments of the building's northern flank. A cluster of other visitors gathered round to look for themselves. Someone even called the fire brigade.

False alarm, said the authorities, you must have been imagining things. But two hours later, the whole charade began again. This time, a tourist munching a sandwich fancied he had seen one of the Colosseum's many cracks widening. The fire brigade received another emergency call, and once again they felt themselves obliged to explain that every stone holding up Rome's emblematic monument was monitored by experts. Constantly. There was really nothing to be alarmed about.

And yet the Colosseum is an alarming place, especially for those who set eyes on it for the first time. If it was in heritage-conscious London, it

ing a tight, two-lane corner on the Via San Gregorio. Approach from the other side, and you are accosted by gypsy children, hustlers passing themselves off as authorised tourist guides, overpriced sandwich and soft drinks sellers, not to mention a sizeable percentage of the population of eastern Europe spilling out of their rickety tour coaches.

And that's before you even get inside. You can't walk out into the arena because the floor has been entirely eroded. You can barely make your way up into the stands to get a spectator's-eye view because, again, large chunks of alleyway simply are not there and many of the seats periodically blocked off by scaffolding. You read in your guidebooks all those ghoulish tales of perverse blood-sport and human sacrifice, but in reality you have to use your imagination *in situ* almost as much as you do when perusing the written page.

It takes a while to realise that the whole point of the Colosseum is that it is falling to pieces, indeed that it has been falling to pieces almost since the day it was built. Its strength derives from the fact that it is still standing despite the many vicissitudes of its history; its fascination the paradoxical notion of an irreversible decline preserved for ever.

The time-honoured proverb says that as long as the Colosseum stands, Rome will stand, and that when the Colosseum falls, not only will Rome fall, but the world will pass away with it. That may sound like an excuse for a dose of pre-millennial gloom, but it is worth bearing in mind that by the time the Venerable Bede first recorded the proverb in the eighth century, the Colosseum had already been ravaged by foreign invasions, fire, lightning, earthquakes and general looting.

When Byron gave his own version of the saying in the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold" more large chunks of Travertine marble had been plundered by Renaissance popes to build palaces, bridges and even part of St Peter's. The Romans themselves are at a loss to explain the durability of their most famous monument, "the ruin to beat all ruins" as one guidebook justly calls it. But unlike those tourists who imagined it was all about to come tumbling down around them the other day, the Romans have tended to tell themselves stories magnifying the mysterious longevity of the place. What to explain, for example, all the holes that pockmark every arch and every column of the exterior?

Historians and archeologists will tell you that these were made by metal cramps used to erect the amphitheatre in the first place; the various accounts of their disappearance vary from the routine (they were removed and used for other building projects according to Roman architectural practice) to the criminal (they were looted by Pope Constantine II in the seventh century).

But Roman legend tells quite a different story. When the Barbarians took over Rome, so the story goes, they resolved to destroy the Colosseum as the supreme symbol of the power of the old empire. The way they decided to do it was to gouge little holes all over the building and fill them with gunpowder in the hopes of blasting the whole thing to smithereens. The fuses were duly set, but the Colosseum did not cede so much as a single stone in the ensuing explosion. Awed by their clamorous failure, the Barbarians concluded that the place was indestructible and made no further attempts to attack it.

Never mind that this story is quite implausible – to start with, gunpowder was quite unknown to the hordes of Goths, Huns and Vandals who sacked Rome repeatedly over the course of the fifth century. The point is that the Colosseum is looked upon as a charmed monument, something that bestows good luck on the whole city. The place may now be besieged by pollution, traffic and endless epidemics of weeds, but they seem no more threatening than the ravages of centuries gone by. There are even plans to use the Colosseum in the 2004 Olympic Games, should Rome be lucky enough to win them, as a backdrop to the wrestling event.

Perhaps the key to the Colosseum's charm is to take Byron's advice and avoid it by day altogether. You may miss out on the guts of the place, the animal cages and prison cells where the gladiators anxiously waited their turn in the days of Emperor Titus. But you also avoid the holes and pockmarks, the sad quarry of the proud stadium's stolen glories, the sense of one of the world's great wonders scarred and mutilated. Come instead by night, when the moonlight is these days supplemented by the soft orange glow of spotlights that magically transforms the great hulk of brick and stone into the stuff of romantic dreams. As Byron wrote:

When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the first Caesar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Theo in this magic circle raise the dead;
Hence have trod this spot – 'tis on their dusty tread.

Decline of the Roman Empire: the Colosseum is all too palpably falling to pieces

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN HARRIS

would no doubt be isolated from the bustle of the modern city, surrounded by safety cordons and adorned with signs asking visitors not to take food or drink into a site at once so sacred and so profane. There might even be a special underground train taking visitors through the bowels of the stadium on a "Colosseum Experience", complete with waxwork gladiators, stuffed wild beasts and a soundtrack reproducing the cheers and hideous screams of ancient times.

But this is Rome, and the Colosseum you get is unapologetic, and all too palpably falling to pieces. Approach from one side, and you have to brave one of the most dangerous road crossings in the city, with Fiats and tourist buses career-

ing a tight, two-lane corner on the Via San Gregorio. Approach from the other side, and you are accosted by gypsy children, hustlers passing themselves off as authorised tourist guides, overpriced sandwich and soft drinks sellers, not to mention a sizeable percentage of the population of eastern Europe spilling out of their rickety tour coaches.

And that's before you even get inside. You can't

walk out into the arena because the floor has been

entirely eroded. You can barely make your way

up into the stands to get a spectator's-eye view

because, again, large chunks of alleyway simply

are not there and many of the seats periodically

blocked off by scaffolding. You read in your

guidebooks all those ghoulish tales of perverse

blood-sport and human sacrifice, but in reality you

have to use your imagination *in situ* almost as

much as you do when perusing the written page.

It takes a while to realise that the whole point

of the Colosseum is that it is falling to pieces,

indeed that it has been falling to pieces almost

since the day it was built. Its strength derives

from the fact that it is still standing despite the

many vicissitudes of its history; its fascination the

paradoxical notion of an irreversible decline

preserved for ever.

The time-honoured proverb says that as long as the Colosseum stands,

Rome will stand, and that when the Colosseum falls, not only will Rome fall, but the world will pass away with it.

That may sound like an excuse for a dose of pre-millennial gloom, but it is worth bearing in mind that by the time the Venerable Bede first recorded the proverb in the eighth century, the Colosseum had already been ravaged by foreign invasions, fire, lightning, earthquakes and general

looting. When Byron gave his own version of the saying in the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold" more large chunks of Travertine marble had been plundered by Renaissance popes to build palaces, bridges and even part of St Peter's. The Romans themselves are at a loss to explain the durability of their most famous monument, "the ruin to beat all ruins" as one guidebook justly calls it. But unlike those tourists who imagined it was all about to come tumbling down around them the other day, the Romans have tended to tell themselves stories magnifying the mysterious longevity of the place. What to explain, for example, all the holes that pockmark every arch and every column of the exterior?

Perhaps the key to the Colosseum's charm is to take Byron's advice and avoid it by day altogether. You may miss out on the guts of the place, the animal cages and prison cells where the gladiators anxiously waited their turn in the days of Emperor Titus. But you also avoid the holes and pockmarks, the sad quarry of the proud stadium's stolen glories, the sense of one of the world's great wonders scarred and mutilated. Come instead by night, when the moonlight is these days supplemented by the soft orange glow of spotlights that magically transforms the great hulk of brick and stone into the stuff of romantic dreams. As Byron wrote:

When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,

And the low night-breeze waves along the air

The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,

Like laurels on the first Caesar's head;

When the light shines serene but doth not glare,

Theo in this magic circle raise the dead;

Hence have trod this spot – 'tis on their dusty tread.

Decline of the Roman Empire: the Colosseum is all too palpably falling to pieces

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN HARRIS

TEL: 0171 293 2222

travel • italy, uk

FAX: 0171 293 2505

ITALY

The ~
ITALY
~ of your ~
DREAMS

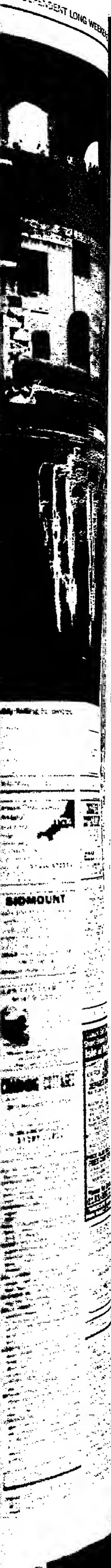
The Italian Lakes, The
Neapolitan Riviera,
Island, Cities and
Coach Tours.

Featuring Villas &
Hotels around the
Great Italian Lakes,
in all the Major Cities
throughout Tuscany
and Umbria and on
the beautiful Islands
of Elba and Sicily.
plus many more.

For a FREE 1997
brochure call us on
01235 824324

ASTA 1337 ATOL 1300

TRAVELSAFE
ITALY



Eat the dead donkey

In Mantua, northern Italy, Renaissance man meets avid carnivore, writes Harriet O'Brien

The weight watchers looked in pretty good shape. In fact we would have had slim reason to guess their common interest were it not for a welcoming sign to the International Weight Watchers' Reunion at the entrance of the chic little restaurant in Mantua. Dining out certainly seemed the ultimate in collective temptation and staunch self-denial, and as we tucked into steaming dishes of pasta and porcini we glanced with sympathy at the assembled calorie counters of Lombardy.

Yet perhaps they had good cause to be circumspect about the cuisine. Local taste in Mantua is regarded, even by other Italians, as more than mildly eccentric. Their principal peculiarity is *stracotto di asino*, or braised donkey, but they also concoct strange brews of broth – with generous helpings of Lambrusco added for good measure.

Such culinary habits, so the guide books informed us, became standard fare during the three centuries when the Gonzaga family ruled Mantua and the outlying area. From the early years of the 14th century until 1630 (when Hapsburg troops sacked the city), the dog-loving, horse-mad Gonzaga dukes held court with flourish – and, of course, their influence extended out just to hunting, food and finances, but also fine art. Dietary considerations aside, you come to Mantua to see the remaining legacy of the Gonzagas, feasting on the visual riches of Leo Battista Alberti, Andrea Mantegna and Giulio Romano.

Mantua might not come top of the tourist list in northern Italy. Most of its movable treasures have long since been



siphoned off by Florence's Uffizi and other galleries. And set in a flat, marshy landscape, it can hardly boast attractive surroundings. Yet the ancient heart of the city contains lovely streets and handsome, intriguing buildings such as the medieval church of the Rotonda di San Lorenzo built in a perfect circle, the elegant clock tower of the Palazzo della Ragione. It is also a relatively peaceful place, unless you arrive at the very height of summer when you won't get down

down by hordes of hasty sightseers. For

the most part those who visit Mantua come with the quiet intent of admiring the art and architecture of three great men of the Renaissance.

Musician, playwright, mathematician, athlete, architect (the list goes on), Leon Battista Alberti came unnervingly close to being the ideal Renaissance man. He designed his big, bold church of San Andrea in the city's old centre in 1472 as a sort of hybrid of Etruscan and Roman temples (complete with triumphal arch on the facade). The resulting airy spaciousness seems radical – particularly if you take as a point of comparison all

those bosses and buttresses of St George's Chapel in Windsor which was started on almost exactly the same date. You can't help gasping as you walk into the church: the wall decorations seem the ultimate in *trompe l'oeil*. Another Renaissance master, Andrea Mantegna, devised the interior (much of it completed after his death), with every available surface looking, at first glance, as if it is coated in carved marble. But you soon realise with an increasing sense of awe that most of this is painted illusion.

You find more of Mantegna at the

ducal palace. The visitors' modest entrance belies the grandeur and



Family gathering: In the Camera degli Sposi at Mantua's ducal palace the Renaissance master Andrea Mantegna caught the mood of the dog-loving horse-mad household of Ludovico II Gonzaga

ET ARCHIVE

ITALIAN INSIGHTS

How to get to Mantua Harriet O'Brien paid £215 for a return Gatwick-Florence flight on Meridiana (0171-839 2222). She rented a car from Hertz (0990 996699) for £200 per week. If your sole destination is Mantua, then the most accessible airport is Verona, with Milan and Bologna as good alternatives.

How to get to Rome The best scheduled fare at present is on Debonair (0500 146200) from Luton to Rome's Ciampino airport. The company's lowest fare is £149.70 return, including tax. Sky Shuttle (0181-748 1233) and other discount agents offer cut-price charter and scheduled flights to Rome and many other Italian cities.

More information The Italian State Tourist Office, 1 Princes St, London W1R 8AY (0171-408 1254).

as long as you can in the small Camera degli Sposi, with its wonderful frescoes by Mantegna, painted for Ludovico II Gonzaga and his wife Barbara of Brandenburg. Your visiting time is limited, since even your breath has a corrosive effect on the fragile painting. However, we managed to smile sweetly at the guards and gain an extra few minutes to absorb the Gonzaga family scenes (great dogs, fantastic backgrounds) and the cherubs and peacock perched precariously around the painted cupola, as well as to pinpoint the tiny self-portrait of Mantegna himself, shrouded among the marble-like decorative embellishment.

The most revolutionary work of Mantua's third great Renaissance hero lies at the other end of town, beyond more modern developments. Giulio Romano's Palazzo del Te was commissioned in 1527 by Federico II Gonzaga who wanted a home for his mistress. Here Romano transformed a set of old stables into an elegant palace and in so doing set in train the new Mannerist movement – defying Renaissance ideals by wilfully misusing classical motifs (huge keystones in the facades, and the unheard of use of Tuscan columns). Inside, there's a wealth of wall decorations, from pretty stucco work

to riotous frescoes. The thundering viands of the Sala dei Giganti may seem a hit over the top, but the witty frescoes of the Salone dei Cavalli (Hall of Horses) are bound to appeal. Here Federico's many thoroughbreds stand proudly on ledges and look out at you from above the doorways.

Such a show of grandeur is a far cry

from the mood of Mantua today, which is well-to-do in a low-key way. Back in the old part of town there's a cheerful mix of sleek style and stoic conservatism – as you

wander through Piazza Mantegna you

can't help being struck by the fact that a Giorgio Armani outlet sits expensively

opposite a little haberdashery store, its

shop-front festooned with buttons. The

most attractive windows, though, are

those of the cake shops – and there are many. The Mantovans are clearly keen on

their cakes, and among the delicious dis-

plays of praline tarts, chocolate and

orange torte and amaretto confections

there's a reminder of their curious culi-

nary taste: *torta di tagliatelle* is composed

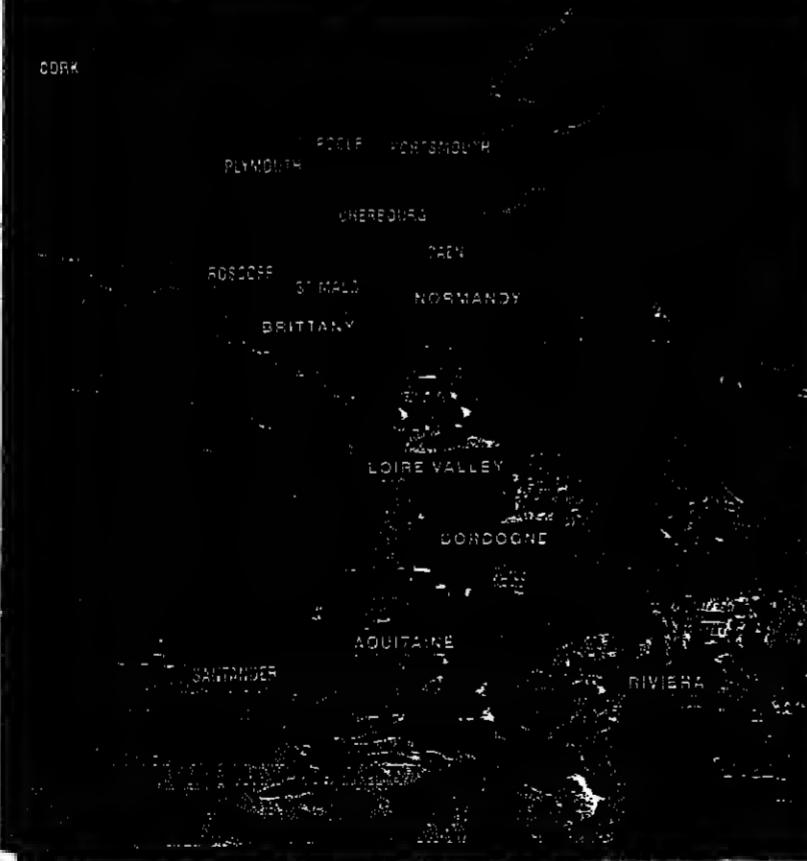
of sugar-coated pasta twirled into a bird's

nest arrangement above a crumbly short-

bread base. What a calorie count – quite

enough to worry even the most wayward weight watcher.

OUR FRANCE Direct



Travelling to Holiday France or Spain?
Why drive the long way round when you can sail direct?
We land you closer to where you'd like to be.

FRANCE

BROCHURES 0990 141 537 24 HRS RESERVATIONS 0990 360 360
OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Brittany Ferries
The Holiday Fleet

Australia



Return flight with Qantas and British Airways



and seven days free car hire* with Avis.

Australia from £849* with Trailfinders.
It's a good deal whichever way you look at it.

We're also offering two free stopovers anywhere on the Qantas/British Airways network* – you can even fly round the world for an extra £50! What's more Trailfinders is giving away AU\$50 worth of travel vouchers each to spend in Australia. So now's the time to stop staring out of the window dreaming about Australia, and actually do something about it. All you have to do is take advantage of this brilliant offer is book by June 15th. And travel during November, or between January 21st and March 31st. For reservations and a brochure call Trailfinders on 0171 938 3366.

QANTAS

TRAILFINDERS

THE TRAVEL EXPERTS

BRITISH AIRWAYS

*Based on two people travelling. Conditions apply. Prices exclude taxes. A supplement applies to our flights to Northern Territory.

ATOL 102 IATA, ABTA 2026. Trailfinders Ltd, 291 Kensington High Street, London W8 7RG.



Alligators, pirhanas, poisonous snakes and spiders ... When you're surrounded by Bolivian wildlife, writes Steve Hide, you can really sense your position in the food chain



Gilding along Bolivia's Rio Beni, as a tree iguana looks on (top left)

PHOTOGRAPHS: SUE CUNNINGHAM/PLANET EARTH/SOUTH AMERICAN PICTURES

Close encounters of the unkind kind

Take your shoes and socks off, get in the water and spread out," said Fico, the guide. Strange advice for a snake search, but guides usually know best, and this being Bolivia, with its own brand of macho Latino etiquette, we did what we were told.

Fico puffed on a cigarette as the line of gringos moved gingerly across the ankle-deep pool. Someone shouted. A large green snake lay half-submerged on a raft of water hyacinth. Fico grunted, triumphant. "See. The snake is not going to come to you. You have to go to him."

He had a point. If you want to see wildlife in South America you have to get stuck right in. Forget the jungle - which is too dark and dense to see a thing - and head for the swamps that ring the equatorial heart of the continent. Do not expect African-style safaris with balloon flights and champagne breakfasts. Nature here has rough edges.

In Bolivia these humid wetlands are called pampas and they swallow the back flow from the rivers that storm down the eastern Andes and into the Amazon. Their gateway is the small gold-trading river port of Rurrenabaque which lies at a geographical junction of mountain, jungle and pampa.

Leaving the town and the last green line of Andes, we had travelled by motor canoe up muddy rivers past sparse herds of cattle. Once we saw an old Dakota plane pancaked in a paddock, its propellers bent back. "Narcotraffics" (drug-dealers), whispered the guide and the word was passed.



At one alarming stage the bus is overtaken by a set of aircraft steps travelling at high speed.

The most exciting moment in my first six years of life was when my father took me to Gatwick airport to see President Kennedy leave after a state visit to Britain. In the 1960s, there were no significant security controls, so we perched almost on the edge of the runway to watch Air Force One lift magnificently away, destination Washington DC. Decades later, I am

abashed to admit, the thrill of airports has not diminished. But for tourists like me it is difficult to get close enough to the heart of the airline business.

Then I stumbled across an "airside tour". On a short stopover in Vienna I followed some mysterious signs promising a *Rundfahrt* (round-trip). These lead you to a car park, where a bright white bus is waiting to take you on a magical demystification tour of Vienna airport.

Victor takes his bus out twice a day at weekends, mostly packed with Viennese wanting to get behind the scenes at an international airport. But transit passengers are welcome too, and even if you can decipher barely a scrap of some heavily accented German you are guaranteed a rewarding hour.

found them easy to hunt so capybara numbers dwindled until the church declared them a "fish" (because of their webbed hind feet) and only food for Fridays.

That evening we kept a vigil for fishing bats. They came swooping down to a still pool to snag fish on their harpoon-like claws. Their catches glistening silver in the moonlight as they flitted back to the dark trees. Equally deft, by day, were the fishing kites balancing on the breeze with their forked tails.

Next day we pushed on up the river. I had hoped to see a giant river otter, but had to make do instead with a tree

iguana and a large terrapin hiding in the shallows. The terrapin had two tiny eyes and smelt of my dentist's aquarium. Its crinkle-cut shell was perfect to keep itself hidden in the rotten leaves - which it would do except for its silly habit of pausing and trying to get away.

The tree iguana, on the other hand, kept confidently still but the vivid yellow-green colour was hard to miss. It was the sort of lizard that used to appear enlarged in 1950s sci-fi B movies knocking police cars around. Now it was in scale, 3ft long, and sprawled on a branch over the river. It wouldn't be so smug, I thought, if it had just read about the arana, or water-monkey fish, which "can leap feet into the air to snatch reptiles from overhanging vegetation".

Another dead loss at camouflage was the red stick insect I found clinging to a green leaf. "Why is it bright red if it was trying to look like a stick?" Because it was poisonous, explained Fico. If I rubbed it in my eyes I would go blind. I put it back on the bush and, washing my hands in the river, resolved never to wipe any insect on my face.

Spiders, of course, dominated our campfire conversations. Someone had seen a television documentary featuring an Amazonian arachnid so large "the jungle tribes make omelettes out of its eggs". Fico fiddled a large hairy spider from its hole in the ground with a long piece of grass. The spider reared up and bared its fangs - meanwhile distracting us from its more dangerous weapon, allergic stomach fur - then scuttled back in the hole.

Morning brought us a three-toed sloth

clinging in a big tree. Even through

Jungle jaunts

Arrivals There are no direct flights from Britain to the Bolivian capital, La Paz. South American Experience (0171-976 5511) has a fare of £614 on Aerolineas Argentinas via Buenos Aires. From La Paz, microbuses take around 24 hours to reach Rurrenabaque, along the so-called "Death Road". The alternative is to fly on the airline run by country's air force TAM, which has flights from La Paz for about £30 one-way.

Getting organised Agenda Fluvial runs trips into the jungle. You can contact this company by sending a fax to the only machine in Rurrenabaque, on 00 591 832 2205. The number is frequently engaged.

How to navigate The American military Tactical Pilotage Chart N260 covers the area. It costs £8.50 from Stanford's, 12-14 Long Acre, London WC2E 8LP (0171-836 1321).



100 miles

BRAZIL
PERU
BOLIVIA

Rio Madeira
Rio Beni
Rio Grande

out Victor's explanation of the "waves" of flights that depart and arrive together to make connections easy. For example, between 6.10pm and 7.10pm there are no scheduled departures, but in the next hour 10 planes are set to go.

Toads depart from beneath Terminal 2 each Saturday and Sunday at 10.30am and 3pm, and cost £560 (£3). Try it - you too will be thrilled.

Next time you board a plane, at Vienna or elsewhere, listen to the background music played while the plane is on the ground. Presumably the intro is to soothe passengers' nerves. But on Monarch, the artist chosen is Annie Lennox. Ambitious flyers are treated to "I don't want to wait in vain", followed by "Angel", which includes the memorable line "She's gone to meet her maker".

FLIGHTSAVERS

RETURN SCHEDULED FLIGHTS FROM	TO
Amsterdam	£25
Cape Town	£43
Dubai	£414
Miami	£198
Oslo	£29
Valladolid	£123
Brussels	£59
Dublin	£59
Jaipur	£352
Munich	£78
Paris	£58
Zurich	£58

Prices exclude International Departure Taxes - all prices subject to availability

For all your Flight Requirements plus

• Car Hire • Airport Hotels • Airport Parking • Insurance

CALL: 0990 014101

LINES OPEN: MON-FRI 8.30-7.00 SATURDAY 8.30-5.30, SUNDAY 10.00-4.00

Co-op Travel DIRECT

RETAIL AGENTS FOR ATOL HOLDERS
AND CREDIT CARD PURCHASES

IATA

free accommodation
for kids



Not only do our all-inclusive holidays cover meals, sports, children's clubs and entertainment, but children of 5 years and under can stay free on certain dates throughout the summer at selected family destinations in Greece, Spain, France, Italy, Sardinia, Israel, Tunisia, Morocco, USA (Florida), The Bahamas, Dominican Republic and Mexico. A saving of up to £462 per child.

Club Med Start Living.

RESERVATIONS: 0171-581 1161 BROCHURE REQUEST: 01455 852 202
OR CONTACT YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY ONE CHILD PER ADULT

Sea life in the heart of the city

Days out: The former home of the Greater London Council now houses a giant aquarium. Do the sea critters do it justice? By Emma Haughton

Everything about the recently opened London Aquarium promises to impress. Its location, for instance, is none other than the vast Edwardian monument of County Hall, former home of the Greater London Council, which boasts unrivalled views across the Thames to Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament.

On paper, the aquarium's vital statistics are equally spectacular. Billed as one of Europe's newest and largest displays of aquatic life, it took two-and-a-half years and £25m to build the 41 tanks into the 170,000 square feet of floor space. Between them they contain one million litres of specially filtered water and some 30,000 fish across 350 species, including all the old favourites of sharks, conger eels, stingrays and piranha.

Two huge tanks which descend the three levels of the aquarium offer uninterrupted views of marine life from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, while another 39 tanks cover a wide range of other briny and freshwater habitats: the reef and living corals, the Indian ocean, the mangrove and the rainforest, the tropics and European waters. In the touch pool and beach pier you can develop a more hands-on relationship with various sea creatures, with the opportunity to tickle the curiously friendly rays, and handle hermit crabs, starfish and mussels.

The visitors

Emma Haughton, a freelance writer, went with her husband Jonathan Rees, and their three children, Joshua, six, Flan, four and Zachary, two.

Joshua: Some of it was good and some of it wasn't very interesting. I liked the conger eels and the tiny ones that glowed blue and red, but some of the plain fish were boring. I preferred the big tanks where there was room for loads of fish, they were much better than the small ones. I think a lot of the fish were nervous and scared. I liked the lights in the ceiling that made shadowy pictures on the wall, but the lights in the tanks gave me a headache looking at them.

I touched the ray and it felt all slimy, then I touched another one and it felt all rough. I was a bit afraid to touch them, but it was the best part, even if I didn't really like it. I think really I preferred the Sea Life centre we went to in Brighton.

Flan: It took a long time and I was a bit bored, but I liked saying "cheese, cheese" to the fish and playing a joke on them that I was going to give them cheese. They don't have cheese in aquariums.

I touched a flat fish in the water and it felt like a pancake, but I just hated the way that the water tasted like salt. I like sharks, so I pretended all of them were sharks. Actually I was scared of the sharks, but I couldn't really be scared because the glass was there. Sharks can get bigger than a giant, but I know giants don't exist. I wish I was a fish.

Zach: Oooh, look, fish, Dad! Fish, look, Mum, fish!

Jonathan: I can think of worse ways of spending an after-



GL Sea: the former headquarters of London's council is now home to species usually more common deep in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW BUURMAN

noon, especially if it's raining, but this didn't fill me with enthusiasm. Considering how many brilliant exhibits there were, it was really undersold. It felt completely unfinished and lacking in atmosphere – with bits of decoration it could be vastly improved.

Some of the tanks seemed very badly designed; if there were more than a few people looking at the exhibits you could see absolutely nothing, small, and often in really awkward positions. I did like the way the place was laid out, a warren of underground chambers, although it wasn't obvious whether you'd missed a lot.

Since this cost £25m you'd have thought they could have invested a bit more on information. I'd have liked to have seen a lot more about the fish and their natural habitats – what was there was plifully

Emma: I love fish and am pretty easily pleased, so it was a surprise to be so disappointed by an aquarium. Everything conspired to give a poor impression: the entrance system seemed chaotic, the cafe was dull, and the floor in the toilet was muddy – with loo paper strewn everywhere. The whole place had

an air of being put together in a hurry. There was little attempt at atmosphere beyond a few mangrove trees, and the bizarre booming and trickling sounds piped across the sound system were more irritating than anything else. And I was amazed how little information there was. At most places like this you are overwhelmed

with facts and displays, but apart from the odd video placed awkwardly in the corridors, and undersized pictures of fish with a line or two of description, there was simply nothing to tell you about what you were looking at. Even so, the larger tanks were very impressive, especially looking up from the bottom at the fish swimming above your head – there's such a hypnotic beauty in their perfectly synchronised shoals. Sadly, however, the luminous lighting in the tanks made it difficult to watch for long periods, and there was something about their expressions that was dispiriting. I know fish always look disconsolate, but in this case I think they might have a point.



Rays rise happily to be touched and tickled by children

Are we nearly there?

Museums week

Well, we are there – at least as far as museums are concerned. Today marks the beginning of Museums Week, where the country's houses of interaction, information and history make an exhibition of themselves. If such places still evoke a scenario of aches, dust and small print, now is the time to make some discoveries as over 700 museums will be putting on special events during the week, many geared especially for kids.

Liverpool Museum, William Brown St, Liverpool, Merseyside L3 8EN (0151-478 4080) Five floors worth including vivarium and aquarium, land transport, natural history, antiquities, ethnology and space and time. Opening on 23 May is Missing Links – the story of evolution introduced by the robot Dr Robert Leakey (the "world famous discoverer") and some of his moving animatronic colleagues.

Commonwealth Institute, London W8 (0171-603 4535) 21 May sees the launch of the Commonwealth Experience which includes Helitride, a simulated helicopter journey over Malaysia. On the ground, other attractions include Interactive World, Commonwealth exhibitions and art exhibitions.

Manchester Museum, Manchester (0161-275 2634) Live and kicking with animals and plants from around the world, including live snakes, lizards and fish. On 17 and 24 May: Walk, Talk and Hop through the World of Frogs.

Keith Hardings World of Mechanical Music, The Oak House, High Street, Northleach, Gloucester GL54 3ET (01451 860181) Practically any instrument that doesn't need a musician to play it will wind up here.

Burton Art Gallery & Museum, Bideford (01237 471455) Art workshops where children get a chance to become sculptors for the day: 19-23 May.

Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (01865 278015) One of a rash of hidden treasure trails around the country, 25 May.

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, London WC2N 5DN (0171-747 2885) Costume Parade and children's quizzes, 21 May, 5-6.45pm.

Preston Hall Museum, Nr Witney (01865 400002) The Diceplayers return. Special events include drama by time travellers, talks and magic. 24/25 May.

Museum of Science and Industry, Liverpool Rd, Castlefield, Manchester M3 4FP (0161-832 2244) The old railway station will be opening its new gallery, Fibres, Fabrics and Fashion and more new hands-on interactive exhibits.

Croydon Clocktower, Croydon (0181-253 1022) Some "evocative smells" can be enjoyed on 20 May.

The deal

Getting there: situated between Westminster Bridge and Jubilee Gardens, the London Aquarium (0171-967 8000) is a few minutes' walk from Westminster Tube, Waterloo and Eurostar mainline stations.

Opening times: 10am-6pm weekdays, 9.30-6pm weekends. Closed Christmas day. Admission: £8.50 adults, £4.50 children (3-14 years-old inclusive), £20 family ticket.

Access: wheelchair users are admitted free, and access is good.

Food: meals in the Global Café are reasonably priced, if uninspiring.

Toilets: there are toilets on all three floors.

Breathing Space.

(Don't take it for granted)



We don't. Help us keep Britain's breathing spaces open. Footpaths and coastline, high places, heaths and woodland. For walkers.

For over 60 years, THE RAMBLERS' lobbying and vigilance have been achieving wide-ranging rights of access to some of our most beautiful countryside.

Go for a walk. Take a breather from our crowded world. Think about the future; invest in THE RAMBLERS.

Join us.

A modest subscription brings you – FREE – the essential Yearbook, full of outdoor information (over 300 pages, over 3000 photos to stay), the monthly magazine, Rambling Today; membership of one of our 400 local groups. Many outdoor equipment shops offer discounts.

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

Address

Postcode

Date of birth

Tick box for membership type required

Ordinary £17 Reduced £9.50

Family/pair £21 Joint reduced £10.50

(for two adults or some children)

Under 18/Student/Retired/Disabled/unwaged

Donation £ _____ I enclose £ _____

We occasionally exchange names (or use once only) with other organisations which may interest you. Tick if you would prefer to be excluded.

The Ramblers

Working for walkers

1-5 Wandsworth Road, London SW8 2XX. Tel: 0171 339 8500

IND20

TWO 4 ONE

Enjoy a great day out in Ostend with two foot passengers travelling for the price of one!

Or, experience an exciting day trip to Bruges for just £12 per person, including rail return transport from Ostend.

Call 0345 16 00 00 now and book the special 241 Offer.

Holman Sally Ferries

EASE OF RAMSGATE • WELCOME OF OSTEND We sail to please

Further details on activities for Museums Week can be found on the Internet at www.museumsweek.co.uk or by telephoning the information line on 0891 484752

Rescuing a travesty

Workshop: Anna Pavord has ideas for a difficult plot

We have recently moved into a Victorian terraced house in Battersea. The garden (max 45ft x 25ft) faces north-west, has what seems like builder's waste for soil, and is on two levels - with a small patio area leading from the house to steps up to the "lawn". This is surrounded by shallow flower beds which grow tiny in profusion and some leggy roses, but not a lot else. Slugs and snails - either home-grown or escapes from our neighbour's dandelion plot, or the clematis we back on to - have destroyed almost everything that hasn't already been strangled by ivy. The main feature is a laburnum tree in the north-west corner, which grows next to the children's Wendy house, built by a previous owner.

I would love to create a herbaceous border to crowd out the weeds. Once made, I hope it could largely look after itself. But as a novice gardener with two young children to look after, I'm daunted by the prospect of what will grow where, getting the scale right in a small area and finding plants which can cope without constant watering in the summer.

Christina Harley's problem seemed to be finding the right plants for the right places in her garden. Unfortunately it wasn't that simple. The real difficulties were more daunting. Plants can often provide quick-fix solutions, a magic wand of colour and texture to soften, clothe and disguise problem areas, ugly paving or unwanted views. Not here.

This was a garden where nearly everything needed fixing, not just the plants. Some cowboy landscaper had "done" the place for the previous owner and it was difficult to believe that anyone had parted with good money for such a travesty.

You step out into the garden from a lean-to conservatory built over the narrow passage that runs up one side of the house. The patio Ms Harley mentioned was an area of cracked concrete, laid so that the rainwater collected in a pool by the door instead of running into the drain. A bit of a wall had been thrown up to separate this level from the next. The landscaper had used breezeblocks on end, cracked bits of concrete paving and the odd brick, but had left out the mortar. The wall bulged malevolently, oozing soil on to the area below.

I'm not going to go on with this catalogue. It makes me too angry. I'm sad, too, for the Harleys who are anxious to create an oasis of delight for their two young children, but have little time or money to spend on their garden. What can be done about it?

Well, there is a good, sturdy brick wall at the back of the garden, topped by a square-sectioned trellis. The Wendy house and the laburnum are in the left-hand corner. Putting those two things next door to each other was a master stroke by the diabolical landscaper. Fortunately the Harley children, James and Anna, looked far too sensible to poison themselves on laburnum seeds.

Cats come through the trellis, said Ms Harley, but they can be dissuaded by a strip of chicken wire fixed along the hack. There's a *Clematis montana* planted against the wall, yet most of its growth is tangled high up in the branches of the laburnum, and the wall itself is rather bare. A good new shoot had sprung from the base of the plant. That ought to be tied in horizontally against the wall, so that it, too, does not disappear into the stratosphere. After the clematis has flowered, the Harleys

need to take a deep breath and cut it down to within a few feet of the ground (leaving the new shoot). This will force the plant to provide more new shoots from the base. Then these can be tied in individually to the wall and the trellis, so that the whole of the back boundary will eventually be covered in the clematis's leaves and flowers.

C. montana is not the best choice for a small garden, as it is so rampant, but given the nature of the supports I'd be cautious of trying to tear it down. It would probably bring fence and wall with it. The greyish leaved ivy on the brick wall was actually doing a good job near the house where the wall meets the conservatory, for there was no planting space for the concrete patio and, spreading from its original position in the earth of the border above, it softened a difficult area.

It certainly needs to be stopped from spreading any further along the boundary. Ms Harley could try clipping the ivy close to the wall. It looks bare when you first do it, but sprouts fresh leaves to give a neat effect rather like a hedge. The same thing could be done with the golden ivy on the board fence. Ties are not good on these kinds of fences. The tendrils get between the boards and force them apart.

Because the tiny strips of earth round the edge of the lawn left no room for proper planting, I suggested the Harleys widen the back border against the one good wall and, for the moment, concentrate their planting there, enriching the soil as much as they can. This season they could use annuals: helichrysum, tobacco plants for scent, lobelia. Losing some of the lawn would be no hardship. It is in very poor condition. It could be returfed, but it would be a waste of money to do that without loosening and enriching the ground underneath. It gives every impression of being compacted and starved. While the children are small and need crawling and kicking space, I think I'd live with the present lawn, tired though it is.

Now comes the critical bit: the patio and the so-called retaining wall. Three strangely shaped steps lead up from the tiny lower level to the upper level and the lawn which is vaguely rounded in shape. My instinct would be to alter the relative size of the two areas, to make the pinched patio area big enough at least to take a couple of chairs. That would mean pushing back the retaining wall and disposing of the spoil. All rubbish has to be carted out through the house, so this is not a suggestion that's lightly made. But the patio and the retaining wall have to be rebuilt anyway, even if the patio stays the present size. I suggested doing everything, including the steps, in London stock brick which would match the house. Expensive. But until the existing muddle is resolved, no amount of planting can retrieve the situation.

Weekend work

Setting out plants grown from seed is taking up most of my time at the moment. The first brave batch of snapdragons "Sonnet Mixed" (Dobies £1.68) has already been planted out. This is too soon for safety, but there were no more windowsills to accommodate seed trays and the cold frame is also full. I thought of them as I flew over the snow-covered Brecon Beacons this week.

Nicotiana and yellow French marigolds are waiting to be pricked out.

They will be making a later appearance in the garden than they should be. The nicotiana "Fragrant Cloud" (Thompson & Morgan £1.59) is one I used last year and loved: white-flowered, about three feet tall and heavily scented.

The germination of

the morning glory

"Heavenly Blue"

(Thompson & Morgan £1.59) is a disaster - a

temperature sensitive.

When the weather is cool and plants growing slowly, less fertiliser is released than when plants are growing quickly in warm weather.

Lilies will benefit from a mulch of leaves or compost. Those in pots will need a weekly feed of liquid fertiliser.

Spread slug pellets around any that are still close to the ground.

Prune wall-trained specimens of *japonica* (*Chamaemelum japonica*) when they have finished flowering. Tie in any new growths that you want to keep and cut back the rest so that only two or three sets of leaves are left. My best *japonica* died on the hoot, just as it was coming into flower. It happened almost overnight. I suspect firelight. I've planted another one in a different place - *Chamaemelum "Moerloosii"*, which is pink and white like apple blossom.

It's simpler, of course, to buy strips of bedding plants at the garden centre - except that the choice is so limited. Choose plants that are compact and



The Harleys want an oasis of delight for their children. They need to take a deep breath... NICOLA KURTZ

travel • overseas

FAX: 0171 293 2505

TEL: 0171 293 2222

Greece

SPECIALIST GREECE
0181 847 4748

CRETE, RHODES, SKOPELOS, PERSONALISED HOLIDAYS. POOLS. BROCH 01899 877388 ATOL 2079

BREATHTAKING SCENERY and empty beaches. Discover Western Crete from self-catering houses in hideaway villages - Pure Crete 0181 760 0670 ATOL 2757

City Breaks

£99 STOCKHOLM
TWICE DAILY FROM 12 JUNE BOOKINGS: 0541 569 569

RYANAIR THE LOW FARES AIRLINE

A CLEAN BREAK
Fresh air, clean waters, pure bliss. Clear roads, fresh seafood, pure fun. Long on summer sunshine, short on crowds. See what Sweden can offer for a refreshing change.

WHERE TO GO
HOTELS & ACCOMMODATION
PACKAGED HOLIDAYS FROM
NORTIVA
SCANDINAVIAN
SCANDINAVIAN

Telephone our 24-hour BROKURE LINE
01476 574510
For full colour brochure and guides £/each
ACTIVITIES FISHING CULTURE GOLF STOCKHOLM Swedish Travel & Tourism Council
PO Box 51, Glastonbury, Somerset BA1 1JU.

Name _____
Address _____
Postcode _____

SIMPLY Ionian
Plato, Cefalu, Lefkada, Megalochori, Ithaca, Cephalonia, Zakynthos
Discover the Greek islands with
SIMPLY Ionian. Great holidays
away from the crowds. Private villas with pools, hotels
and cottages in beautiful unspoilt
locations by the sea and inland.
0181 995 9323
ABTA 1137 ATOL 1922 ATTO

Greek Islands Club
Villa holidays for those who
want to escape the crowds
in style and comfort.

PAOKS-THASOS-CORFU
ZANTE-KINERIA-CORFU
SKATHI-SUPERI-AEGEANOS
For a brochure telephone 01932 220477
<http://www.chanakia.com/abta>

City Breaks

FRANCE & ITALY SPECIALS
FLIGHTS & HOTELS
01444 881414

wake up to NORWAY
the Land of the
Midnight Sun.
NORTH NORWAY
short breaks
3 NIGHTS FROM £453

MIDNIGHT SUN
start of adventure
FROM ONLY £159

OSLO CITY BREAKS
SPECIAL OFFERS
JUNE JULY
FROM £120 pp (inc Ferry)

SOUTHERN Brittany
SPECIAL OFFERS
JUNE JULY
FROM £120 pp (inc Ferry)

SIMPLY Crete
Escape the sunbathers and
experience an island of stunning
beauty and warm hospitality.
Country cottages, villas with pools,
quality apartments and family-run
hotels in unspoilt locations. Plus
flexible "Wanderlust" holidays
0181 995 9323
ABTA 1137 ATOL 1922 ATTO

City Breaks

FRANCE & ITALY SPECIALS
FLIGHTS & HOTELS
01444 881414

HEADWATER
01606 48699
ATO 2412

PROVENCE (Bandol Area) vita in 3
size olive groves, stone 10, medieval
pool 103 metres. Close to 18
hotels/guest houses. 2000+ rooms.
01903 250011, 01903 250022
01903 6779, or phone 01903 4
01903 649503, fax 01903 9442.
Free 271 pg Colour Brochure
Tel: 01484 682503
<http://www.chanakia.com>

BRITANNIA COAST Delightful stone
cottages. Vacancies until Oct. Fr
£120pp. Tel: 01743 388540.

FRANCE (Architects idyllic river
side cottages) 2/3 Avril 1997
01903 250011, 01903 250022
01903 6779, or phone 01903 4
01903 649503, fax 01903 9442.
Free 271 pg Colour Brochure
Tel: 01484 682503

BRITANNIA COLLECTION 4 stone
cottages in the heart of the
real Corse. Ajaccio, Ajaccio and
Monte-Cristo. 01903 649503.
Open all year. Optional hearty
evening meal. For more details
Tel: 01903 773342 (English owners)

SEVENNES (Architects idyllic river
side cottages) 2/3 Avril 1997
01903 250011, 01903 250022
01903 6779, or phone 01903 4
01903 649503, fax 01903 9442.
Free 271 pg Colour Brochure
Tel: 01484 682503

LOIRE VALLEY (Dordogne) 2/3 Avril 1997
01903 250011, 01903 250022
01903 6779, or phone 01903 4
01903 649503, fax 01903 9442.
Free 271 pg Colour Brochure
Tel: 01484 682503

Italy

Citalia

We specialise
in late bookings to
Italy -
flights and hotels
countrywide.

Call for details quoting ref: IND15
0181 686 5533
ABTA V4065 ATOL 251 IMA MTO
The Leading Italian Specialist

France

France

France

Free Breakdown Cover. Book Now.



For the best deals from Dover to Calais this Summer, choose SeaFrance. Not only do we offer the lowest fares, but you can also save almost £40.00 on insurance. We now include free continental vehicle breakdown insurance with Gold Cover/Europ Assistance, plus personal travel insurance for the driver.

*Car and four people five day return with free vehicle breakdown insurance and personal travel insurance for driver for 6 days. Travel must be completed by 30.09.97. Full payment must be made at time of booking.

0990 71711 
the difference c'est
SEA FRANCE
For bookings and information visit our website at <http://www.seafrance.co.uk>

REAL FRANCE, REAL SAVINGS.

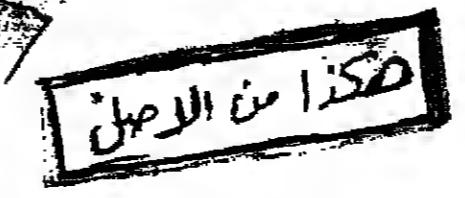
YOU'LL DISCOVER THE REAL FRANCE WITH OUR COUNTRY COTTAGES.
Our Gite Holidays in France Brochure offers you a superb range of delightful country cottages in rural France. Now enjoy great savings on selected late availability
Gite self-catering holidays with your car in Provence, Auvergne, Burgundy, Champagne Ardenne, Savoie, Alsace and the Midi-Pyrénées.



FOR BROCHURES CALL 0990 443 537 (24 HRS) FOR RESERVATIONS & INFORMATION CALL 0990 360 360

*Based on a saving of 50% on the cost of ferry travel on Portsmouth - St Malo route at peak times. From 17th July - 24th August. Savings vary depending on route and sailing times. New bookings only. Special conditions apply, please enquire.

SAVE UP TO
£150
ON LATE
AVAILABILITY
GITE HOLIDAYS





On call: Zac Ludgrove and Tom Harbinson rescuing last-gasp fish

PHOTOGRAPHS: ANDREW BURMAN

Emergency ward tench

John Windsor catches Britain's first commercial fish rescue service

Rain may have fallen this week, but the drought dilemma continues. And as pond water levels to below last summer's, Britain's first commercial fish rescue service has been launched.

The fish ambulances are two Toyota pick-up trucks customised with 400-gallon fibreglass water tanks fitted with oxygen bottles.

Zac Ludgrove and Tom Harbinson, who founded Sunflower Fisheries in Laxfield, Suffolk, just over a year ago, expect their first emergency calls in about a month's time, when owners of ponds see their carp gobbling desperately for air on the surface. Mr Ludgrove, 24, says: "Low water levels are going to cause chaos."

They have negotiated an agreement with the government's Environment Agencies in Ipswich, Norwich and the Midlands that enables licences to net last-gasp fish to be processed within 24 hours. It usually takes a fortnight by post. "It would have been a cruelty for them not to agree," says Mr Ludgrove. The pair are prepared for high-speed dashes by road to collect the vital documents.

Their service is free. Not only that, they will buy the fish they rescue. That means owners of ponds, lakes or irrigation reservoirs can turn an environmental crisis into a nice little earner, pocketing anything between £100 and £5,000 for fish that might have died.

Mr Ludgrove and Mr Harbinson, 22, village chums, started their business as a fish exchange rather than a rescue service, cropping surplus fish from domestic ponds and selling them to anglers. But last summer the emergency calls began: they rescued 40,000 fish in 20 call-outs.

The infirmaries at Sunflower Fisheries are two 10m-gallon reservoirs newly excavated at a cost of £4,000, and several small holding ponds. When I visited them I saw victims of white carpox with fungoid scabs the size of 50p pieces

swimming near a piped cascade of bright, oxygen-filled water. Such stress diseases, caused by overcrowding and inadequate food and oxygen, are not contagious. But 30 fish from each licensed netting must still be analysed by the Environment Agency.

Fishing is the country's biggest sport, and Mr Ludgrove reckons they could sell an extra £50,000 worth of fish a month – if only they could lay hands on them. As the drought worsens, they may get their chance. (There is certainly no shortage of fishponds. The Ordnance Survey map in their office shows country lanes where nearly every cottage has a pond, sometimes two. The map reminded me of the view from the air, approaching German cities – except that there the ponds are swimming pools.) "We manage 500 to 600 ponds in the area," he says, "but there are many more, some of them unexplored. The fish sitting in them are money to be earned, a great unrealised resource."

Their greatest obstacle is pond-owners' ignorance. TV newsreels about industrial pollution in rivers show silvery dead fish bobbing on the surface. "So pond-owners assume that if no dead fish are to be seen, everything below the surface must be humely-dory".

But fish killed by lack of oxygen do not float: they lose buoyancy and sink out of sight. The high pressure and humidity of a single thunderstorm can send to the bottom every mature fish in a pond. "We once drove past a farm where we could see the fish gobbling for air and stopped to offer our services to the farmers' wife. She as good as told us to bugger off. But six weeks later she was on the phone in tears. Her fish had died."

Dead fish on the bottom pollute ponds with their oils. "When we net the dead fish out, it's like an oil slick and smells disgusting. The worst thing is, it's preventable."



It takes only three years, he explained, for a pond or lake to reach "stocking density", with the mature fish fiercely competing among themselves for food and oxygen and eating their own spawn. That is the time to crop the fish, before they become stunted and die.

Some waters hold up to 400lb of fish per acre. "So why not earn a few bob?" he suggests. He buys for £4 per lb, for example, any size of tench, a greenish bronze fish with small scales that competes poorly against carp in the pond but is prized by anglers for its sport. His selling prices per 100: 2in-4in long £60, 8in-10in £375, with reductions for bigger orders. He sells tench over 10in long for £5.85 per lb. "We can sell tench like hot cakes to angling clubs." Other species on offer are carp – common, mirror and crucian – rudd, roach, bream, gudgeon and perch. Their pick-up trucks have delivered fish to clubs as far afield as Scotland.

Mr Ludgrove and Mr Harbinson are not anglers themselves. They see quite enough of the angling fraternity – club members who crowd round the pick-ups as specimen fish of 15lb or more are unloaded, weighing them, posing with them for photographs and arguing over what to name them – Jaws, or Big Bertha, or Twenty Pound Tessie. Mr Ludgrove says: "If I had to go angling at weekends, I'd go mad. I'd just sit on the bank and pull my hair out."

As they don their rubber chest waders and tug at their seine nets – up to 38ft deep, from cork floats down to lead weights – they steel themselves to dredge up plenty besides fish: old bikes, cars, boots. There was even an empty safe once. The police took it away. Their dream is to bring to the surface a crock of gold.

Sunflower Fisheries, Sunflower Farm Barns, Laxfield, near Woodbridge, Suffolk IP13 8EP (01728 638733).

The mother of all freeloaders

She dumps her young on others, eats their eggs, and disappears. The female cuckoo has remarkable habits, writes Helen Lewis

also told about why small birds can be seen mobbing cuckoos. This happens to the adult female because the small birds know that she is nest hunting and they are only trying to protect their own eggs. The cuckoo hatches, it will bunch its back and push the legitimate eggs out of the nest. From then on it will have its adopted mother's undivided attention – and it is fed not just by her but by other nearby birds as well. With its deafening "feed me" call and its bright orange throat, the young cuckoo is, apparently, irresistible to most birds – except of course, the real cuckoo mother.

Once a newly laid nest of eggs is chosen, the cuckoo takes one egg, flies off and eats it, returning immediately to lay her own. The sight of a cuckoo in flight with an egg in her bill

led to one belief that the bird laid its egg away from the host's nest then carried it there when the bird was out feeding. Another theory was voiced in an old children's song which describes the cuckoo as having to suck other birds' eggs to "make her song clear".

The cuckoo's ability to lay an egg on demand is because, unlike most birds, she can retain it inside her body for up to 24 hours, giving it a head start on the host's clutch. She may lay between 10 and 25 eggs in any one season, and to prevent them being detected, they are coloured to match those of the host – cuckoos which inhabit pipit's nests lay spotted eggs, while those using the redstarts' nests in Europe lay pale blue ones.

When the young cuckoo hatches, it will bunch its back and push the legitimate eggs out of the nest. From then on it will have its adopted mother's undivided attention – and it is fed not just by her but by other nearby birds as well. With its deafening "feed me" call and its bright orange throat, the young cuckoo is, apparently, irresistible to most birds – except of course, the real cuckoo mother.



Irresistible: a young cuckoo is fed by a tree pipit

But how does the young cuckoo learn its adult call? And why doesn't it automatically copy the song of its host parent? Some country folk thought the parent cuckoo would sit and teach the young once it had left the nest – yet the theory was difficult to sustain, bearing in mind the cuckoo's silence towards the end of June. In the 19th century it was thought that cuckoos learnt their adult call during the niceties of household chores. Sounds reasonable, but personally I'd back the danger-dodging theory.

THE INDEPENDENT 12 Winter Hardy Chrysanthemums for just £7.95

Fabulous 'cushion flowering' Chrysanthemums that will withstand the average British winter and burst into bloom year after year.



These beautiful flowers are at their best during late summer and are ideal for prolonging your garden/patio display. They grow to a height of 15-18 inches, form neat rounded plants and will be covered in buds which, when open, will completely obliterate the foliage with glorious vivid colour.

The plants supplied are strongly rooted to ensure a good show this year. Each pack will contain 3 plants each of 4 distinctly different varieties.

How to order

Spalding (01775) 762345 for enquiries and 24 hour credit card order service OR fill in coupon quoting your Access/Visa/Mastercard number or send with crossed cheque/PO, NO CASH please, to:

THE INDEPENDENT WINTER CHRYSANTHEMUMS OFFER, P.O. BOX 50, SPALDING,

LINCOLNSHIRE, PE11 3SX.

We deliver to addresses in the UK only. Offer subject to availability.

Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

Please send me _____ packs of 12 for £7.95 each. I enclose my cheque/PO (address on back) made payable to: Newspaper Publishing ING88, or please debit my Access/Mastercard account with the sum of £2 _____ My card number is: _____

Please use BLOCK CAPITALS. Expiry date: _____

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms) _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Signature: _____

Order to: THE INDEPENDENT WINTER CHRYSANTHEMUMS OFFER, P.O. BOX 50, SPALDING, LINCOLNSHIRE, PE11 3SX. Please tick this box if you do not want to receive future mailings from NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING PLC or from companies approved by NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING PLC. ING88

Rep. in England 1508887 Newspaper Publishing plc.

The trouble about living in an old farmhouse is that the building can play endless tricks on you. Friends find it delightful that the bedroom floors undulate like waves of the sea – but little do they realise what problems you stir up if you try to make improvements.

My most recent knock-down, drag-out contest was with a bathroom which we decided to refurbish. Nothing could be done about the slope of the floor, but at least we would get rid of the pock-marked plaster, install a new window, replace the scruffy tiles and level the bath.

Enter Leslie, our local builder – a man of exacting standards. It was no good trying to patch and paste, he said. The old

nail through an electric cable and plunged the house into darkness. Recovering from the shock (not physical, fortunately), I summoned the man from whom I had ordered a new carpet and set him to work. Before he finished, I had to go out, and when I returned, he had left.

I rushed upstairs to admire the fine, blue expanse, but when I took one step forward – squelch! Ye Gods, the new carpet was saturated. The button had holes in the airing cupboard.

'I rushed to admire the fine blue expanse, but when I took one step forward – squelch!'

I turned off the stop cocks. Now we needed a proper plumber instantly. Recourse to the Yellow Pages put us on to a man in Stroud. Miraculously, he came at once and swept into action.

In a couple of minutes he discovered a pinhole in a cold-water pipe – the product of decay, rather than violence. In a trice he cut out the offending section. Then suddenly he called for bread, to act as blotting paper and stop dribbles while he soldered a new piece in. Dutifully, I gave him a slice of my wife's finest home-made wholemeal loaf, complete with olive oil and sunflower seeds.

"Don't worry," he assured me. "It'll all come out in the bath." New pipe in place, stop cock back on. What's this? No water running into the roof tank. "Blocked valve," the plumber announced, whizzing up into the loft. "I'll give you a new one."

Two minutes later he was down again, waving the old valve, solid with rust. Away he went, with a cheque in his pocket, having done a brilliant job.

To late, I realised that after one flush the lavatory cistern would not fill. The bread! Greatly daring, I dismantled the ball cock. Right in the nozzle, sealing it perfectly, was a single sunflower seed.

With a feeling of triumph, I put everything back together. A month after work started, the bathroom is again in commission, and quiescent – but I have a nasty feeling it may well be planning further retaliation.

Duff Hart-Davis

all consuming

The human shopping trolleys

John Windsor discovers how good the major stores are at spending your money for you



Perfect: Researcher Suzanne Wilkinson makes her pick

classified • independent traders

For Sales

For Sales

Concerts

Do you have the Right Approach?

Custom Built Driveways
4
Driveway
International Ltd

Call for
0800 174617
for FREE survey & design service

YES! I would like a FREE Survey
Please send me a FREE Brochure
Name _____
Address _____
Town _____
Post Code _____ Tel _____
POST COUPON TO: DRIVEWAY INTERNATIONAL LTD,
FREEPOST, NW14 0R1, MANCHESTER M29 1AG
(No Stamp Required)

We Do!

Unique wrap around design
provides 40% more protection
than other sunglasses.

Wear alone, with contacts
or over regular glasses

FROM ONLY
£9.95
Complete with
case

**Give your eyes
100% protection from harmful UV rays
with SolarShield Wraparounds.**

We all know that we must protect our skin if we spend lots of time in the sun. Yet apart from the use of conventional sunglasses which offer only limited protection, we tend to leave our eyes and their sensitive tissue relatively unprotected.

SolarShields with their wraparound design are one of the latest growing style around and offer maximum UV and glare protection - 40% more than conventional sunglasses. Dark grey, with optical quality lenses, SolarShields are scratch and impact resistant, making them ideal for sport as well as sunbathing. With the polarised option featured above, glare from reflective surfaces such as snow or water is eliminated. Designed to fit all sizes, you can even wear these over your ordinary glasses saving you £2.50 on prescription sunglasses.

SolarShields are laboratory tested to exceed USA, NASA and FDA standards, making them the No.1 best selling protective sunglasses. Recommended by leading ophthalmologists worldwide. No wonder sales now exceed 30 million pairs.

100% block UVA/UVB
fits over prescription glasses
Newest resistant
New wrap round design
Polarized option

SolarShield
For Healthier Eyes

**SAVE
UP TO £20**
Buy more than one pair for yourself or
perhaps for a friend and you can
SAVE UP TO £20
SEE ORDER FORM FOR DETAILS

**PROSPECT
MAIL ORDER**
Peace of Mind
Guarantee
SolarShields are recommended for maximum protection by leading eye care specialists. If you are not satisfied with your purchase, you may return them - within 30 days for an immediate - no questions asked refund.

Prospect Mail Order Ltd, Cross Point Mills, Wyke, Bradford BD12 9QD

01274 691155

Complete and post today to: Prospect Mail Order, Cross Point Mills, Wyke, Bradford BD12 9QD.
Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

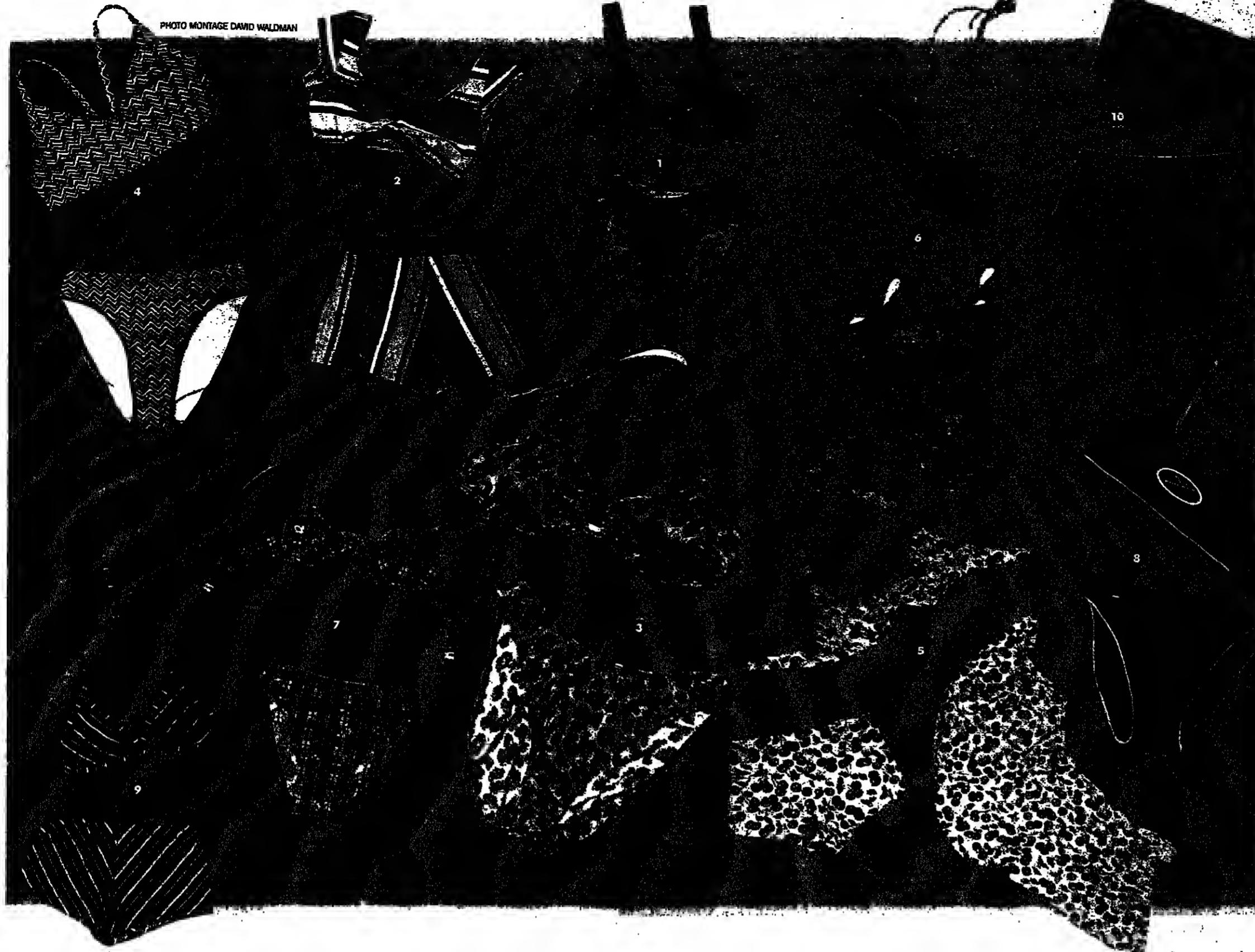
SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wraparounds comes with a 30 Day Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction.

Order Ref. 01274 691155 or by completing the coupon below.

SolarShield Wrap



Bikinis for under £50

- 1 Tropical floral print underwired bikini, £22, from Freemans catalogue (ref. U1 7601). For enquiries call 0800 900200.
- 2 Stripey tie-front crop top and shorts bikini, £20, from Freemans catalogue (ref. U1 7364), as before.
- 3 Leopard print padded halter-neck bikini, £35, by Senza, branches nationwide. Call 0171-831 1000 for your local stockist.
- 4 Grey, purple, white and black zig-zag bikini, sold separately, £23.99, bottoms, £4.99, by Hennes, as before.
- 5 Hatter-neck cherry print bra, £14.99, matching bottoms, £14.99, and mini sarong skirt, £14.99 all by Knickerbox. Call 0171-284 1744 for your local stockist.
- 6 Sequin leopard-print string bikini, £22, by Marks & Spencer, available from 90 stores nationwide from next week. Call 0171-935 4422 for stockists.
- 7 Lime-green 'Daisy Check' bikini, £29.99, by Speedo, available from Debenhams Stores nationwide, as before; and by mail order through Swim-shop. Call 01582 562111 for a catalogue, and enquiries.
- 8 Black and red 'Sonic' sports bikini, by Speedo, available through mail order from Swim-shop, as before.
- 9 Striped bikini top, £19.99, bottoms £29.99, by Hunters and Gatherers, available from Hype DF, 49-52 Kensington High Street, London, W8.
- 10 Turquoise bandeau bikini with big knickers, £45, by No Such Soul, available from Hype DF, as before.

Photographer:
Mykel Nicolau

Once more unto the beach



Bikini, £360, by Chanel, 26 Old Bond Street, London, W1 (0171-493 5040)

Leopard print bikini, £180, by Blumarine, 11 Old Bond Street, London W1 (0171-493 4872)

The bikini season is officially open. Glossy mags have dedicated their entire June issues to lithe models with slightly un-PC deep tans wearing the only thing to be seen in on a beach – a skimpy designer bikini. But while supermodels prance around making strange shapes with their bodies in oddly cut, expensive bikinis, normal women can only look on in bemusement, wishing they knew where to buy one that doesn't cost more than £50 (at the most), and which will fit the bill for a European beach holiday.

If you are thinking of buying a bikini, buy it now. Wait much longer and all the best styles in decent sizes will have sold out (sizes eight and 14 are always the first to go). The shops are over-flowing with them at the moment – every store from Marks & Spencer to Warehouse has done a selection that could rival any offering from a designer, and what is actually available now will satisfy everyone from Baywatch beach babes to more reclusive sun worshippers whose idea of sunbathing is a quick twenty minutes by the pool after breakfast.

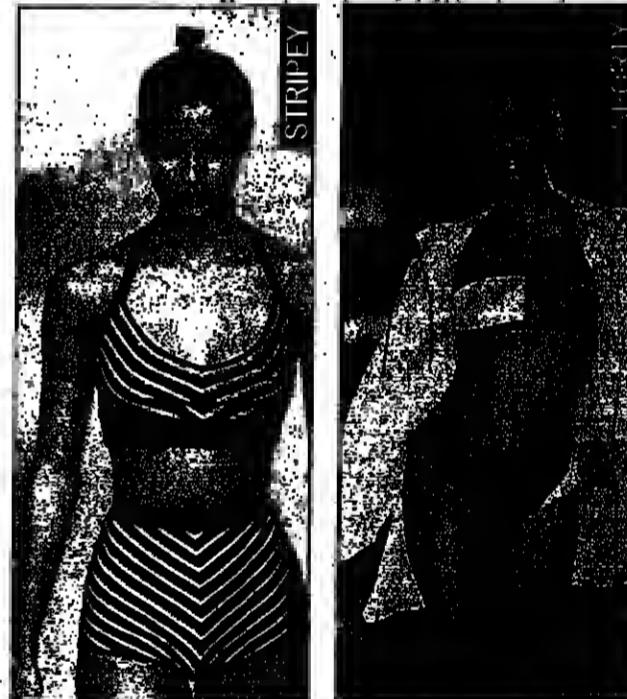
If you are thinking of buying a bikini, do it now – and don't be baffled by the supermodels.

Melanie Rickey
Baywatch on the
high-street

underwiring and padding, as well as in the more skimpy string variety, so if yours is a figure that needs support you have the choice.

When a woman buys a bikini there are several factors to be aware of. First is knowing what is currently in fashion. This season, bandeau tops are making a come-back (easy to roll down if you like to go topless, no straps) as are bigger knickers (they are flattering to less curvy women, and can hide a multitude of sins). String bikinis are as popular as ever. Daring sun-worshippers can choose from camouflage, shiny hologram and leopard print fabrics. If you prefer classics choose Missoni inspired stripes or basic colours like citrus orange or turquoise which is very popular this summer, but steer clear of black – the sun absorbs it.

Fabric is also an important issue. Always check the label for the fabric content of your chosen bikini. The best ones have lots of elastane or Lycra, and for a softer bikini choose one that contains Supplex as well as Lycra. Finally, when will swimwear technologists design a fabric that tells you you've had enough sun? We're waiting.



Stripey big knicker bikini, £180, by Blumarine (as before)

Colour block bikini by Tommy Hilfiger (001-222 840 8888)

**THE INDEPENDENT
IDYLLIC INDIAN OCEAN CRUISE**

**Prices from £1,635 per person for an inside 2 bedded cabin with private facilities.

A 25% SAVING ON THE BROCHURE PRICE PLUS 2 DAYS EXTRA IN THE FLAMINGO BEACH HOTEL AND FREE SAFARI!! Other cabin grades are available, ask for details.

16 NIGHTS from £1,635 per person Departing 8th August 1997

An exceptional holiday at an exceptional price which combines an idyllic cruise to exotic islands in the Indian Ocean with a stay in the Maldives' coral reefed coast and a fabulous FREE Land Safari.

Fly to Maldives for the overnight flight to Mahe, where you will transfer to the delightful Flamingo Beach Hotel for a night's stay before heading off on a fantastic 1 night safari. Fly to the wilderness of Tave National Park for a night under canvas with the expectation of seeing elephants, cheetahs, giraffe, crocodile and lion. Return to the Flamingo Beach Hotel for another night of relaxation.

Joining the four star 5,600 ton MS Royal Star on day 5 you'll sail for a 10 night cruise. A host of facilities on board include a pool, fitness room, 3 bars, a boutique and an elegant restaurant. The atmosphere is friendly and informal during the days at sea and in the evenings after sunsets some entertainment there is music and entertainment to enjoy with live entertainment.

Visit the exciting harbour of Zanzibar, boasting with bars and reminders of its exotic "spice island" history. The pictureque island of Mayotte, encircled by a vast lagoon, boasts spectacular and dramatic scenery. Nosy Be is an island of great contrasts. For many the highlight will be the Sceyche, coral fringed islands, powder white beaches, plentiful in

fish and marine life.

Return to Mahe from the Seychelles by air you'll spend another two nights of this fabulous holiday back at the Flamingo Beach Hotel before your return daytime flight to the UK via Zanzibar.

The holiday price includes:

• Return economy flights between UK and Mahe via Zanzibar.

• 4 nights full board accommodation at the Flamingo Beach Hotel and 1 night on Zanzibar.

• 10 nights full board accommodation on MS Royal Star.

• Coach transfers throughout and all taxes.

For further information contact: www.independent.co.uk

FOR FULL DETAILS & A BOOKING FORM
Complete the coupon in block capitals and send to:
THE INDEPENDENT INDIAN OCEAN CRUISE AFRICAN SAFARI CLUB,
35-37 EAST STREET, BROOKLYN, KENT BR1 1QH
Or call the HOLIDAY BROCHURE HOTLINE ON
0181-466 9014

This holiday is operated by African Safari Club Ltd.
ABTA V4000 ATOL 2313

Please send me further details of this exotic Indian Ocean Cruise

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post Code _____

Phone Day _____ Evening _____

Send to THE INDEPENDENT INDIAN OCEAN CRUISE

AFRICAN SAFARI CLUB, 35-37 EAST STREET, BROOKLYN, KENT BR1 1QH

or complete and post to: www.independent.co.uk

INT471

AD WATCH

From grey suits to space-suits at Norwich Union

It is most advertising agencies' worst nightmare: how to create a sexy financial services campaign? Contractors just aren't interested, you see. The products are complicated and the advertising typically dull and dry. Step forward and take a bow, then. Norwich Union which has bravely recruited a comedy chef and an elusive lobster to star in its latest TV campaign.

"Seriously distracting" is the theme, with each ad depicting situations in which protagonists are "seriously distracted" by the prospects of Norwich Union's flotation. That's where the lobster comes in – he escapes from the chef's kitchen and is last seen reading a newspaper on a train. Laboured?

Maybe. Comy? Perhaps. But it's an approach which is little short of revolutionary in the grey-suited world of financial services.

"If you're unable to say something concrete – which is the case with many financial ads – creating interesting and effective advertising becomes far harder," says Marilyn Baxter, vice chairman of the agency behind the campaign, Satchel and Satchel. It's all very well saying "cheaper", "faster" or "washes whiter" for other products, but the true value of a pension won't become evident for many years. Then there's the nature of the beast – the more complex the product, the tougher it is to explain.



be rather distracting

© 1997 Norwich Union Life Assurance Company Ltd

seriously distracting: one giant leap for the financial services

The challenge was to advertise something financial, but broadcast regulations dictate that cannot be directly advertised, she adds. The Financial Services Act prevents anyone from urging consumers to buy shares because they are a good investment. It also requires ads to carry unwieldy disclaimers, including the now familiar health warning: "The value of shares/investments can go up as well as down".

The campaign, targeting NU's two million UK members, had to be a call to action – but stick within the letter of the law. And it had to stand out from the glut of recent building society demutualisations.

Building society floatations tend to involve free shares being offered to

shareholders. The demutualisation of NU, however, is slightly different, says Thomas Cowper-Johnson, Norwich Union's head of brand and international communications.

"Not only is NU offering shares but it also hopes to raise new money from members offered the chance to buy more shares at a discount," he explains.

To work within the spirit of the Financial Services Act advertising and broadcast legislation, the campaign had to focus on creating awareness of the opportunity to buy. "Much financial services advertising is dull as dishwater," Mr Cowper-Johnson believes.

Humour is an effective way of breaking through this – even if used in moderation. (NU was looking to raise a

smile rather than a "belly laugh", he explains).

That the end result retained even the merest hint of humour is little short of a miracle, given the army of advisors and censors who vetted the process. The campaign had to meet the approval of not only the agency creative director and client but, more specifically, NU's financial director, its merchant banker, lawyers, stock brokers, city PR firm and all the interested regulatory authorities," Mr Baxter says.

Read the reams of literature associated with NU's imminent demutualisation and you too will probably will find yourself failing to catch your partner on the trapeze, missing your rocket home from outer space or hoisting your lobster live – as happens in each of the ads. But the really neat touch is the campaign's lightness of tone.

It is a lesson already learned by the likes of Allied Dunbar, who's all singing and dancing "There might be trouble ahead" campaign continues to engage and entertain.

But sit up at the back, Equitable Life and Scottish Widows. The former continues to rely on the agonising father and son combo in the "It's an equitable life, Henry" ads. And the latter? You've guessed it... Scottish women dressed in black.

Meg Carter



Gavin Green

Turn left
and here
you'll find
a lot more
in which you
can't
see any
new value
after covering
it up
doing
At the very
struggles to
admits
mark
Mercedes
relatively
more
Depreciation
plucked out
on demand
and image
sector

Turn left
and here
you'll find
a lot more
in which you
can't
see any
new value
after covering
it up
doing
At the very
struggles to
admits
mark
Mercedes
relatively
more
Depreciation
plucked out
on demand
and image
sector

Turn left
and here
you'll find
a lot more
in which you
can't
see any
new value
after covering
it up
doing
At the very
struggles to
admits
mark
Mercedes
relatively
more
Depreciation
plucked out
on demand
and image
sector

Turn left
and here
you'll find
a lot more
in which you
can't
see any
new value
after covering
it up
doing
At the very
struggles to
admits
mark
Mercedes
relatively
more
Depreciation
plucked out
on demand
and image
sector

ROAD TEST

Daihatsu Move

By John Simister

What, you may well ask, is the point? Here's a new breed of car – a tall box on wheels – with Brains (the intellectual power behind *Thunderbirds*, remember?) as its advertising-hoarding protagonist, and a tendency to make people fall over in disbelief in its television commercial. The Daihatsu Move is quite startling and clearly very small if it is designed to appeal to Brains who, if memory serves correct, is about 3ft tall excluding his strings. But what is it for?

The Move is a miniature multi-purpose vehicle, or MPV, which is to say it's a shrunken interpretation of the Galaxy and Espace idea. Being shrunken, it has only four seats, which immediately limits the number of its potential purposes. But all four seats can be slid individually fore-and-aft, reclined to make a bed of sorts, or folded flat for when you want your Move to move something other than people. There are five doors, the rearmost one side-hinged, and with huge headroom and deep windows the Move achieves the apparent paradox of being a very small car with an airy, spacious interior.

Right, so it won't carry an Espace load of people. But it is a useful little device, being only a foot or so longer than a Mini and very narrow – it's a foot narrower than it is tall. Which makes it a very handy way of carrying awkward loads through crowded city streets, and for parking. And while there is not much luggage space behind the rear seats when you're travelling four-up, if you're a crowd of three you can let the load space encroach into the vacant chair's territory. You can do this in an average hatchback, too, of course, but it seems less of an invasion in the open-plan Move.



The Move was Japan's best-selling car at the end of last year, and has triggered an influx of imitators, the latest of which is the Honda Life (Move, Life – the Japanese have a knack of getting right to the core of a product's purpose, although Mitsubishi's contribution, the Minica Toppo, doesn't quite strike the chord). But we in Britain might embarrass more easily. And there's the other crucial question: What is it like to drive? Is it truly dreadful?

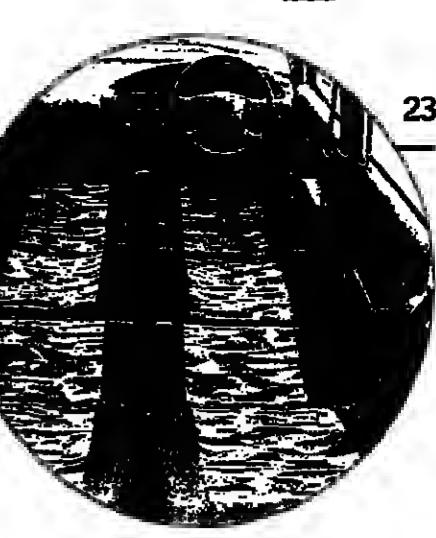
Not at all. The way the Move lolllops along is rather fun. The tall build makes for poly-poly cornering, but the little wheels hang on to the road gamely, and the Daihatsu flattens bumps surprisingly successfully for something tiny, lightweight and van-shaped. The little 847cc engine – that's one cubic centimetre smaller than the original Mini's motor – spins smoothly, humming away enthusiastically with its deep, three-cylinder

tone, and provided you make plentiful use of the long, wand-like gear lever, the Move moves along with a surprising frisk. Subjectively speaking, anyway.

The interior is plasticky and basic, and the upright driving position does your right ankle in after a time. However, if you're prepared to speed more than the £7,200 that is the Move's on-the-road price, you can have a Move+ which has electric windows, central locking, a rev-

counter and a Pioneer stereo with baffle controls. There are fancier paint schemes, colour-matched bumpers and a more plush interior trim, too, all of which costs you an extra £1,000. Automatic transmission is optional; so is air conditioning whose pump does not, contrary to expectations, cause the tiny engine to groan to a halt when the air is being conditioned.

Strange as it may seem, the Move does



DAIHATSU MOVE

Specifications
Price (on the road): £7,200 (Move), £8,200 (Move+)
Engine: 847cc, three cylinders, 12 valves, 42bhp at 5,300rpm; five-speed gearbox, front-wheel drive.
Performance: top speed 82mph, 0-60 not stated.
Fuel consumption: 42-47mpg.

Rivals
Several similar cars are on offer in Japan, but for UK buyers the Move is a unique proposition. However, for the price of a Move you could buy a conventional supermini such as a Volkswagen Polo, or you could find comparably compact dimensions and engine size in the cheaper Fiat Cinquecento. Alternatively, you could spend more and have less with a Mini (£28,995), but there's little point.

make a case for itself. Actually, it's rather charming: were it cheaper, there would be something Citroën 2CV-like about its station in life. In Japan, though, you can get a 659cc, four-cylinder, 16-valve, turbocharged version with 58bhp instead of our model's 42, and a demeanour resembling a Yorkshire terrier on amphetamines. I drove one in London, brought over by the UK importer for appraisal, and people kept bursting out laughing because they couldn't believe that something so small and so square could move so fast and be named so aptly. It won't be sold here, sad to say. We'll just have to make do with the relatively sane version instead.

Ageing gracefully

By James Ruppert

When you buy a brand new car, the simple act of driving it out of the showroom can cost about £3,000. Depreciation is a black hole into which your car's actual value rapidly disappears. Any model which can retain anything like 50 per cent of its new value in three years' time and after covering about 40,000 miles is doing very well indeed.

At the very worst, some Ladas struggle to retain 26 per cent of their admittedly low values. At best, certain marques such as Ferrari, Porsche and Mercedes seem to depreciate relatively slowly, possibly losing no more than a third of their value. Depreciation figures are not simply plucked out of thin air, they are based on demand, availability, running costs and image. So which models in each sector fight depreciation the best?

Mainstream
makers have
upped the level
of driver appeal,
just as gridlock
sets in

Excitement sells, so does "image", and, as an upshot, many family cars nowadays not only lug kids around, but also get the juices flowing. Many family cars will do over 120mph, accelerate as fast as a hot hatch, and some even look great (although progress has been a little slower on this front).

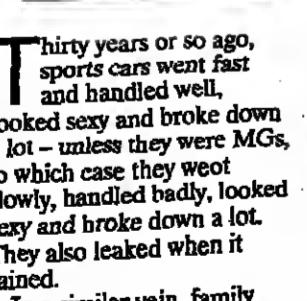
The first big surprise in store was the V6 Vauxhall Vectra. Despite being launched on a "car for the new millennium" platform, the Vectra is well known for serving up as much fizz as a week-old glass of lemonade. But recent mods, aimed at overturning its sensible-shoes image, have substantially improved it. It now handles and steers better than any E-type ever did and has a honey of a V6 engine, which gives the odd time dullard more performance than most 30-year-old sports cars. Pity if

still looks so nondescript, at odds with recent good design work that Vauxhall has done (Corsa, Tigra).

Less of a surprise was the new Ford Mondeo. Unlike the Vectra, the Mondeo was more or less right first time. The new Mondeo is even better. The V6 version is the real sports car in drag: like the Vectra V6, it's not only quick enough to humble most old sports cars, but it can sprint past quite a few new ones as well. To boot, the latest Mondeo has beautifully direct steering and handles in a fluent and dignified manner.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.



Gavin Green
Thirty years or so ago, sports cars went fast and handled well, looked sexy and broke down a lot – unless they were slow, handled badly, looked ugly and broke down a lot. They also leaked when it rained.

In a similar vein, family cars were big and roomy and extremely dull to drive. Compare a popular family saloon of the era – say, an Austin 1800 or a Ford Cortina – with a popular sports car of the day (the E-type Jag) and it's easy to see that, apart from four wheels and an alarming propensity to rust, the cars had little in common. For starters, the E-type went twice as fast. Sports cars did one job, family cars did another.

Things aren't so clear-cut now, as recent drives in some of the best-selling family saloons have shown.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

interaction. There was also a plethora of clever design: the new Passat looks better than most sports cars on the road, a masterpiece of refined understatement, like a good suit. Its nearest rival for best car in class, the Peugeot 406, looks even better.

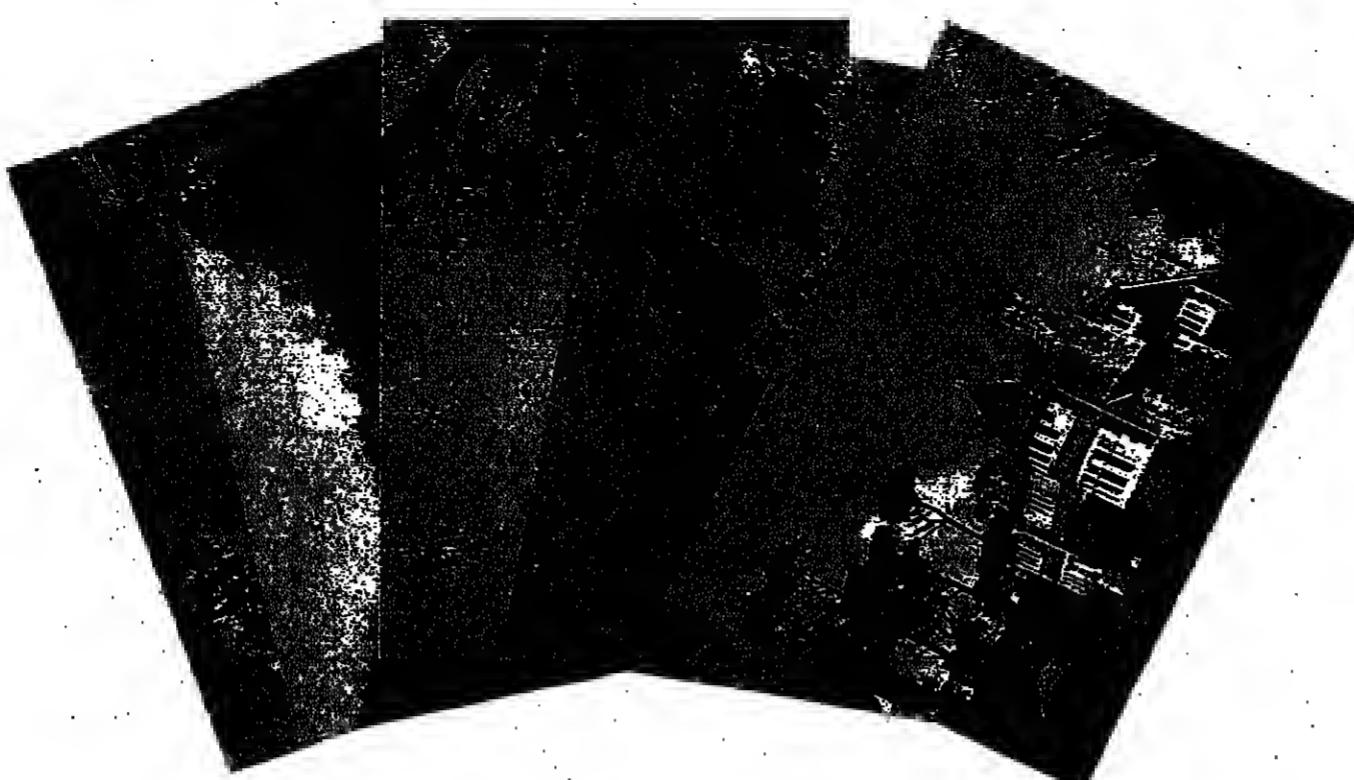
Back in the Sixties, dull-looking big-selling family cars just jolted (Austin 1800s) or jolted (Cortinas, all Vauxhalls) on their ways. In either case, they were objects of transport rather than instruments of pleasure. They were about as much fun to use as a fridge.

Since then, learning a lesson from prestige makers like BMW, all mainstream family cars have upped the level of driver appeal (as well as comfort, refinement and just about every other tangible, including rising cost of ownership). Some makers certainly do it better than others, but all have improved.

The irony is that, as cars get better to drive, go faster and handle more sweetly, so roads have become more clogged. Which means there are fewer places to enjoy them. Maybe the crafty car makers, mindful of gradually rising traffic levels, planned this all along! After all, if we had to endure hour-long traffic queues in a car as uninspiring to use as an old Cortina, we'd all go by train.

homes & money

Down to a photo finish



Penny Jackson picks between the pixels of the property brochures

The house looked perfect. It was on a wooded hillside, with gardens that led down to the river. There was even a boathouse on the water's edge. It was an idyllic spot that required an immediate visit. For Margie Coldrey, who could see no obvious hitches from the estate agent's details, the property seemed to represent everything she and her husband had been looking for in the West country.

They made the journey, with mounting anticipation, to the spot on the River Dart. The house was as good as it looked in the brochure but to their enormous disappointment the land they had assumed was the garden, far from descending in a riot to the river, was not even part of the property.

"All there was in front of the house was a gravel driveway with a parking space. The garden turned out to be at the back," says Mrs Coldrey, taking up the story. "The picture had been taken from the

other side of the river: because of the slope and the trees you could not see the driveway or the road that ran alongside the house. It looked as though that land ran down to the water. We didn't even bother to go and look at the house."

She felt irritated with herself. As public relations consultant to John D Wood, she is familiar with brochures. "In our enthusiasm at seeing such a lovely property, we failed to read the map properly. If we had studied it and checked the measurements it would have been clear that the garden couldn't have gone down to the water."

We knew some other people who made a special trip down from London to see the same house. They were so sure of what the picture showed that they had failed to seek clarification from the agents."

This sort of scenario comes as no surprise to Charlie Ellingworth of Property Vision, a buying agency he started "because agents' details tell only a tenth of the story. One of the first houses I went to see was a very pretty Georgian

house with a background of trees. When I got there I found the M40 flyover went within 20 yards of the top window. Buckets of times I find something bang next door to a house which is not shown in the photograph. Brochures are powerful tools that by definition make everything look like paradise. That's their job. The hope is that people turn up like a house despite its drawbacks".

There is, however, a great deal of difference between having a garden overlooked by neighbours, and finding that the country cottage you have driven 50 miles to see is plonked next to a pig farm or is on a road with lorries thundering past every few minutes. Unless you employ someone like Mr Ellingworth, most of us rely on the selling agent.

It is reassuring that the leading agencies do inform buyers of obvious blight. Edward Sudde of John D Wood's Oxford office believes not disclosing a planning application or informing a potential buyer that a house is on a major

road junction wastes everyone's time and causes had feeling.

In London, noise factor is crucial. Jonathan Hewlett of Savills finds the Underground can be a sore point. "Technically we don't have to mention it in our details, but we do where it affects the house - although this upsets the vendor sometimes."

Vendors are also the only people who are sometimes disappointed by the constraints of the Property Misdescription Act 1991. While it outlawed such practices as using a view from a penthouse to sell a first-floor flat or airbrushing out an unsightly building, it also saw off extravagant and vague descriptions. Instead of adjectives, we now have facts, floor plans and maps and, above all, photographs. Those selling are mostly persuaded of a brochure's pulling power and will spend anything from £200 to several thousand pounds for a professional job. Where appropriate, an extra £500 or aerial shots can show at a glance that a house

really is secluded and close to the water and more than repays the expenditure.

Vicki Naish, who is involved in brochure design for Savills, says that in choosing the best photographs she has to be sure that they are not misleading. "But like any advertising, we want to show the property in the best possible light. It's often a matter of emphasis - a garden may be more spectacular than the house, or an interior shot may be a better selling point than the outside."

Buyers, then, should learn to read into the absence of certain pictures. It is perfectly natural for owners to want only the best features of a property to be shown.

Not that they are always the best judges. Edward Hill, an architectural photographer, is surprised at how many people have no idea which direction their houses face. "I might photograph a house in the morning because it faces east yet the owner insists that the sun hits it in the afternoon. You have to be very diplomatic sometimes".

Three on view
Grade II-listed cottages



North Lodge at Bramshott, near Liphook, Hampshire, is surrounded by fields and adjoining National Trust woodland. The two-bedroom cottage has mellow stone elevations with some stone mullion windows. Dating back to 1827, it has recently been modernised and has the potential to be enlarged. The sitting room has a deep open fireplace with an exposed beamed ceiling. In the dining room, an Aga is set into the chimney breast which adjoins the original bread oven. The bathroom is downstairs. The cottage, in a bit less than two acres of grounds, is three miles from Liphook on the main line to Waterloo and Portsmouth. It is for sale through Lane Fox (01438 661077) at a guide price of £250,000.



The Brew House in Yelverton, Norfolk, has been converted from a predominantly 17th-century monastic building. It was believed to have been the brewery for the monks of Yelverton Hall, a staging post for pilgrims on their way to Walsingham. It is constructed of mellow red brick under a pantile roof with crow gable ends. The house has four bedrooms and two bathrooms. Downstairs it has a drawing room, dining room and kitchen/breakfast room. The garden is about 0.31 acres. Yelverton is a small village, five miles south of Norwich. The house is for sale with Savills Norwich (01603 612211), at an asking price of £185,000.



Steps Cottage is situated near the centre of the Cotswold village of Bibury - described by William Morris as "the most beautiful village in England". The cottage is set back from the main street and is approached up a short flight of steps. It has three bedrooms, one bathroom and a breakfast room/kitchen. The sitting room has a large inglenook fireplace. There is a split-level cottage garden in the front which is well screened. Parking is within 100 metres of the cottage. Offers in the region of £124,500 (Lane Fox: 01285 653101).

Penny Jackson

How borrowers can make the best of the 'rest'

Nic Cicutti finds a discrepancy in repayment mortgages that can cost you thousands

There are repayment mortgages - and there are repayment mortgages. The difference between them can mean up to five years longer to settle the loan and thousands of pounds more in interest payments. How? Well, it all depends on how you calculate the amount you pay back each month.

The issue has acquired greater significance given the gradual return to popularity of repayment mortgages. In essence, there are two main ways of meeting the cost of a loan. Most people still choose endowment mortgages, which involve interest-only monthly repayments on the loan. The capital itself is paid off by other means, usually through an endowment policy but also PEPs and the tax-free lump sum element of personal pensions. The shine of endowments has become tarnished by the realisation that they are highly inflexible and require long-term commitments. And warnings from endowment providers that they can no longer guarantee their policies will actually pay off the loan at maturity has led to a switch to repayment loans.

However, the manner in which the repayment is calculated is crucial. Typically, mortgage lenders will only calculate the amount of capital to be repaid at the end of a 12-month cycle, no matter how much has been repaid in the intervening period. This is known

within the mortgage industry as the "annual rest" period. In effect, it means that borrowers are themselves lending money to their lenders throughout the year - except that their loans are interest-free.

The alternative is to credit part of the

amount paid against the capital owed, as soon as it comes in, either monthly ("monthly rest") or daily ("daily rest").

A report last week by Yorkshire Bank, one of a handful of lenders that operates in that way, suggests that on an average £51,000 loan, borrowers can end up over-paying £13,000 or more if interest rates stay at 7.24 per cent. A borrower would take 21 years to pay off a same-sized loan if "daily rests" are applied instead of 25 years for "annual rests".

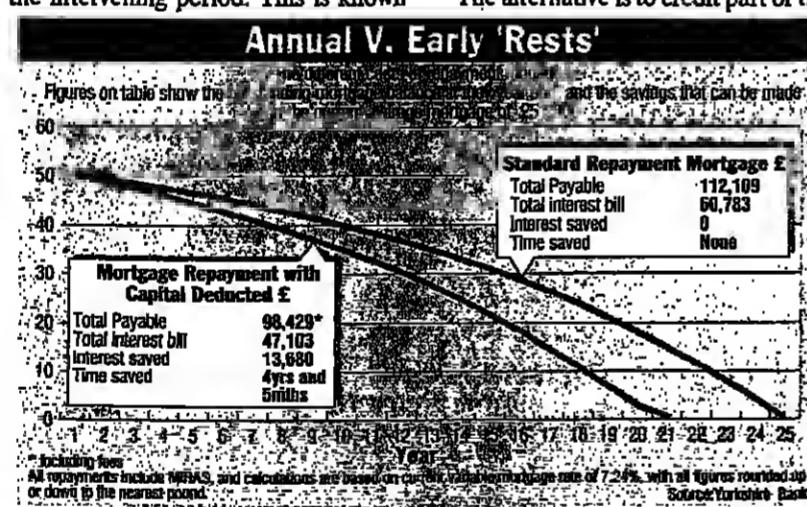
Despite the massive difference between the two methods of calculating how much is repaid on the loan, the vast majority of lenders refuse to switch to the one that is beneficial to borrowers. They argue that borrowers are always made fully aware of the methods lenders use when calculating repayments. Yet a survey by Harris Research for Yorkshire Bank suggests that a third of people have no idea what their exact repayments are or how they are calculated.

Lenders who operate "annual rests"

claim that a daily system would not help those in arrears, against whom interest would begin to build immediately if they failed to pay off their loans. Yet the vast majority of people are never in arrears and many of those who are will only be in that position for a few months. The benefits of daily interest credits far outweigh the potential penalties.

The lesson for borrowers is clear. If you are considering a repayment mortgage, look for a company that credits your payments daily or monthly. If you already have a variable-rate repayment mortgage, with no penalties for switching, do so right away. It could cut the cost of your loan by thousands of pounds. It would also give a kick in the teeth to the vast majority of lenders who abuse the public's trust in this way.

Lenders calculating mortgage interest on a daily basis: Birmingham Midshires, Britannia, Midland Bank, NatWest Mortgage Services, Portman, Royal Bank of Scotland, Woolwich, Yorkshire Bank, Yorkshire Building Society, TSB, Direct Line (Source MoneyFacts)



property • residential

TEL: 0171 293 2222

FAX: 0171 293 2505

**Sell your home faster
as £50 per advert**

Advertise your property through the *Independent* and *Independent on Sunday*'s highly successful *Property Gallery*; a marketplace that is tried, tested and works.

The advertisement appears in the module format shown here, with 40 words of copy complemented by a full colour photograph of your home.

The Cost

The more advertisements you book, the cheaper the cost per ad:

1 x Advertisement costs £95
2 x Advertisements cost £130 (£65 each)
3 x Advertisements cost £150 (£50 each)

Fill in this coupon and send payment, a colour photograph and up to 40 words of copy to: The Property Team, Classified Advertising, 19th Floor, Independent Newspaper, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. Deadline for receipt of copy/photo is at least 6 working days prior to publication. Offer open to private advertisers only, commercial advertising package available on request.

NAME.....

TELEPHONE (daytime).....

ADDRESS.....

I require 1 2 3 (tick appropriate box) Advertisement(s) at a total cost of £.....

Please enclose a cheque for this amount made payable to 'Newspaper Publishing Plc' or fill in your Visa/Access/Amex/Diners Club details:

CREDIT CARD NO.....

EXPIRY DATE.....

SIGNATURE.....

For advice or more information please call 'The Property Team' on 0171-293 2343 or 0171-293 2302

Overseas Property

GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND

PROPERTY PRICES SET TO BOOM THIS YEAR
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITY
Plots of Land, 1 and 2 bedroom Apartments, 2/3/4 bedroom
Townhouses and Villas. Waterfront and Beach properties.

NYRAE PROPERTIES [OVERSEAS]

Old Bank House 1 High Street Arundel West Sussex BN18 9AD

Tel: +44 (0) 1903 88 46 63 Fax: +44 (0) 1903 73 25 54

MEMBERS OF THE FEDERATION OF OVERSEAS PROPERTY DEVELOPERS AGENTS & CONSULTANTS AGENTS REQUIRED FOR OVERSEAS PROPERTIES EXCELLENT COMMISSIONS FOR SALE IN 31 COUNTRIES

French: PROPERTY NEWS

monthly, for copy and copy telephone (0151) 947 1834

Italy

NORTHERN TUSCANY

A little piece of heaven on earth

Delightful old villa house in

the old village with a

large garden, vine-covered

terrace and private garden

matrix of rare property.

1 hour from Florence

and mountains 1 hour

o.s. 570,000

For detail, please phone

00 353 1821 0689

To advertise in this section
please call 0171 293 2302/2343.

Sussex

Mr. CHICHESTER

Unique 3-year-old house

in a quiet location with

full advantage of south-facing site.

4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms,

spacious, modern kitchen

and conservatory with large studio overlooking garden. High specification, low

o.s. 570,000

Tel/Fax: 02330 572205

01238 657071

01238 657070

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 657071

01238 6570

Inflation could still spoil the party

Some more reflections this week on the topical issues of Labour, inflation and the state of the markets, prompted by the timely publication of PDFM's annual survey of the investment climate. PDFM is one of the Big Four firms that dominate UK pension fund management, and its Pension Fund Indicators is an authoritative guide to the long-term trends in such things as rates of return, where the big institutions are putting their money and so on.

While it does not use such lurid terms, a good sub-text for this year's offering might in fact be "Why Investors Have Never Had It So Good". Last year pension funds achieved an average return of around 11 per cent on their assets, bringing their total assets to £566bn. Over the past 34 years, the rate of return for UK pension funds has averaged a remarkably consistent 12 per cent annum. Helped by the big growth in occupational schemes, the value of their assets has risen 125-fold since 1962, and tenfold after allowing for inflation.

The last decade has been a spectacularly good one as inflation has fallen and asset prices, including



Jonathan Davis

Investors have never had it so good. But medium-term price pressures are rising

shares and gilts, have soared in real terms. The compound annual rate of return achieved by pension funds in the last 10 years has been 8 per cent per annum after inflation, roughly double the long-term average, and comfortably ahead of the growth in both earnings and retail prices.

With three-quarters of all pension fund assets invested in shares, no other country has such a high equity content in its pension fund portfolios. This heavy equity weighting has paid off handsomely in the long-haul market of the 1980s and early 1990s.

The obvious question now is whether such returns can be sustained, and whether this overwhelming reliance

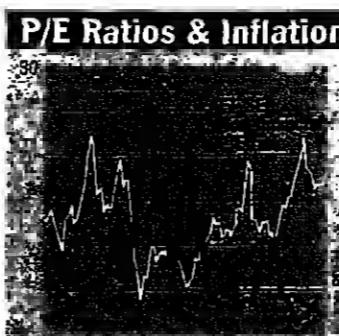
on shares continues to be justified. Fund managers themselves seem to be starting to have some second thoughts on this matter. Although the biggest trend of the last 15 years has been the big increase in overseas equity holdings (which have doubled to 23 per cent of fund assets since 1982), between 70 per cent and 100 per cent of all net new investment by pension funds in the past four years has gone into cash and index-linked gilts, rather than into stock markets.

Such caution has been quite costly in the short term, since it means that many funds have largely missed out on the latter stages of the great Wall Street boom of the last two years.



But on a longer-term perspective, it looks more understandable, given the demanding levels at which both the UK and US stock markets are now valued.

As the PDFM data shows, dividend yields have fallen sharply on both sides of the Atlantic to levels not seen (apart, briefly, from just before the 1987 crash) since the 1968-1972 bull market. The same goes for price/earnings ratios. The current UK market p/e, about 18 times company earnings, is a little down from its peak of 22 in 1994, but the average p/e ratio of the past four years is still much higher than at any time in the previous 20 years (the



summer of 1987 again being the one brief exception).

It is, as I suggested a few weeks ago, perfectly possible to try and justify the current high valuations in terms of the improved outlook for inflation. It is evident that the 1970s and early 1980s were exceptional for their inflationary horrors. But, as PDFM correctly points out, the relationship between equity prices and the level of inflation is not as straightforward as some people claim it to be. In particular, a lot depends on what time frame you are looking at.

Thus, while in the long run, equities do clearly exhibit a tendency to provide positive real returns and

thereby act as a hedge against inflation, in the short term the effect is usually the other way round. As my (second) chart suggests, the market tends to react negatively to inflation increases. What happens in particular is that the rating of shares de-

riates. In other words, when inflation is rising, p/e ratios tend to fall, and vice versa. PDFM compared the returns on shares, gilts and cash for years of low, medium and high inflation. This showed quite clearly that equities produced the best annual rates of return in years when inflation has been low and the worst in years when inflation has been high.

This is perfectly logical. Although big companies can usually raise their prices and report increased profits in a high inflation environment, their real rates of return on capital usually fall, justifying a lower rating. At the same time, rising inflation almost invariably brings higher interest rates with it, which helps to make interest-bearing alternatives to shares (such as deposit accounts and Treasury bills) look more attractive.

So where does all this leave us? Well, everything comes back, as I suggested just before the election, to

what happens to the inflation outlook and the time frame over which you are looking to draw a conclusion. If investors become convinced that inflation has been tamed, as Roger Bootle suggests, then equity investors need have few fears. If you share the concerns of the Bank of England and others that medium-term inflationary pressures are rising, however, then the current level of the markets has to be a worry – especially if you are primarily interested in short-term performance.

PDFM concludes that rates of return for investors must start to come down before long. So far this decade returns on both shares (12.6 per cent) and gilts (11.8 per cent) have comfortably exceeded those of the 1960s, the last time inflation was at a comparable and stable level.

Over time, the returns must come back into line, though nothing in history says when that may be. After all, PDFM said the same thing this time last year – and it didn't happen in 1996. Gordon Brown can do his bit however if he is so minded: PDFM reckons that cutting the ACT credit on dividends will cut pension funds' annual rate of return by 0.75 per cent per annum.

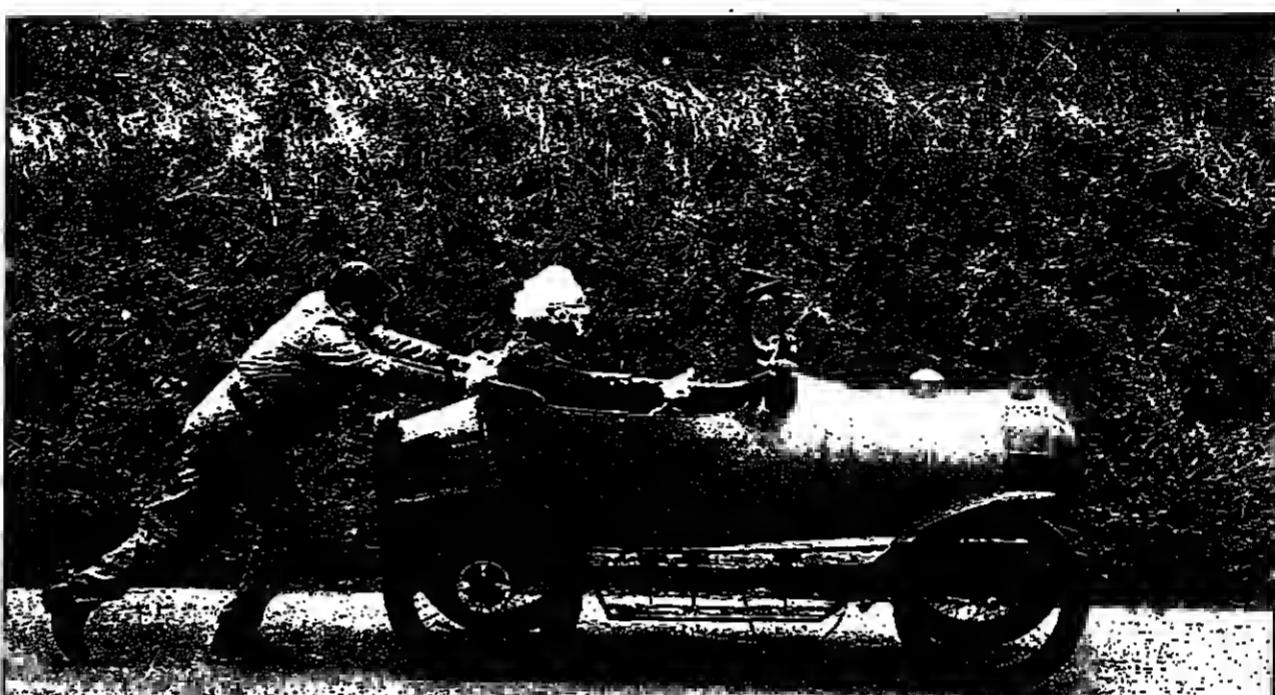
Who can I complain to?

Retirement: In the latest in a series explaining the Pensions Act, Stephanie Hawthorne examines the routes that can be taken to resolve problems and disputes

You may whinge, moan, wail – all to no avail. Once upon a time, aggrieved pension scheme members could formally do little more than complain if they felt there was anything amiss with the running of their fund. The only other option was to go through the courts, a prohibitively expensive procedure.

Much has improved since then. Now there is a range of choices: the Occupational Pensions Advisory Service (OPAS), the Pensions Ombudsman and, from April 1997, internal dispute resolution procedures within the schemes themselves.

Resolving a problem internally is the initial option. As Malcolm McLean, chief executive of OPAS, explains: "The first port of call for any complaint or request for clarification on a pensions matter should be with the pension scheme itself."



The Pensions Act 1995 requires occupational scheme trustees to have internal dispute procedures for dealing with members' complaints. Trustees must nominate a person (usually the pensions manager)

who is responsible for making the initial decisions. These must be made in writing and state that the member has a right to appeal.

Hugh Arthur of Biddle & Co points out: "People with this responsibility must be very careful indeed about the way in which they frame their decision. Amateur rugby referees can now be sued for negligence in the whistle-blowing area: what hope, therefore, the negligent professional pensions' expert?"

Virtually anybody with a connection to the scheme can make a complaint including active, deferred or pensioner members: a widow, widower or surviving dependants of a member, and potential members. The scheme cannot be used if the matter is already before the courts or an industrial tribunal or if the Pensions Ombudsman is investigating the case.

The Pensions Ombudsman normally allows complaints up to three years from

the date of the event giving rise to the cause of the action. If the case is brought before the court, the limit is normally six years. But there are no time limits for bringing a claim under the internal dispute resolution procedure.

Members with a grievance have only six months from the date of the initial decision to appeal to the trustees. When the trustees give their decisions, they must also tell the member that he or she can invoke the assistance of OPAS and the Pensions Ombudsman.

OPAS is a voluntary organisation which gives advice to people with pension problems. A common difficulty is that because of job changes, people may have money in pension schemes they have lost touch with. The Pensions Schemes Registry will help them trace their whereabouts.

For those with a problem with the selling or marketing of personal pension plans, the organisation to turn to for

Pushing for improvements: Pensioners who want to make a complaint should start by going through the scheme's internal disputes procedure

advice will usually be the Personal Investment Authority (PIA). If you are locked in a dispute with your occupational pensions scheme, the Pensions Ombudsman can step in to adjudicate.

As the final safety net, should the worse happen, you may be able to turn to the Pensions Compensation Board. It can step in where money is removed dishonestly from an occupational scheme and your employer is involved. In most cases it will be the trustees who will make a claim but any scheme member can do so. All claims must be in writing addressed to the Pensions Compensation Board.

The amount payable will 90 per cent of the loss or the amount needed to restore the scheme to 90 per cent funding. The board can award emergency compensation if pensioners' benefits or guaranteed minimum pensions are at risk. It will need to satisfy itself that there are reasonable grounds for believing the funds have been dishonestly removed.

OPAS, 11 Belgrave Road, London, SW1V 1RB (0171 233 8050); The Pension Schemes Registry, PO Box 1111, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, NE99 1NN (0191 225 6396); The Pensions Ombudsman, 11 Belgrave Road, London SW1V 1RB (0171 834 9144); Pensions Compensation Board, 11 Belgrave Road, London SW1V 1RB (0171 828 0794); Personal Investment Authority (PIA), 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5AZ (0171 538 8860).

Stephanie Hawthorne is editor of Pensions World

Alliance & Leicester Shareholders

Don't let the taxman get a share of your shares.

If you have decided to hold onto your new Alliance & Leicester shares you need to make sure the taxman doesn't get his hands on your money. Unless you take action by 30th May you may be subject to tax – you may have to pay tax on the dividends and have a tax bill if you sell your shares.

However there is an easy way to keep your Alliance & Leicester shares and pay no tax at all.

By putting your shares into a Personal Equity Plan with M&G, the UK's largest general PEP provider, you can receive the dividends free of tax and sell your shares whenever you wish tax-free.

You can also put other windfall building society or insurance company shares into The M&G Windfall PEP.

So to keep all your shares and not pay a penny in tax, return the coupon or call us now on 0990 600 631.

To: The M&G Group, Bristol BS38 7ET. Please send me details of the new M&G Windfall PEP.

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL. You should contact your independent financial adviser (if you have one) before investing. The price of investments and the income from them can go down as well as up. The value to you of the tax benefits will depend on your own circumstances. The tax regime of PEPs could change in the future.

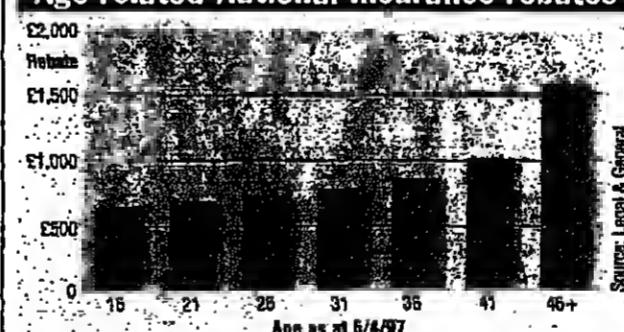
Mr/Ms INITIALS SURNAME
ADDRESS
POSTCODE LE-DEAT

M&G does not offer investment advice or offer any recommendations regarding investments. We only market the packaged products and services of the M&G marketing group.
Issued by M&G Financial Services Limited. (Regulated by the Personal Investment Authority)
We never make your name and address available to unconnected organisations. We will occasionally tell you about other products and services offered by ourselves and associated M&G Companies.
Tick this box if you would prefer not to receive the information.

The M&G Windfall PEP

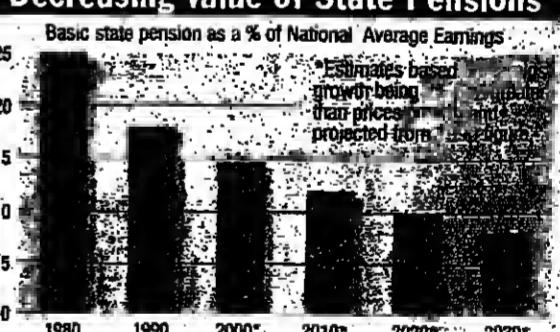
Should I stay or should I go?

Age related National Insurance rebates



Source: Legal & General

Decreasing value of State Pensions



Source: Legal & General

Opting-out: Nic Cicutti looks at what the new rules will mean

The next few months will require an important decision by personal pension holders – whether new rebates paid if they opt out, or stay opted out of the state earnings-related pension scheme make it worthwhile for them to do so.

When it was introduced by Barbara Castle in 1978, the aim was for Serps, together with the basic state pension, to contribute up to 45 per cent of an average salary before retirement. But within two years of the Conservatives taking office in 1979, the real value of Serps had gradually cut back, so that by 2030 it will only be worth a small portion of its present value.

From 1988, to encourage more people to abandon Serps, which the Government considered a burden, it allowed individual employees to replace, or "contract out", of Serps. In exchange for doing so, part of their own and their employers' National Insurance contributions were rebated back into a personal pension.

The decision to opt out of Serps depended on the period of time before retirement, within which the rebate had time to grow as an investment.

Generally, the older a person the less beneficial opting out was, because they stood to gain little or even lose out the closer they were to retirement.

Many financial advisers would recommend that their clients opt out of Serps until they reached a "pivotal age", when they should rejoin and reap the benefits of both systems. The age was usually between 35 and 40 for men and 30 to 35 for women.

The employee's own rebate

The DSS has acted to replace flat-rate rebates with age-related ones, with younger people receiving less. For example, a 16-year-old will receive a rebate worth 3.88 per cent of upper tier earnings, while those aged 46 or over will receive 9.18 per cent.

The same 35-year-old earning £20,000 would get £335 in the 1997-98 tax year, increasing in subsequent years to reach £1,590.

The Government argues that the new system is fairer to people of all ages and more closely reflects the benefits of opting out of Serps.

In fact, it makes it more likely that people who have previously not found it worthwhile will now seriously consider opting out – thus removing themselves as "burdens" on the state. Indeed experts

argue that opting out is a good idea.

If the assumptions are right, those who opt out will do well. If they are wrong, those who left the comfort of Serps for the thrill of an opted out pension will be wrong. It pays to discuss the issue in detail with an independent financial adviser (IFA).

For details of an IFA near you, call 0117 972 3333.

say in how benefits are paid to beneficiaries if they die before retirement; and they can decide on their fund's investment strategy. There is also the possibility of a bigger fund than Serps at retirement if investments grow substantially.

However, you should also remember that personal pensions involve a gamble. In this case, the size of the rebate is based on a complicated combination of assumptions by the Government actuary's department about inflation, how much salaries will rise above the prices index, what interest rates will be when a pension is paid and what management charges are levied on the pension fund.

If the assumptions are right, those who opt out will do well. If they are wrong, those who left the comfort of Serps for the thrill of an opted out pension will be wrong. It pays to discuss the issue in detail with an independent financial adviser (IFA).

For details of an IFA near you, call 0117 972 3333.

Top-up: Zoe Sinclair could use PEPs to augment her pension payments, which are already close to the maximum allowable
PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE PEAKE

Makeover: Zoe and Martin are NHS clinicians who are in a reasonably good position to think about retirement

NAMES: Zoe Sinclair and husband Martin

AGES: 47 and 61

OCCUPATIONS: NHS clinicians

PROBLEM: Zoe earns £26,000 working for a health trust in Wales, while her husband earns £31,000. They have a small mortgage, backed by a Scottish Amicable endowment policy taken out in 1987. The couple have a range of savings and investments, including Tessa and PEPs with Barclays, UK Government stock and a small number of BT shares. Most of their investments are aimed at the longer term.

Martin aims to retire within the next few years, Zoe at 61. They aim to to maintain as far as possible their current lifestyles after retirement and have both paid significant pension top-up contributions into separate Free-Standing Additional Voluntary Contribution schemes (FSAVCs).

THE ADVISER: Philippa Gee, of Gee & Company, a fee-based financial planning practice in Shrewsbury, Shropshire (01743 236982).

THE ADVICE: "Our calculations show that Zoe could receive an income (including benefits from past and present occupational schemes, FSAVC arrangement and state pension entitlement) equal to 61 per cent of her final salary, plus a tax-free cash sum of £41,000, at her chosen retirement date.

An important point is that both her and Martin's occupational pension schemes participate in the public sector 'Transfer Club' which can offer good terms for those transferring their entitlements from one job to another.

Our calculations indicate that, if allowed, transferring Zoe's credits from other public sector schemes into the NHS one would be financially beneficial, particularly as benefits in the previous scheme are linked to the salary at the date she stopped working.

By transferring her benefits, they will instead be linked to Zoe's present salary, which has risen faster than inflation.

Zoe has little scope to increase pension contributions as they are already close to the maximum allowable of 15 per cent and as a result the required income would need to be provided via a separate investment.

Ideally this would be in the form of a PEP, which could also be used to shelter from tax shares she is due to receive over the next few months from the Halifax.

Martin plans to retire sooner. We estimate he could receive an income (including benefits from the NHS, Universities Superannuation Scheme (USS), FSAVC and basic state pension) of approximately 71 per cent of final salary, plus a cash sum of around £55,000. While the USS also participates in the Transfer Club, our calcu-



Healthy future

lations indicate that in his circumstances it would be better to leave matters as they are.

Not only will Martin and Zoe's joint income in retirement meet the desired level of two-thirds of salary and will be indexed thereafter, but a total cash sum of £96,000 could also be paid.

While Martin will retire some time prior to Zoe, the combination of pension (Martin) and earnings (Zoe) during this period should not give cause for concern. If required, retirement income could be boosted by making payments into a personal pension plan based upon Martin doing a small amount of private work in retirement.

A single lump sum can be paid in aid of the benefits taken immediately if required. This is an excellent method of boosting retirement income while maximising tax advantages available.

Zoe is concerned about her FSAVC policy and whether it was the best option available, in particular when compared to the "in house" top-up scheme with Equitable Life.

Generally the charges under the Equitable Life AVC will be lower than the charges under both FSAVCs as the NHS have negotiated competitive terms. However lower charges will not necessarily mean a higher level of pension. This will also depend very much on the investment performance achieved by the insurers. The higher charges on FSAVCs tend to be more apparent in the first two years of the policy especially if contributions cease. Their Barclays account pays a low

contributing for over four years. Both Prudential and Scottish Amicable are large, financially strong companies and therefore should be well placed to achieve satisfactory future returns.

On a more general basis, I would make the following observations.

Martin owns another property which will shortly be rented out for £360 per month. The property is currently held in Martin's name only. Given that he suffers higher rate tax and is likely to continue to do so for the time being, it may be appropriate to consider moving the house into Zoe's name, as a basic rate taxpayer.

He has assets of which two-thirds are invested in UK equities, about 8 per cent invested overseas, the majority of which in Europe, and the remainder in fixed interest stocks.

Clearly by using only one investment company his choice of funds has been extremely limited (for example, the Japan fund has been particularly weak compared to that of its peer group). Also, the fixed-interest exposure is quite high for someone happy to take a medium/higher risk approach. Geographically, South-east Asia is not represented and in long term growth portfolio there ought to be some exposure to those markets.

Zoe and Martin are currently saving £400 each month, and the rental income will be in addition to this. I would suggest they build up cash savings for any unforeseen requirements. Their Barclays account pays a low

interest rate of 2.3 per cent gross. A more competitive account should be used, for example the C&G, currently offering 6 per cent gross.

Once this has been set up they should look to maximise investments which provide tax-free benefits. Therefore Martin should begin a Tessa and both should look to concentrate on building up PEP holdings. Not only will this give further equity exposure and tax-free growth, but will be an excellent method of increasing retirement income in the future, free of tax.

The mortgage is held in joint names, yet the endowment policy is in Zoe's name only. To incorporate Martin into the policy at normal rates would cost an extra £28.40 per month. Alternatively, we would suggest that a portion of Martin's tax-free cash sum at retirement is used to repay the mortgage, thus saving total interest costs of more than £15,000. The endowment policy should be retained to boost retirement funds, with current illustrations giving a projected maturity value of £24,600 assuming an annual rate of return of 5 per cent and £33,200 at 10 per cent.

Martin has not yet made a will and this needs to be put in place urgently - if he were to die now, his estate would be dealt with under intestacy law, not as he would wish."

THE VERDICT: "We are extremely pleased with the advice, which seems very clear. Philippa is on the ball and we intend to start implementing things straight away."



Nic Cicuti

We are talking about sabotage of the pension compensation process

his industry wanted to resolve the problem, the reverse was true. After all, no matter how good the industry as a whole might be at cleaning the problem up, there would always be someone there to tarnish the others. So why not stall too? It might mean more bad publicity, but compared with saving your company £20m or £30m in compensation costs, a few critical headlines were an acceptable price to pay.

Ultimately, it will be down to you, the readers, and those of us in the media who have pushed and campaigned for full compensation for victims of the scandal, to ensure that people are not let down.

This week we publish an important story about repayment mortgages (page 14). It seems most lenders are using a system of calculating the amounts repaid and still owed which hugely increases the total cost of buying a home. On a £50,000 loan over 25 years, the over-payment can come to at least £13,000.

Lenders defend their charging structure by claiming that everyone knows they do this. Let's put it to the test. If you knew about their charging system, and that other lenders apply a far fairer approach, and you are perfectly happy to pay over the odds, please write and tell me. If not, get ready to switch mortgages to a better lender.



THE WOOLWICH DIRECT
POSTAL 60 ACCOUNT
UP TO
7.00%
GROSS PA

RETURN TO SENDER

GROSS PAID ANNUALLY*	
£100,000+	7.00%
£50,000 - £99,999	8.65%
£25,000 - £49,999	8.40%
£10,000 - £24,999	6.15%
£5,000 - £9,999	5.90%
£2,500 - £4,999	5.40%

Introducing the Postal 60 Account from Woolwich Direct. The highest quality of service because it's the Woolwich. Straightforward and convenient because it's direct, to your door.

Operating your account by post means we can offer you higher rates on a minimum investment of £2,500. What's more, you can make one no-penalty, instant withdrawal a year.

For a higher interest rate from the Woolwich, direct to your door, call us free now quoting ref: IP175.

Get much more with
WOOLWICH
DIRECT

0800 60 60 40

For your security, telephone conversations may be recorded. 8.30am - 8.00pm MON - FRI; 9.00am - 3.00pm SAT; 10.00am - 2.00pm SUN. e-mail address: woolwich-direct@woolwich.com

Interest rates for recently invested £2,500: 5.27%, £5,000: 5.79%, £10,000: 5.98%, £25,000: 6.22%, £50,000: 6.78%. Balances below £2,500 interest will be 1.00% greater than the lower rate of interest for 20% or, subject to the quoted certificate, gross. Where the tax deducted exceeds an investor's tax liability if any, a claim may be made to the Inland Revenue for repayment of tax. For individuals whose income falls below the basic rate of tax, the tax deducted will be 1.00% greater than the lower rate of interest for 20% or, subject to the quoted certificate, gross. Where the tax deducted exceeds the tax of 40% will have to pay additional tax on the interest to cover the difference between the tax deducted and the higher rate tax due. Interest will be calculated daily. From the tenth bank working day after receipt of a claimed tax deduction will be accepted. Proof of savings will be required. The rate of interest will be 1.00% greater than the lower rate of interest for 20% or, subject to the quoted certificate, gross. The account can be closed without penalty by giving 60 clear days written notice. If a withdrawal is made where you incur a penalty, you will be required to pay a further 60 clear days written notice to close the account. The minimum investment is £2,500. Full terms and conditions available on request. Woolwich Building Society, Chipping Hill, Welling Street, Bexleyheath, Kent DA6 7PR

PENSIONS MADE SIMPLE

24 hours a day..... 7 days a week..... Now you can pick up the phone and get pensions information or advice and even set up a plan, quickly and without fuss.

0345 6789 10

or talk to your Independent Financial Adviser

SCOTTISH WIDOWS



Hilary Freeman: Now branded high risk. PHOTOGRAPH: NICOLA KURTZ

A life sentence as high-risk

This is the story of how I discovered I might have an incurable condition, not from my GP or neurologist, but from an insurance company. Two years ago, I developed blurred vision in my right eye. I put it down to eye strain. The eye hospital diagnosed "optic neuritis" and sent me home with the advice, "It will go away on its own." It did.

When a few months later, I applied for life insurance cover for a mortgage, I was turned down flat. Frantic calls to my GP revealed that optic neuritis is often associated with multiple sclerosis, though not in all cases. A neurologist said I did not have MS; the insurance company did not waiver. I wrote *ruled* letters threatening publicity. I got life cover.

As it happens, I have since gone on to develop MS. Aside from a few initial sensory symptoms, I am outwardly healthy and active and able to go about my business as normal. But to the world of insurance, I am now a "high risk". When I was diagnosed with MS, I learned an unexpected lesson - the disease may not kill me, but the premiums will.

Ruth Carlyle, manager of the MS Society's education and information services, says underwriters' reliance on rigid "mortality tables" means people with MS may have difficulty getting life cover and are likely to be charged high premiums for travel and motor insurance. It is almost impossible to buy permanent health insurance.

The science of underwriting does not allow for individual exceptions to the rule, and yet MS - and many other conditions - are characterised by their very individual and unpredictable nature.

Mention MS, and most people will think of high-profile, severe cases, such as Jacqueline du Pré, the cellist who was crippled and eventually killed by the condition. But the majority of MS sufferers have the "relapsing-remitting" type, which is characterised by attacks followed by long periods of remission, when they have no symptoms at all.

Of the estimated 85,000 people in the UK with MS, approximately 20 per cent have a "benign" form which involves only one or two mild initial attacks, followed by complete recovery. Although neurologists are

unable to foretell how MS will affect a particular patient, underwriters assume the worst possible scenario and load premiums for all sufferers accordingly.

The tunnel-visioned approach of underwriters affects sufferers of other conditions, such as cancer, coronary heart disease and diabetes. Roger Smythe, managing director of Mencap City Insurance Services, which specialises in providing insurance for charities and individuals, illustrates this with the case of a businessman with cerebral palsy. "The businessman was refused a discount on a holiday because he was turned down for the travel insurance that you had to buy with the holiday."

"The travel agent told the insurance company that the businessman 'could hardly speak', so the underwriter assumed he was unfit to travel. If the underwriter had asked more questions, he would have discovered the businessman was highly intelligent and used to travelling abroad."

The Disability Discrimination Act, which came into force in December,

does not prevent insurance companies from charging higher premiums for people with medical conditions and disabilities, but they are now required to justify them with statistical evidence, such as medical reports or research.

Mr Smythe advises that if you suspect you are the victim of unfair discrimination, you should ask your insurance broker or the Insurance Ombudsman to challenge the decision.

The discrimination may be reversed by a more senior underwriter, or you may have to take your case to court.

It's not all bad news. Several insurers - A&G, Churchill and Commercial Union, among them - are reviewing their policy wordings and ratings systems in the light of the Disability Discrimination Act. And there are a growing number of companies

and financial advisers which specialise in providing insurance for people in high risk groups.

Flexibility is not a matter of political correctness. It is a necessity. With the advent of genetic testing, many more people face the prospect of being labelled a "high risk". One may have the condition for life, but it doesn't have to be a life sentence.

The MS Society produces a free 13-page fact sheet on "Insurance and MS" including information on policies and a list of "more approachable" companies. Write to: MS Society, 25 Effra Road, Fulham, London, SW6 2EE. Helpline No: 0171 371 8000. Mencap City Insurance Services: 0121 233 2722. British Association of Cancer United Patients (BACP): 0800 181 199 - information for people with cancer, including on insurance matters.

No fund managers, just the cat's whiskers

A portfolio of shares chosen by an unusually feline fund manager has grown almost twice as fast as its benchmark index in the last three months. Investors who followed in the tracks of the CAT portfolio - which contains 37 stocks picked by a cat named Schrodinger - would have seen its value grow by 5.1 per cent in the three months to May 12.

The portfolio's rise in value compares with growth of just 2.8 per cent by the FTSE mid-250, the index from which its shares were drawn. This ranks CAT at number 71 in field of 165 UK equity growth unit trusts, well ahead of funds from managers such as Fidelity, Mercury, M&G, Henderson and Martin Currie.

The average unit trust in the UK equity growth sector lagged behind CAT, managing growth of only 4.2 per cent. The best trust over the three months was Gartmore's UK Capital Growth trust, which grew by 11.9 per cent, and the worst was Henry Cooke Lumsden's Ark-

Portfolio: Paul Slade's moggy picked wisely

wright Recovery fund, which lost 4.3 per cent of its value.

The shares in the portfolio were selected on August 12 last year by Schrodinger. He did this by picking 35 pieces of dried cat food from a numbered grid with 250 squares.

Then he matched the numbers he selected to an alphabetical list of companies in the mid-250. Finally, we persuaded a friendly fund management company to run the portfolio on its own computers, just as if it were a real unit trust.

Shortly after we set up the portfolio, St James' Place Capital hived off its investment trust role to a newly-created trust called VRT. St James' Place shareholders were given three shares in the new St

James' Place, plus one VRT share and \$2.50 in VRT's loan stock for every three shares they owned in the old St James' Place. This expanded our portfolio from 35 stocks to 37.

The top-performing share in CAT over the past quarter has been construction group Taylor Woodrow. Renewed interest in the housing market also helped house builder Wimpey and materials supplier Polypipe into the top 10.

Chris Bingham, a construction analyst at stockbroker Quilter & Co, says Taylor Woodrow's strong performance comes partly from reducing its property investment portfolio to pump cash into other areas, such as property development, which offer a higher return.

"Basically, they've had a large investment property portfolio in the past and now they're reducing it down a bit," he says. Taylor Woodrow has also benefited from its construction activities outside the UK, where margins are higher.

Mr Bingham adds: "House price inflation is emanating from the South-east and London in the main and Wimpey, being such a large housing company, is quite well exposed to the South-east market. Therefore, the market is assuming that Wimpey's earnings are going to increase."

Schrodinger's other shrewd move was in financials, which also figure heavily in the top 10. Invesco, one of his best choices, merged with another fund management group named AIM at the end of February, creating Amvescap, our fourth best-performing share.

Retailers in CAT had a tougher time, with both Anita Roddick's Body Shop and MFI Furniture near the bottom of the table.

Jill Osborne, another Quilter analyst, says: "If interest rates go up, the retail sector tends to under-perform. We all know interest rates are going to go up, and that does affect the sector in terms of sentiment. Also, of course, there's a mini-

Budget coming up and we don't know what Gordon Brown is going to do on the fiscal side. Consumers don't know where they stand."

MFI in particular, Ms Osborne adds, has been hit by a recent trading statement warning of disappointing sales.

Of course, in the real world, three months is far too short a period in which to judge a fund's performance - the figures for five years or more are what really count. In its first nine months, CAT has slightly under-performed the market, showing growth of 3.7 per cent against an FTSE 250 figure of 4.5 per cent. In three months' time, however, we plan to drop the 10 worst performers and let Schrodinger pick 10 replacements.

For a full list of shares in the CAT portfolio and their performance in the past three months, write to: Nic Cicuti, CAT Portfolio, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London, E14 5DL.

DIRECT LINE RATES

SAVINGS RATES	
Direct Line Instant Access Account	
BALANCE	
£1 - £4,999	£1 - £4,999
£5,000 - £9,999	£5,000 - £9,999
£10,000 - £24,999	£10,000 - £24,999
£25,000 - £49,999	£25,000 - £49,999
£50,000 - £99,999	£50,000 - £99,999
£100,000+	£100,000+

MORTGAGE RATE

Direct Line Standard Variable Mortgage Rate
VARIABLE RATE
APR

All rates correct at 15th May 1997.

DIRECT LINE
FINANCIAL SERVICES

0181 649 9099

0181 667 1121

MORTGAGES

SAVINGS

www.directline.co.uk, See page 177. A Royal Bank of Scotland company.

Source: Direct Line Financial Services. For further information about either of the Direct Line products listed above, please phone the appropriate number above quoting ref: INDBB7

Mortgages and savings provided by Direct Line Financial Services Limited, 250 St Vincent Street, Glasgow, G2 5SE. For savings the gross rate is the rate paid without deduction of income tax and is based on annual payment of interest. For savings the gross rate is the rate paid without deduction of income tax and is based on annual payment of interest. For mortgages the standard rate is the standard rate of the product as it stands in the first of the month of the change in rate. The standard rate of the product will be applied. Direct Line mortgages from £50,000 to £100,000 are available for up to 95% of the property valuation or purchase price, whichever is the lesser. Written quotation available on request. Offers subject to status. All rates quoted above are variable.

YOUR HOME IS AT RISK IF YOU DO NOT KEEP UP REPAYMENTS

ON A MORTGAGE OR OTHER LOAN SECURED ON IT.

For your added security telephone calls may be recorded and the recording kept secure. Direct Line and the red telephone on which we marketed our Direct Line Financial Services products and services are trademarks of Royal Bank of Scotland plc and its group companies and are used with its permission.

The Index-Tracking PEP

WHAT MAKES LEGAL & GENERAL'S FTSE ALL-SHARE INDEX-TRACKING PEP THE BEST VALUE PEP OF ITS KIND ON THE MARKET?

A glance at the table will show that - since its launch just over one year ago - this Index-Tracking PEP from Legal & General has proved that it offers PEP investors an unbeatable value for money.

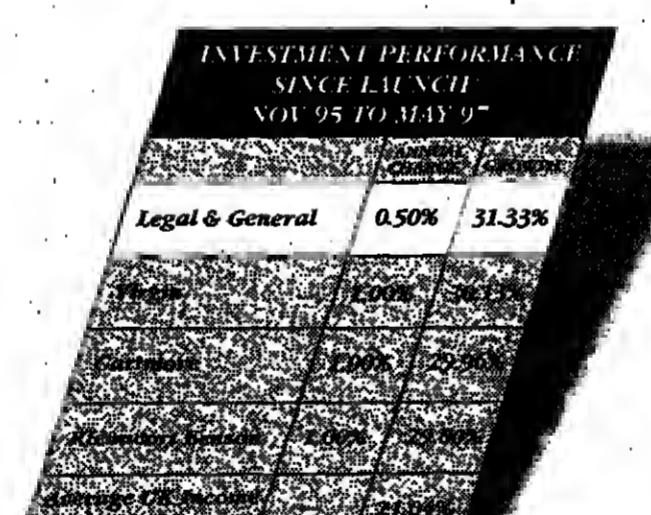
It follows the FTSE All-Share Index. This index reflects the performance of the entire stockmarket, so it reduces the risk of being over-exposed to shares which under-perform and lessen your return. In fact, £6,000 invested in the Legal & General Index-Tracking PEP at launch would now be worth £7,879* compared to just £7,262* in the average UK Income & Growth Trust.

NO initial charges
0.5% annual management charge
NO withdrawal fee

UNBEATABLE COSTS...
At just 0.5% p.a., you won't find a better value FTSE All-Share Index-Tracking PEP anywhere else. And there are still no initial charges or withdrawal fees to pay.

To find out more about the UK's best value FTSE All-Share Index-Tracking PEP, call now, or return the coupon opposite. Alternatively, you can contact us at <http://www.legal-and-general.co.uk>.

*Source: Moneypedia.com. An offer is not being made or being invited to subscribe to the PEP. The performance is not necessarily a guide to future performance. Both capital and income values may go down as well as up and you may not get back the amount you invested. The assumptions are those currently applicable and are subject to change. The value of an PEP will depend on your individual circumstances. All comparisons of cost apply to PEPs investing wholly in the FTSE 100. All figures are available on request. All statements are current as at 01/05/97. Legal & General Financial Services Limited, Registered in England at 11 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4V 4BP. FTSE is a registered trademark of the Financial Times Ltd. Moneypedia.com is a registered trademark of Moneypedia.com Ltd. Legal & General Financial Services Limited is a member of the Financial Services Authority and DIFID are the persons responsible for recommending, advising on and selling life assurance and investment products issued by Legal & General.



The FTSE All-Share Index-Tracking PEP that performs the best

(also costs the least)

TRANSFER YOUR
ALLIANCE & LEICESTER
SHARES FREE

Find out more now - Phone free 0500 11 66 22

FREEPHONE 8am TO 8pm WEEKDAYS 9am TO 5pm WEEKENDS PLEASE QUOTE REF: BADJ06

For your protection calls will usually be recorded and randomly monitored.

Please send me full written details of the Legal & General Index-Tracking PEP.

Surname (Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms)

Forename

Address

Postcode

Date of birth

Tel. No. Home

Tel. No. Work

If you already have any PEP investment, please tick here BADJ06

We are writing to you to make sure you received the latest news. Now and then, we will tell you about new products or services offered by the Legal & General group of companies that we believe may be of interest to you. If you would prefer not to receive the carefully selected information, please tick here

Legal &
General
Investment
Management

For those looking
for a long term investment.

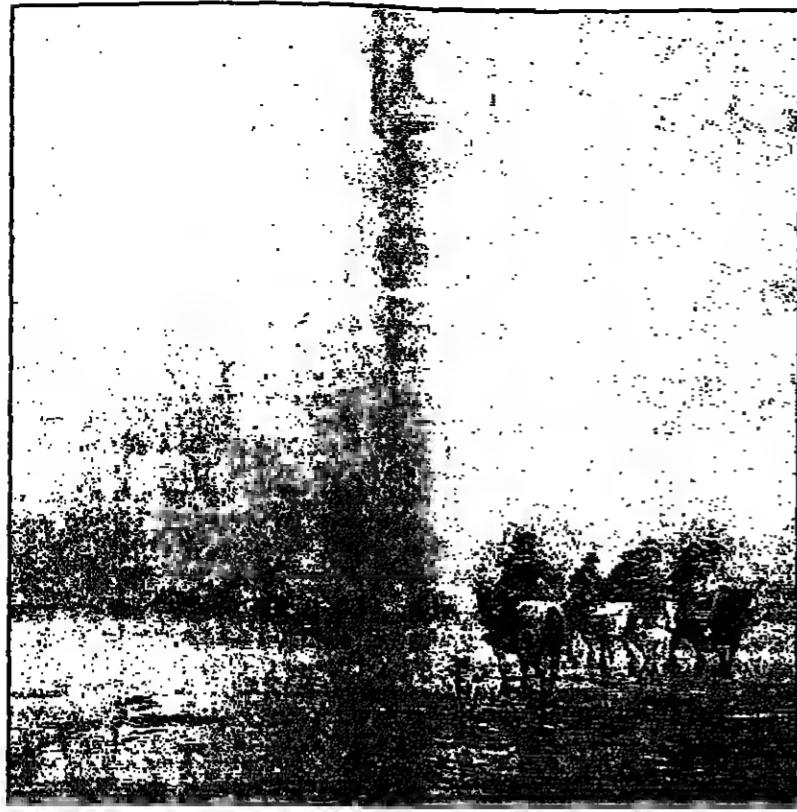
If you thought dandruff shampoos were just a short term solution, think again.

Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo is so effective, it actually goes on working for longer.

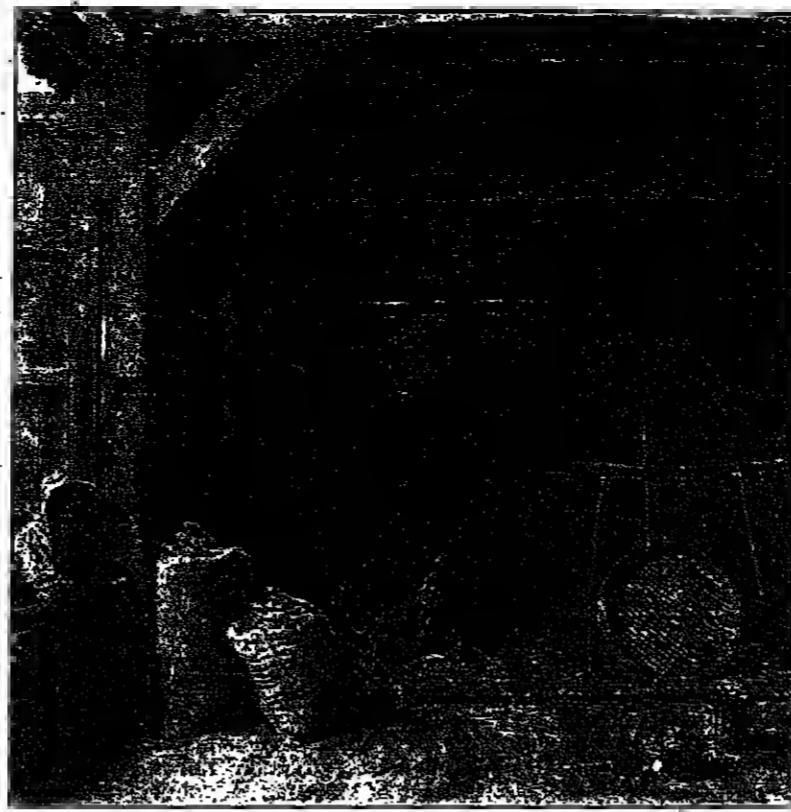
So you don't have to use it every time you wash your hair.

Just once a week will keep your dandruff under control. And we're confident that with this investment, you won't see any returns.

Neutrogena Long Lasting Dandruff Control Shampoo keeps dandruff away for longer.



Breaking records: English watercolours by David Cox (left) and William Henry Hunt



Even if the US market needs a breathing space, a downward slide may not be imminent



Brian Tora

valuation levels in the US leading inevitably to a retrenchment, with all the knock-on effect that might have on other world markets.

I hope he is not right, but we have to accept that valuation levels are as stretched as they have ever been during my three decades in the investment business. There are, though, reasons to believe that, even if the market needs a breathing space, a downward slide is not imminent.

At the meeting of our own investment strategy committee this week, my colleague charged with

keeping the temperature of the US market under review pointed to the fact that there were still more bears than bulls among US investors. Moreover, he could point to the fact that the Fed had the economy closely under control, that technological advance was delivering higher profitability without forcing up wage rates and impacting upon inflation and that profit performance was consistently coming in ahead of analysts' expectations.

The most potent factor, in his view, is this preponderance of bears. He surmised that investment managers only tell you how they feel about the market after they have done whatever dealing is necessary to ensure they are ahead of the game, for fear of not being able to buck a trend they themselves may have kicked into being.

In other words, managers are bearish because they still have a lot of liquidity to put into the market. They want to see the market lower. This seems largely borne out by the evidence. Take the way in which Wall Street bounces so swiftly after a setback.

All this may not be a reason to believe the US market can go on breaking into new high ground consistently, but it does give comfort when trying to assess the scale of any setback. And since the US market will govern to a greater or lesser extent how we all do, I find that a very comforting thought.

Brian Tora is chairman of the Greig Middleton strategy committee and can be reached on 0171 392 4000

Fighting over a rural idyll

Collect to invest: John Windsor on saleroom duels for watercolours

Early English watercolours are not the sexiest sector of the art market. Until recently, they were more likely to be seen decorating the study walls of retired doctors and clergymen than the jazzy interiors of young City whiz-kids.

But spectacular record prices at last month's spring sales at Sotheby's and Christie's in London have recalled the eager buying of 10 years ago and prompted speculation that prices for genteel rural idylls of the 18th and 19th centuries might be about to take off.

Two saleroom duels caused the sensation, both at Sotheby's. The London dealers Hazlitt Gooden and Fox paid £109,300 for a watercolour by David Cox (1783-1859) showing one of his favourite subjects - travellers, some on horseback, hurrying across Lancaster Sands just ahead of the treacherous tide. The biggest price previously paid for a Cox was £49,500.

But the talking point in New Bond Street was not just Hazlitt Gooden and Fox's bullish bid but the fact that their bidding was aggressively chased sky-high by a brash newcomer on a first outing - the London dealership Spink Leger. They are a marriage of two galleries that took place only last

September, with a big but undisclosed buying kitty from Christie's, which owns them.

Spink-Leger carried off "The Interior of a Barn", an enchanting and technically brilliant study in light and shadow by William Henry Hunt (1790-1864). Of course, said wiseacres, the big bid would obviously have been on the instruction of a rich collector.

But the irrepressible and unrepentant Lowell Libsoo of Spink Leger, a watercolour specialist who used to be with the Leger Galleries, denied this: "I always buy for stock, never on commission - it shows I'm convinced enough to put my money where my hunch is, and that gives clients confidence. People buy telling me for 15 years that I pay crazy prices. But, luckily, resources here are not a problem. I don't get bored with a very good picture or my office wall."

It's happening, according to Libsoo. British scholars have been busy researching and publishing on English watercolourists for the past 15-20 years, especially English landscape painters. Before long, it's a fact! Penny Shares could make you a fortune on the Stock Market. In just 12 months the Stock Market's Top 5 performing shares made an average gain of 412%. And ALL of these amazing movers were Penny Shares!

Managed bonds have long been recognised as one of the best and most tax-efficient providers of capital growth. Exactly how much growth is achieved depends, to a large extent, on how the bonds are managed. Our philosophy is to obtain high growth for low to medium risk. A quarterly valuation is sent to all clients, and an income facility is also available.

GOOD NEWS FOR INVESTORS

13.1% per annum* net of basic rate income

This is the average annual compound growth rate we have achieved for our clients over the last nine years.

The Moneyhill Growth Fund through Royal Sun Alliance is the top-performing broker-managed fund in the UK over the last nine years.

Because this investment may go down in value as well as up, you may not get back the full amount invested. The past is not necessarily a guide to future performance. Growth rates are calculated on an offer to bid basis and assume no income has been taken. Levels and bases of, and reliefs from, taxation are subject to change. The period illustrated is up to 12th May 1997.

*Source: Micropal.

Write for further details or telephone 01494 678900

MONEYHILL FINANCIAL CONSULTANTS

Woodpecker House, Old Long Grove, Seer Green
Beaconsfield, Bucks HP9 2QH

Regulated by the Personal Investment Authority



PENNY SHARES ARE BOOMING!

Make an average gain of 412%* on shares costing less than £1

It's a fact! Penny Shares could make you a fortune on the Stock Market. In just 12 months the Stock Market's Top 5 performing shares made an average gain of 412%. And ALL of these amazing movers were Penny Shares!

Penny Shares are often in smaller companies - which is excellent news if you are about to invest. Our research shows that in the 3 years following the last two recessions, smaller companies (and therefore Penny Shares) outperformed the rest of the market by a significant margin. It happened after the '74/75 slump. It happened after the recession of the early '80s... and now, as we enter a period of dynamic economic recovery, the value of Penny Shares could continue to soar. So ask yourself - do you have the time it takes to comb the Stock Market week after week? Do you have the contacts who are close enough to the action to let you in on the most promising shares? And do you have the experience to recognise profit opportunities?

TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR FUTURE WEALTH

Now you can seize this booming market for yourself. PENNY SHARE GUIDE is Britain's premier newsletter for tipping those smaller companies that show the most explosive potential for growth and profit. And you can claim your FREE issue right NOW!

Step by step, share by share, PENNY SHARE GUIDE tells you when to buy, when to hold, and when to sell to minimise your risk and maximise your profits. Today, over 20,000 readers are getting regular supplies of this exclusive advice -

CLAIM YOUR FREE COPY NOW

Prepare to be amazed by what you'll read. Take your first step into the exciting world of Penny Shares.

Call FREE on 0500 823 873 NOW or simply fill in the coupon below (no stamp required)

and get the latest issue of PENNY SHARE GUIDE... ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Penny Share Guide, FREEPOST, NW3521, Edinburgh EH4 0FX.

*Subject to mid-price, exclusive delivery rates and discounts. Source: Datamonitor Top 20 Shares 10/15/96-2/1/97. The past is not necessarily a guide to future performance. Investments in smaller companies generally have a higher risk factor and it can be more difficult to realise such an investment. This advertisement is not suitable for everyone. If you have any doubts, you should obtain expert advice.

YES! I want to be a part of today's Penny Share profit boom! Please send me my FREE copy of PENNY SHARE GUIDE PLUS my FREE Penny Share market report pack and details of a special half-price offer for one year's subscription to PENNY SHARE GUIDE, including how I can claim my FREE investment book worth £19.99.

NAME: _____

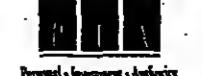
ADDRESS: _____

Postcode: _____

Send to: Penny Share Guide, FREEPOST, NW3521, Edinburgh EH4 0FX (No stamp required).

Accepted by Fleet Street Publications Ltd. Registered by the Personal Investment Authority

FREEPHONE
0500 823 873



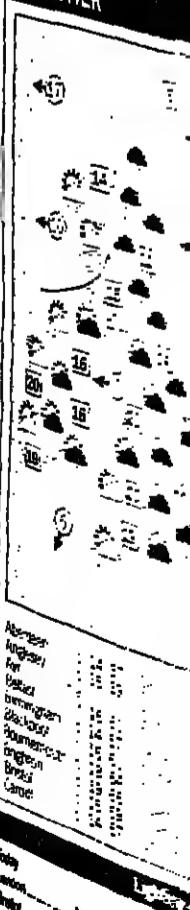
GEFC

MOST
THREE
WELL
SAYING
NIGHT

Whatever
happened

The Thames
Flood Barrier

WEATHER



TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON TV, WHERE TO GO AND WHEN, READ TODAY'S **eye**Serena Mackesy
In my week

But the most striking thing is this: beautiful people en masse have roughly the same effect as a bottle of aspirin — totally anodyne

Stylist has long since dropped out: a pair of doe-like eyes is not a strong hand to hold. Designer, photographer and I hunch aggressively over the formica, fighting to the bitter end. "See you one and raise you one. "We study our cards. They're large: not so easy to manipulate, but the detail is fantastic. "What've you got?" "A three of little pointy chins." "You?" Yeah. See that two, raise three." "I'll see you." Photographer pouts, shrugs. Lays his cards on the table. "A flush." "What?" "Bumf noses." Triumphantly I lay mine down. "Five-card straight. Cups AA through D." "Damn."

Model-card stud is a tough game: you have to be ruthless and you have to have total self-belief to get to the top. The rules aren't clear-cut like they are in other games: sure, you've got your basic traditions of ascendancy — and luck, of course, plays a major part, but so, unlike modelling, does originality. You've got to be able to see those special features and use them in model-card poker: it's differences that count: a pair of roman noses, for instance, will beat a flush of rosebud lips hands down.

Designer, stylist and photographer have been working: I've just been along for the ride. We've spent the day cabbing from agency to agency, developing coffee-imbalances and extra-large yawns as a stream of kids is herded past us hoping to be picked for the slaughter. Sometimes they're in books, sometimes they're on walls. And in the wood-floored, white-walled atmosphere of the Elite agency, they've been trotted out in the flesh (what there is of it) to tell us their names in their little voices and look hopeful beneath the layers of pantomime masking their beautiful complexions.

There's nothing like a model agency to give you an appetite

for a smug sandwich. It's not so much the girls themselves as the bookers, with their salad-and-grape pitta-bread lunches and their adjectival armaments. Bookers have sharp haircuts, sharp faces and totally angular personalities. The words "amazing", "extraordinary", "wonderful", "so professional" and "such a character" trip from their tongues as they wave photographs of indistinguishable pubescents under your nose.

"She's fantastic," warble the bookers as we huddle over a glossy of another child who should by rights have been playing hopscotch and bothering old blokes with the way she

you like it in London?" photographer asks an exhausted-looking Swede. "Oh, yes," she replies. "I hope to live here one day. Find a good Englishman and settle down."

You learn a lot about beauty when you're confronted with a whole slew of them. Those cheekbones that bulge out above an inverted isosceles trench, for instance. You know how you get that look? By having teeth like a horse, that's how. Wrinkless skin is usually accompanied by a total lack of movement in the facial muscles. But the most striking thing is this: beautiful people, en masse, have roughly the same effect as a bottle of aspirin — totally anodyne.

Iken may claim we've come a long way, but your average rag-trade impresario doesn't want a woman to look interesting enough to distract the eye from their clothes, and the ideal female body is still one that doesn't traumatise the male of the species with the fact that it measures.

We gather handfuls of cardboard and dive into the first bay-joint we come across. Order white-bread sandwiches with loads of ketchup. Coke (dick) and an ashtray. Designer and stylist hunch about the day, laying cards out one by one. "That one," says stylist. "I mean, the teeth. Dentist's free on the NHS for kids, isn't it?" "Have you seen the arms on this one? She'd never pass quality control at Asda."

"You're really good at talking to them," stylist says to photographer, who has been food-poisoned by the three bottles of wine he shared with me the night before and has been grizzling all morning. "Yerr, well," he replies round a mouthful of food, "I like to see if their expressions can change." I fondly finger the spot that's coming up on my chin. "Anybody fancy a game of stud?" "Okay," says stylist. "Brunettes are trumps, yeah?"

DAMIENT HURTS... and his painfully creative struggle

Neil Kerber

DAMIENT AS YOUR AGENT, I MUST TELL YOU THAT I DON'T THINK THE SHOW'S GOING VERY WELL. PEOPLE SEEM REPULSED BY SOME OF YOUR WORK.

REALLY?

MMM YOU KNOW, DAMIEN, IT'S A TOUGH OLD WORLD OUT THERE. SURVIVING ISN'T ALWAYS EASY!

IT'S DOG EAT DOG!

YOU'LL HAVE TO SCRAPP IT. IT'S MAKING PEOPLE FEEL SICK!

Brian O'Brien

Whatever happened to?
The Thames Flood Barrier

The Big Splash:

On 8 May 1984, Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Ken Livingstone, then Labour Leader of the GLC, opens the £500m Thames Flood Barrier at Woolwich Reach. Meteorological forecasts warn the Barrier's operators of tidal surges and the gates rise from the river bed to stem any encroaching flood. The Barrier's 65 staff have defended London on 30 occasions.

Murkier Waters:

A political squall broke at the opening. The doomed GLC could not stem the tide of Thatcherism. However, King Ken disrupted the smooth 'Tory' flow by craftily persuading the Queen to preside over a spectacular opening ceremony.

Drowning not waving:

Though Ben Jonson pined "the poor

banksider creature", it was not until 300 drowned in 1953 that the true cost of flooding was appreciated — 1,250 people and 45 square miles of the Thames estuary were under threat. Nevertheless, it took until 1975 before construction began on the Barrier. Meanwhile, according to Whitehall's contingency plan, Parliament was to hoist her skirts and sit in Kingsway's Connaught Rooms. Eventually, the project finished two years late in 1982 and 100 per cent over budget.

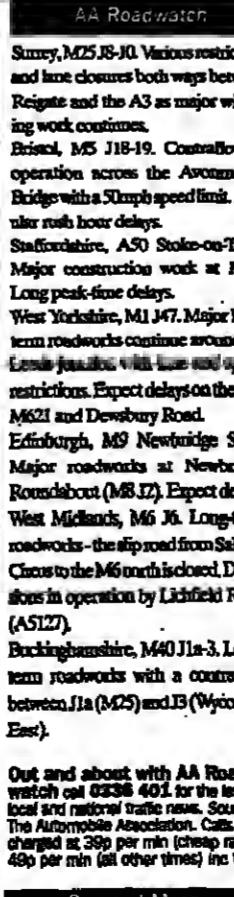
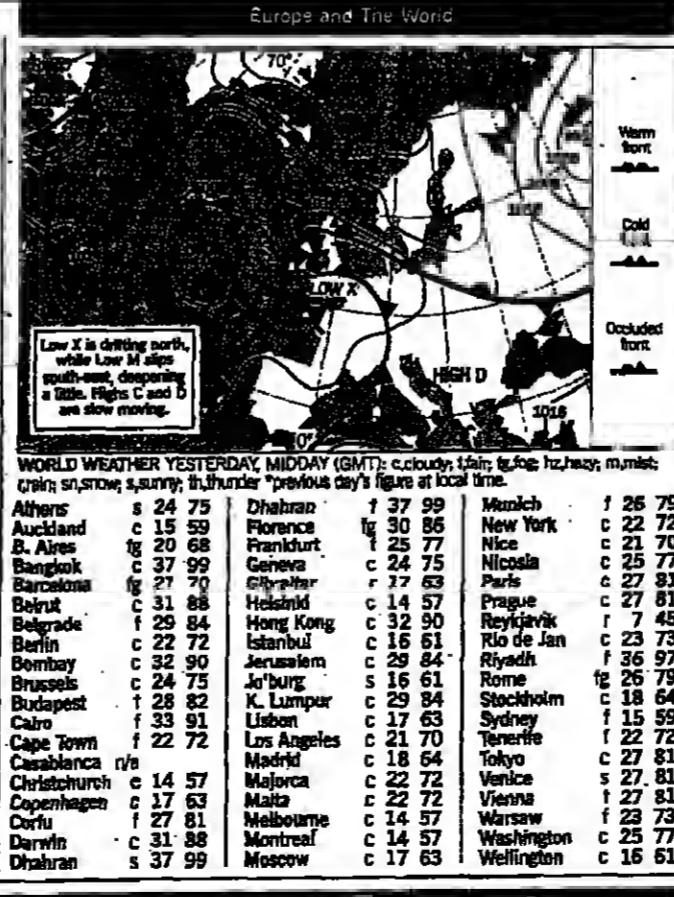
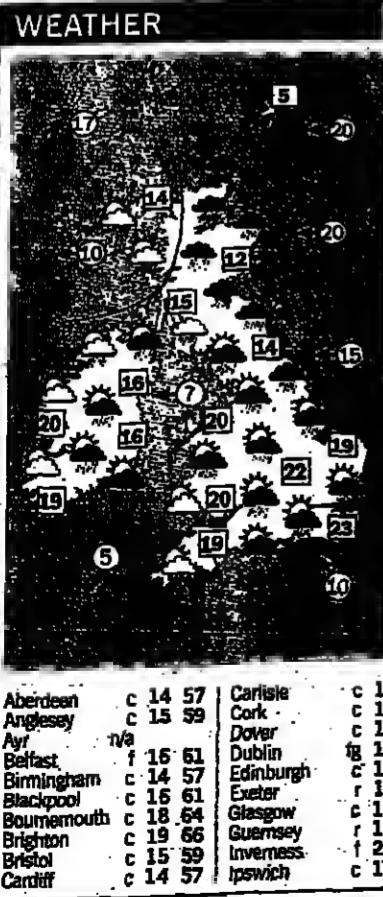
Ripples of consequence:

The Barrier has saved London from a £10bn bill 10 times. However, a 1990 report claimed that global warming and rising sea levels would swamp it. Thames Water stated nervously: "We shall have to produce a plan within five to 10 years to heighten the barrier if the present scientific evidence is confirmed." The Barrier wasn't as "foolproof" as *The Times* had once commented.

Upstream:

Though the Barrier manager, David Wilkes, dismisses dramatic global warming scenarios, he's "waiting for the big one" — last October brought the highest tides since 1968. As we pack away our hose-pipes for the summer, it seems that the deluge will only come with the very disaster the Barrier hopes to prevent: "The big one."

Mike Higgins



mer. But with the help of the Moon, it should be possible to locate the Scorpion's head and claws, and the brilliant red supergiant star, Antares, which embalms his upper back. Antares literally means rival of Mars. If you want to compare the ruddy colours of the two for yourself, now is the opportunity. Look further round the horizon towards the west to find Mars, the Red Planet, also rather low in the sky.

Jacqueline Mitton

Giving Proust the Pinter treatment

Robert Hanks
the week on radio

Quiller Memorandum, an enigmatic spy film involving neo-Nazis in Cold War Berlin: with Pinter there is always a subtext, a sense of important knowledge never discussed aloud, and the fact of the unspoken dialogue often seems more important to Pinter than the content of it.

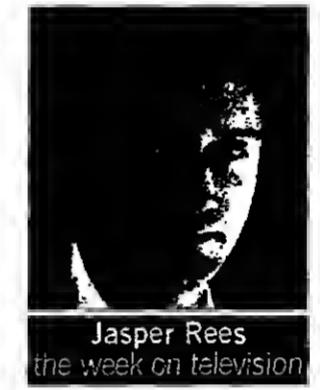
But even Harold didn't come out of it that well. Given the verbal density necessary to convey so much plot (12 volumes, a man's entire life), there wasn't much room for the Pinter pause. When it came, it should have been a silence weighty with significance, a place for all that unspoken knowledge to gather; instead, it failed like a simple pause for breath.

Whilst all this comes down to is that *The Proust Screenplay* (Radio 3, Sun), Harold Pinter's adaptation of *A la recherche du temps perdu*, this is how it would start: with a series of images moving past at a thoughtful, sedate pace. On radio, in Ned Chailler's production, it started very differently. True, you got the same images, spoken (by Pinter himself) without ostentatious haste; but without all the pauses that pictures give you, the effect was of a cloudburst of ideas, a brainstorm. And here's me, never having read any Proust, caught without my umbrella. In this helter-skelter soap opera, personality, places, images whipping past for more

than two hours, you couldn't help feeling that you were getting the worst of all worlds: you lost the leisure for contemplation that books allow; and the sense of having a story served up for you that film offers. Instead, you had to concentrate unrelentingly.

This probably didn't serve Proust well — though to some extent, this mattered less than how Proust was being made to serve Pinter. Quite long stretches of conversation here could easily be slotted into (say) Pinter's screenplay for *The*

Dinner for two (or more) chez Wax

Jasper Rees
the week on television

one thematised show all the Perrier award-winners, or grouping three old-timers fresh out of rehab on one sofa. Except that would be copying *Ruby*.

On *Ruby*, guests can measure their status by the number of other names on the bill. There were loads of minor Euro-comedians on the Monday but on Tuesday there were only John Simpson and Eve Arnold to field searching questions from Wax like, "Who's the worst tyrant you've ever worked with?" To which you wanted to reply, "Define 'with'." The war reporters show was rewarding, if short on gossip. Arnold unpacked her Marilyn Monroe anecdotes from their museum display case. Simpson merely agreed with a story about Kate Adie's "highly emotional" reports from Tiananmen Square. Marianne Faithfull was off to the powder room — and, true to form, told everyone about it afterwards. That left Lucinda Lamont and Will Self *à deux* at the table, nervously (and, it has to be said, pointlessly) chatting about the indolent hero in Russian literature.

There have been late-night round-table shows before, but none have attempted to impose the grammar of the chat show, which is principally designed to pry into the lives of the famous. Even after three installments, it's clear that some nights go off better than others. This is the most salient difference from Doherty's shows, which tend not to oscillate away from a night's plateau of likeable competence. On Monday the chat on *Ruby* was of comedy, on Tuesday of war reportage, on Wednesday of drug culture. Over the same three nights, despite the pot-pourri of guests, *The Jack Doherty Show* revisited its usual conversational tropes: "I'll be at the Edinburgh Festival this summer" or "I used to hinge on Britain." Regulars are all waiting for the jackpot: "I used to binge for Britain at the Edinburgh Festival." It might be worth making a virtue of the guest list's repetitiveness, by lumping on to

of the famous. Even after three installments, it's clear that some nights go off better than others. This is the most salient difference from Doherty's shows, which tend not to oscillate away from a night's plateau of likeable competence. On Monday the chat on *Ruby* was of comedy, on Tuesday of war reportage, on Wednesday of drug culture. Over the same three nights, despite the pot-pourri of guests, *The Jack Doherty Show* revisited its usual conversational tropes: "I'll be at the Edinburgh Festival this summer" or "I used to hinge on Britain." Regulars are all waiting for the jackpot: "I used to binge for Britain at the Edinburgh Festival." It might be worth making a virtue of the guest list's repetitiveness, by lumping on to the last minute for the phrase "screwed by Mick Jagger". For perhaps the first time ever on television, she sounded chicken.

"I hope we're not going to spend this interview talking about flowers," said Ann Widdecombe to Jeremy Paxman on *Newsnight* (BBC2, Tues). Like Marianne Faithfull, Widdecombe was educated in a convent. You'd think the similarity would end there, but no, both have also faced allegations concerning chocolate. Paxman asked the former minister all about it. Of course, she denied everything.

He then turned to Howard, who would give his eye-teeth to do an interview on a floral theme. If ever someone wanted to say "fuck" on television, in conjunction with the words "this for a game of soldiers", it was the man whose chances of becoming the next Tory leader were ousted by this single television appearance. Firing bullets at the candidate's dancing feet, Paxman wore his why-do-I-holler? face. Thank God he does. The Tory party is imploding, not, as has been suggested, like Labour in 1979, but like the Nazis at Nuremberg. Which is why *Newsnight*, with its crack team of cross-examiners, currently provides by far the most thrilling late-night entertainment.

TODAY'S TELEVISION

The biggest mystery of the week is not whodunnit in *Melissa*, but why the BBC have been sending out preview cassettes of *Plotlands* (Sun BBC1) that consist of only 10 minutes of edited highlights. This sort of thing is all well and good when you're trying to settle a cinema audience between gin adverts and the main feature, but are next to useless for a reviewer's purposes. The more cynically-minded might even suspect dirty press-office tricks in an attempt to palm off a dud. Word of mouth, however, has it that *Plotlands* is rather good.

Written by Jeremy Brock, co-creator of *Casualty* (always a good one for the CV, that), this six-part drama series is set in 1922, when a shyster landowner sold off plots of land at £5 each to Londoners desperate for a new life after the Great War. Our first taker is an Eastender (Saskia Reeves dressing down)

escaping with her young brood from an abusive marriage. And that's about it, really, unless you want me to regurgitate 10 minutes of highlights. Let's just say that love, fire and raw potatoes feature.

I see that the Log Lady makes her first appearance in Channel 5's resuscitation of *Twin Peaks* (Sun C5), and one can chart a genealogical line from David Lynch's seminal drama, through *Northern Exposure* and *Hamlet Macbeth* to *Wokenwell* (Sun ITV). Indeed, this looks suspiciously like ITV's answer to *Ballykissangel*. The theme music involves a harmonica, which tells you that it is set somewhere between the Pennines and the North Yorkshire Moors, and you've got to admire how directly writer Bill Gallagher gets stuck into the plot. No time for some character building here – if action reveals character, then why not just get on with it?

Gerard Gilbert recommends *Wokenwell* Sun 8pm ITV

The main protagonists are three small-town policemen, led by Ian McElhinney and his fantastic face (imagine a grizzled David Caruso) and their first case involves a butcher, his rival in love and a severed finger. The script has attracted a beefy support cast, including Siobhan Redmond, Celia Imrie, Nicola Stephenson (she was the nanny on the other end of Beth Jordache's celebrated lesbian kiss in *Brookside*) and Lesley Dunlop. It is largely deserved.

McElhinney (Sat and Sun, C4) dramatises the longest libel trial in legal history (313 days – judgement still to come) in which the eco-friendly manufacturers of nutritious hamburgers sued two environmental campaigners who had distributed leaflets criticising it. Bearing in mind that one newspaper hired a libel lawyer to review a recent book about this trial, I think I should just leave it at that. Sheens McDonald – no relation

– acts the part of chorus to the courtroom reconstructions. I wasn't particularly looking forward to *Stonewall* (Sat BBC2), Nigel Finch's dramatisation of the 1969 Stonewall riots – an event (clients in a Greenwich Village gay bar turn on raiding police officers) commonly seen as marking the birthpangs of the gay-rights movement. The 1984 documentary, *Before Stonewall*, covered this ground so well that a dramatisation seemed on the superfluous side. However, Finch, who died of AIDS during editing, has fashioned something mildly compelling out of the material. The basic plot – straight-acting hick arse in Manhattan and is shown the ropes by a drag queen – opens something to *Midnight Cowboy*. It's Not Unusual (Sun BBC2) meanwhile, tells the story of gay life in Britain since 1918. The first part (of three) covers the inter-war years when public awareness of homosexuality barely existed.

BBC 1

7.00 Children's BBC: Harry and the Hendersons. 7.25 News. Weather. 7.30 Felix the Cat. 7.45 Babar. 8.10 Albert the 5th Musketier. 8.35 The Flintstones. 9.00 Phantoms. 2040. 9.20 The Incredible Hulk. 9.45 Grange Hill. 10.10 Sweet Valley High. 10.35 The O Zone. 10.55 Weather.
11.00 FA Cup Final Grandstand: 11.05 Team News. 11.20 Top of the Pops. A vote for the worst ever FA Cup final song (5123746). 11.40 The Road to Wembley. Look back at the first three rounds (6426307). 11.50 'Boro – Dotted the Higs and Crossing the Tees: Behind the scenes at Middlesbrough FC (416901). 12.10 A-Z of Chelsea (198331). 12.25 Mark Hughes. Profile of Chelsea's Welsh striker (2181524). 12.30 Teams Set Out for Wembley (6406306). 12.40 The Road to Wembley. Rounds 4 and 5 (6404327). 12.55 Voting Reminder (4580707.1). 1.00 News (7542122). 1.10 The Foreign Factor. Zola, Juninho and the rest (70336814). 1.15 The Roar to Wembley. Quarter Finals and Semi-Finals (36516388). 1.45 Teams on the Pitch (3978476). 1.55 Desmond Lynham Meets the Two Managers. That's Rund Guilland and Bryan Robson (80054098). 2.15 Result of the Worst Cup Final Song (3089369). 2.20 Meet the Teams (40809949). 2.45 Abide with Me (7231940). 3.00 Kick-Off: Chelsea versus Middlesbrough. Match commentary from John Motson and Trevor Brooking (36191291). 5.20 News. Weather (T) (5761562). 5.30 Local News. Weather (383730). 5.35 Tom and Jerry (R) (877982). 5.45 Dad's Army (R) (765017). 6.15 The New Adventures of Superman (S) (1492678). 7.00 Whatever You Want. Gaby Roslin's guests include three people who want to be extras on Father Ted. Are they making any move? (42175). 7.50 The National Lottery Live. INXS play live and Avengers star Patrick Macnee presses the button (S) (638901). 8.10 Jonathan Creek. A former slapstick film star is discovered dead in a locked nuclear bunker, with a gun beside his head. But can the verdict be suicide, or is it an ingenious murder? Alan Davies and Caroline Quentin (S) (749253). 9.10 Casualty (R) (S) (721408). 10.00 The Best of Les Dawson (5307). 10.30 News. Sport. Weather (805949). 10.50 Match of the Day. Highlights of today's FA Cup final (S) (4789269). 12.00 They Think It's All Over. Olympic rower Matthew Pinsent and Julian Clary are repeat guests (S) (63708). 12.30 Top of the Pops (S) (7081). 1.00 The Big Combo (Joseph H Lewis 1955 US). Mean, lean film noir – cult material today – with cop Connel Wilde doggedly pursuing gangster Richard Conte (320302). 2.25 Weather (2502012). To 2.30am.

BBC 2

6.20 Open University: Rome under the Popes (8281727). 6.45 Equilibrium Rules (OK) (8774098). 7.10 The Origins of State Socialism (9539562). 7.35 Data Modelling (8677324). 8.00 Open Saturday (S) (710494). 10.30 Menzene. Sounds like a gay pop group. In fact, it's gratuitous ghetto-scheduling presented by Quentin Willson (3663036). 10.35 Top Gear. Daewoo and Rolls-Royces get the once over (R) (S) (78461562). 11.10 The Big Deal. Documentary about Dr Mobius, the world's most successful emerging markets investor (7632630). 11.45 Hancock's Half Hour (R) (1779833). 12.20 The 1997 RFL Awards. Highlights of this year's Rugby Football Union Awards (R). Oliver, what a particularly nice salmon mousse! (S) (7530663). 1.20 The Phil Stars Show (7047920). 1.45 Film 97 with Barry Norman. Bazaar processes *Academy*, *Kolja*, winner of the Best Foreign Film Oscar, and *Moll Flanders* (R) (S) (65678). 2.15 *Billie* Derby. O'Gill and the Little People (Robert Stevenson 1959 US). Sean Connery's first Hollywood film had him talking in Irish brogue. It's a one-note bad Disney fantasy co-starring Albert Sharpe, Jimmy O'Dea and countless leprechauns (403185). 3.45 *Billie* Five Days One Summer (Fred Zinnemann 1982 US). The second half of a Sean Connery double-bill dates from the early 1980s, when Connery's career had yet to catch its second wind. Here he finds himself becalmed in Zinnemann's last film, a love-triangle in the Swiss Alps (1959185). 5.25 The Saint. Ronnie Brehmer plays a policeman as Roger Moore tails jewel thieves to the Riviera (5543463). 6.15 The World's Toughest Race. Action from the BT Global Challenge round-the-world yacht race (748340). 6.45 The Car's the Star. The Dauphine Silver Cloud (S) (740611). 7.05 News and Sport. Weather (T) (73340). 7.20 Correspondent. Orla Guerin examines baby-trading in Greece, and new support for the multiple-gummen theory about the assassination of President Kennedy (S) (715746). 8.05 Close Up. George Romero on Tales of Horror (S) (219098). 8.10 Computers Don't Bite. Inside the Internet (S) (279612). 9.00 Have I Got News for You. Greg Dyke and Jack Docherty guest in second-sitting news cult (S) (9-94). 9.30 Yes, Prime Minister (R) (T) (67098). 10.00 *Stonewall*. See Preview, above (S) (Followed by Video Nation Shorts) (568833). 11.35 Later with Joost Holland. With Steve Winwood, James Taylor, Stereophonics, Counting Crows, Ry Cooder and Finley Quaye (S) (20611). 12.40 *Billie* Alice's Restaurant (Arthur Penn 1969 US). Rambling, semi-improvisational tale of a drift-dodging folk singer (Alvin Guthrie – son of the legendary Woody) taking refuge in a sanctuary for hippies and drop-outs. It's a celebration of this ramshackle lifestyle – so if you are immune to it, avoid *Then Weatherview* (312234). To 2.35am.

ITV/LWT

6.00 GMTV: News. 6.10 Professor Bubble. 6.30 Bananas in Pyjamas. 6.50 Our House. 7.10 The Wizard. 7.40 Disney's *Wake Up in the Wild Room*. 8.55 Power Rangers Zoo (4588494). 9.25 Mashed (S) (71741543). 11.30 The Chart Show (S) (76814). 12.30 Mad Science (R) (74388). 1.00 News. Weather (T) (85559494). 1.05 London Weekend Today (25558765). 1.10 *Billie* Survive the Savage Sea (Kevin James Dobson 1992 US). American family sells everything, buys a yacht, and sails for Australia. One killer whale later and they are stranded mid-ocean in a life-raft (67973587). 2.50 Danielle Steel's Star (R) (8822745). 4.35 Cartoon Time (1629833). 4.50 News. Sport. Weather (T) (1904856). 5.05 London Weekend Tonight (3071104). 5.20 The Sylvester and Tweety Mysteries (6105901). 5.45 New Baywatch. Stephanie and Tom honeymoon (S) (2122123). 6.35 You've Been Framed! (S) (265659). 7.05 Barrymore (S) (T) (138253).

Channel 4

6.40 Miraculous Mellops (R) (879123). 7.05 Sonic the Hedgehog (R) (S) (715562). 7.35 Creepy Crawlers (S) (8895920). 8.00 Transworld Sport (866593). 9.00 Morning Line. Today's rigs (45765). 10.00 *Gascoigne Football* (italia) (58543). 11.00 *24/7* (S) (18307). 12.00 Rawhide (84765). 1.00 *Billie* Ball of Fire. Howard Hawks 1942 US. Screwball comedy that thinks it's a good deal screwier than it really is. Barbara Stanwyck is a natural as Sugarpuss O'Shea, the burlesque dancer employed by seven university professors (including Gary Cooper) to teach them some slang (T) (54611). 3.00 Small Talk. Oscar-nominated trout about pub conversationalists (7181825). 3.10 *Billie* Executive Suite (Robert Wise 1954 US). Glossy MGM drama about a boardroom battle at a furniture firm. Barbara Stanwyck, William Holden, June Allyson, Fredric March and Walter Pidgeon star (T) (90169340).

Channel 5

6.00 Dapplewood Farm (2317340). 6.30 Attractions (R) (S) (792949). 7.05 News Early (S) (5467036). 7.30 *Havakko's Wimble's House* (S) (4564543). 8.00 *Alvin and the Chipmunks* (3396765). 8.30 Land of the Lost (8395036). 9.00 Beverly Hills. 90210 (S) (2216543). 9.55 Beverly Hills. 90210 (S) (2659036). 10.00 *Mag Upfront: Anything's Possible*. Jo Brand is this week's guest having her childhood traumas re-enacted by children (S) (8879272). 11.00 Turnstyle. Gail McKenna and Dominique Diamond have the hot tickets (S) (59847475). 12.50 *5 News* (S) (15150456). 1.00 *The Mag*. Youngsters produce news, reviews, gossip, fashion and comedy (S) (4473098). 2.00 USA High. Teenage sitcom about the students of an American school in Paris (S) (3558753). 2.20 *The Mag (Continued)* (S) (6206369). 3.15 *Sunset Beach Omnibus* (17854104). 4.00 *5 News and Sport* (S) (1613562). 6.05 Hercules. The Legendary Journeys. The body-builder demi-god liberates a young woman from slavery, and then stuprarily saves her fiancé from being sacrificed to the lions (S) (3208659). 6.55 *Night Fever*. Suggs hosts the karaoke entertainment show with Bjorn Again, Malandra Burrows, Kebé Pucknick, Louise Mandrell, Amanda Cross, Pat Sharp and Nigel Planer (6796360). 7.50 *5 News and Sport* (S) (3954340). 8.10 *JAG*. When an American soldier is jailed by the Iraqi government for crossing enemy lines, Hamm and Meg are sent to defend him (7031340). 9.00 *Halfax* (S). Our Aussie forensic psychiatrist is brought in to offer counselling to two officers involved in a fatal shooting (S) (T) (9637651). 11.00 *Billie* Buried Alive (Gerard Kline) 1989 US. Seduced-up Edgar Allan Poe adaptation, loosely transposed to South Africa, where 'doctor' Robert Vaughn imprisons young women in his mansion. Donald Pleasence, John Carradine (in his last movie) and former porn actress Ginger Lynn Allen are also involved (0024833). 12.40 *Billie* Castle Keep (Sydney Pollack 1969 US). Pollack's movie about American soldiers defending a Belgian castle and its treasures against approaching Germans has become something of a cult movie – although William Eastlake's source novel (of which this is a pretty straightforward filming) probably deserves most of the credit. A semi-mystical allegory about values (US versus European), the cast includes Burt Lancaster, Peter Falk and Jean-Pierre Aumont (7952321). 2.40 *Billie* Alexander – the Other Side of Dawn (John Eman 1977 US). Dawn being the protagonist of last week's *Dawn: Portrait of a Teenage Runaway* and Alexander the hill-billy hustler who tries to keep her off street corners in this drivetime sequel (1710234). 4.25 *The Road* (24474383). 4.40 *Prisoner Cell Block H* (4033741). 5.30 Whittle (R) (2381925). To 6.00am.

ITV/Regions

AS London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (74388). 1.05 *Anglia News and Weather* (85558765). 5.05 *Anglia News, Sport and Weather* (8071104). 12.45 *Film: Danger Island* (142370). 2.20 *Film: Death Before Dishonor* (3077760). 3.40 *Heiter Shelter* (7759296). 4.35 - 5.30am *Shift* (6638234). CONTRAL As London except: 12.30pm *Premiers* (74388). 1.05 *Central News and Weather* (85558765). 1.10 *Airmail* (239743). 2.02 *quest DSV* (6441962). 5.05 - 5.20pm *HTV Wales News and Sports Results* (8071104). HTV WEST As HTV Wales except: 1.10pm *A World of Wonder* (70321982). 1.30 *The List* (3073982). 5.05 - 5.20pm *HTV-West News, Sports Results* (8071104). MIDNIGHT As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (74388). 1.05 *Meridian News and Weather* (85558765). 5.05 *Meridian News and Weather* (8071104). 12.45 *Film: Ganger Island* (142370). 2.20 *Film: Death Before Dishonor* (3077760). 3.40 *Heiter Shelter* (7759296). 4.35 - 5.30am *Shift* (6638234). WESTCOUNTRY As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (74388). 1.05 *Westcountry News* (85558765). 5.05 *Westcountry News* (8071104). 12.45 *Film: Ganger Island* (142370). 2.20 *Film: Death Before Dishonor* (3077760). 3.40 *Heiter Shelter* (7759296). 4.35 - 5.30am *Shift* (6638234). CHANNEL 3 NORTH EAST As Yorkshire except: 1.05pm *North East News* (85558765). 5.05 *North East News* (5751185). 5.10 *Full Time* (5776494). 5.15 - 5.20pm *Scoreline* (5775765). 54C As C4 except: 10.00am *Hangin' with Mr Cooper* (73746). 10.30 *The Monkees* (54036). 12.00 *Film: The Prince and the Showgirl* (12365920). 2.10 *The Vixen and the Hare* (10443104). 2.25 *Film: Tora! Tora! Tora!* (85345524). 5.05 *Brookside* (7716901). 6.30 *Springhill* (307). 7.15 *Lyrian* (762920). 7.45 *Cenda* (74288). 8.45 *Pengell* (697730). 9.15 *Film: The Pope Must Die* (13294253). 11.05 *The Ordinary Show*. *Dudley Moon* (465745). 11.35 *Housewife: Life on the Street* (303562). 4.30 - 5.25am *Let the Blood Run Free* (6637505). To 6.00am.

Radio

Radio 1
07.00 *Billie* Weather. 6.00pm *Clive Warren* 8.05 Brian Matthew 10.00 Steve Wright's Saturday Show 1.30 *Carrot's Comedy Choices* 1.30 *The News* 2.00 *Frances and James* 2.00 *James Taylor in Concert* (R) 2.30 *John Goodman* 2.45 *Don-Wop Hall of Fame*. See *Choice*, above. 7.30 *American Dance Classics*: *Choice*, above. 9.30 David Jacobs 10.00 *Chris Rea: Beaches and Banana Skins* 11.00 *Bob Harris* 1.00 *Sue Mcauley* 4.00 - 7.00 *Mo Dutta*

Radio 2
07.00 *Billie* Weather. News Headlines. 7.00 *Bulletin Review*. 7.15 *Record Release*. 12.00 *Private Passions*. Michael Berkley is joined by conductor Paul Daniel, who is shortly to take the helm at English National Opera. 1.00 *News*: *Vintage Years*. In the first of two programmes, Jeremy Nicoll charts the career of the pianist Gyorgy Cziffra, who died in 1994. 3.00 *BBC Festival of Brass*. Today's programme is devoted to brass band music of two pioneering decades – the Twenties and the Seventies. The Black Dyke Band, conductor James Wright, and the Elgar Band, conductor James Miller, will be performing. 4.00 *Music: George Gershwin: Preludes for an Orchestra*. Hosted by Rik Mayall. 4.30 *Music: Cobbing and the Kings*. 5.00 *Music: Brass Bands*. Henry Gheerbrout. 5.45 *Music: Matters*. 6.30 *Venue*. By Other Schoeck. With Paul Frey, tenor (Horace) and Adrienne Plecnik, soprano (Simone). Chorus of the Grand Theatre, Geneva. Matinee du Conservatoire Populaire. Swiss Chamber Orchestra/Mario Venza. 8.30 Andrew Wilder. Haydn: Piano

Choice

John Peel, more often associated with the sounds of thrashing, out-of-tune guitars or the incessant plinkety-plink of mid-tempo dance music, reveals his mushy, melodic side in a visit to the Doo-Wop Hall of Fame (6.30pm R2). That's followed by *American Dance Classics*: *Choice*, above. 9.30 *Billie* Bernstein, *Billie* Bernstein (R) (219098). 10.00 *News*: *Loose Ends*. 11.00 *From Our Correspondent*. 1.00 *7-7-70 Through the Night*. 2.00 *Billie* Money Box. 2.25 *The News Quiz*. 2.45